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THE

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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1913

Art. I.—GERMANY REVISITED

Between "student days" and the "sabbatical year" twenty-seven years had intervened. Other holidays had been enjoyed, indeed, and occasional visits to the Fatherland, but there had been little opportunity to live oneself again into the life of the people. Now, a quarter century brings changes in both men and nations. The observer himself has changed; he sees with a different eye and his standards of judgment have been influenced by the years, therefore he must guard against too facile comparisons of the present with the past. But, although allowance must be made for the personal equation of the visitor, it is evident that Germany itself has altered. The nation has strengthened its position among the European peoples. Its riches have increased. Power and wealth alike have been furthered by technical achievement, especially since industrial progress has been often of the manufacturing type. Political and material prosperity have enlarged the self-consciousness and confidence of the nation at the same time that they have fostered the luxury noticeable among other modern peoples. The political and military organization of Germany, however, has been little altered. With recent movements in behalf of international peace the German shows scanty sympathy, but the military ideal is at least an ideal in an age of practical materialization. Hence it has value for the Germany of to-day, despite its interference with the progress of the world. A quarter century ago Germany was moving from its heroic era to its

established position in the modern world. The old Kaiser, and Bismarck, and Moltke still lived and took active part in the direction of affairs. Now the older generation has disappeared and the new is approaching age. The young lieutenants of 1870 linger on sometimes as gray-haired generals; but the old Emperor and his great prime minister have been succeeded by Kaiser Wilhelm II, who would fain unite the functions of ruler and premier and warlord in his own person. Wilhelm I, and Bismarck, and Moltke, and the lamented Friedrich III as well, are venerated names belonging to the history of the past. Through their labors Germany grew great and prosperous, but, in spite of the continuity of development, the position of their Germany was other than the situation of to-day. For Germany is not merely united; united Germany has become a power in the world. The Rhine must still be guarded by regiments which never sleep, but the enemy beyond the Rhine is to be fought in the Mediterranean also, or Africa, through economic rivalry as well as by force of arms. The new Germany has built itself a navy to maintain its international position, to guard the trade routes along which its surplus manufactures are carried to world markets, to protect the colonies to be settled by its overplus of population. Naval expansion increases the tension with England which economic competition had begun, as endeavors after new possessions or commercial advantage—in Asia Minor, it may be, or Africa—create new causes of international friction. So the empire stands supreme in central Europe. With Austria and Italy its allies, it can now give pause to opposing nations; now, if unable to carry through its plans, exact a price for their abandonment. The position of the country is a proud one, and the people are proud of their success, albeit the cost is heavy both for Germans and for Europe continually under arms. *"Berlin ist Weltstadt geworden,"* was the cry of a quarter-century past. Germany a world-power—one had almost written *the* world-power—is the motto of to-day; or, in the Kaiser's words, German citizenship to equal the Roman citizenship of the ancient world. The change in verbal boasting reflects the change in the temper of the people and in national affairs. The gain in political influence has been paralleled by Germany's material prosperity,

on which in part it rests. The older Germany, or at least a large portion of it, was traditionally poor. In Prussia, for example, and in Prussian life, the virtues which flow from thrift, as well as its disadvantages, were salient characteristics. To-day, in Germany nothing impresses the visitor more than the signs of increasing wealth. Buildings, factories, commercial enterprises, force themselves upon the traveler's notice. Leipzig from without wears the aspect of a factory town; within it is boasting of the largest railway station in Europe, which it has just built. Dresden remains in many ways the delightful art center of earlier days, but at night the most prominent edifice in the city is a cigarette factory illuminated after the manner of a mosque. In Berlin a generation ago private equipages were rare; to-day the automobile rules as in Paris. Then the foreigner caught many an honest cold listening in the Tiergarten for the song of the nightingale; now he hears little but the chauffeur's horn, happy if he can escape the rush of the following wheels. Great business edifices line the streets, along which hurrying crowds replace the leisurely wayfarer of long ago. There is talk of giant steamships and dirigible balloons, as well as of military reviews, or court preachers, or the opera. The old "Athens on the Spree" has almost disappeared. In its place you find, on a basis of old Berlin, something of Boston and Paris mingled, with a considerable dash of the Bowery. And if these outward manifestations at times disturb the student of other days, the economists and statisticians assure us that they rest on a foundation of national prosperity. After 1870-71 it was plain that a new power had been born into the modern world, but who could foresee the rise of this new power to a position of economic leadership? The German soldier has ceased to be the sole menace to his country's rivals; the German artisan, farmer, sailor, has become a main source of national strength, alike in the inner development of the nation and in its conflicts with competitors beyond the borders of the Fatherland. In both fields success has been furthered by the German talent for organization. Visiting Germany anew, one finds the old impression of universal regulation forcibly, even unpleasantly, revived. Everything, down to the minutiæ of life, is regulated

by law, if haply it escapes being *polizeilich verboten.* All men, or the great majority of them, do their work to order, often in unison with their fellows. Your railroad official explains the superiority of the system at the same time that he enforces its inconvenient provisions. The men laying asphalt in the streets work in gangs, with leaders, and beat down the pavement in rhythm at the word of command. System, order, unity, form the ideal of thought and life. Questions, of course, arise for the foreign observer, and even for native thinkers: Does regulation kill initiative? In the next great war, in the prolonged competition of industrial life, will great leaders still be found or can the system work itself without them? The resolution of such doubts is reserved for the future. Meanwhile, it is beyond question that the efficiency of the German army and Germany's industrial progress have both been promoted by intelligent organization. The obverse of universal regulation is foresight, adaptation, preparation. The merchant, like the general, studies his objective, investigates conditions, with infinite pains adjusts his arrangements or adapts his wares to the conditions ascertained. And both avail themselves of the latest technical achievements. To-day, as years ago, or rather more markedly than then, the German combination of abstract thinking and practical skill surprises the observer. Here, also, questions vex him. May there not be too great a massing of machinery and mechanical devices—too great, even, for the purpose in hand, not now to speak of the higher aims of life? May not railway trains—or battleships —be so cumbered with instruments for this purpose or that as to prejudice their principal service? As in the case of rules and regulations, is not something to be said in favor of the Anglo-Saxon margin for nonmechanical adjustment? However this may be, it is impossible not to admire the success of the Germans hitherto in their chosen course. The government favors trade and industry. The universities and technical schools supply the highest training in the principles of science, which as nowhere else are utilized in their application to practical needs. If the German schoolmaster helped win the battles by the Rhine, the German chemist and physicist and engineer have put German manufactures and commerce in the forefront of modern industrial compe-

tition. The factories and trade and agricultural progress are also victories for German thought.

But the dangers attending material prosperity are sensible in Germany as in other quarters of the world to-day. Renewed acquaintance with German culture enables one to understand the impatience of some of her own thinkers with our age of technical accomplishment. With wealth, expenditure has increased. Thrift has given way to luxury. In appearance—it is to be feared, in reality as well—the emphasis has been at times transferred from the ideal to the material ends of living. Abstract materialism, contrary to the fears of earlier scholars, does not form the outcome of later thought, but not a few earnest thinkers deplore a practical materialization of life, which they consider a note of the age. The ugly manifestations of this spirit are charged by superficial European writers to our native land. The "American millionaire" supplies one of the stock hobbies of Continental, or even of British, criticism. He lacks all culture at the very time that he abstracts art treasures. He corrupts the simple natives by his lavish expenditure, if he does not brutalize himself. It is he who is responsible for the false standards of modern living, because he has created them and diffused them through the world. The skeptic might ask, of course, how comes it that the simple native yields himself so readily to corruption, but the positive rejoinder is clearer than any quip could be. The Germany of to-day is, happily, far from being commercialized to a complete degree. She remains the home of science and she retains her love for art. Her people, as of old, are characterized by deep-seated loyalty and respect for law. Despite modern unbelief, the conclusion may be hazarded that the religious feeling enters still as an essential element into the spirit of the nation. Nevertheless, her culture has not entirely escaped the dangers of the hour, the dangers which spring from her own success. At times it is a relief for the student-traveler to escape from the rush of the centers to the quiet of some old-world town. A visit to one of the smaller universities, with its quaint student customs and its professors undisturbed by outside clamor in their pursuit of truth, the sight of the Thuringian peasants as, of a Sunday morning in

springtime, they thronged the Wartburg and bewondered the relics of Reformation times—experiences like these brought welcome change from glimpses of modern city life. After "palace-hotels" and fast expresses it was refreshing to turn to simpler ways and mingle with humbler folk, for they showed the best of the older German culture still leavening the new.

The consciousness of material success is thus an essential factor in the German spirit of the time. Its importance may be rated next to the realization of political power. In both respects the progress of the half century gone gives legitimate ground for pride. The advance from the days of scattered minor enterprises to industrial influence, the development of a score of diverse states into a world-power—both these phases of German evolution justify the growth of national feeling; of satisfaction with the way which has been traversed, with the results achieved. But it cannot be denied that the self-consciousness of the Germans of to-day creates problems for the world. Rarely has a people so succeeded. But of their success this people is aware; so that the consciousness of power renders them uncomfortable neighbors in the community of nations. At the present time the greatest danger springs from the desire for foreign territory. "Germany has a right to a place in the sun" is the motto, often repeated, which expresses the temper of the nation. The other peoples early acquired colonial possessions. Germany has late begun the acquisition of unoccupied territory. Now she must have her turn. At heart she is bent on peace. Her army and navy are maintained simply to assure the safety and the prosperity of the country. These well-forged weapons she will not use—unless she is denied her rights. And her rights include "a place in the sun." It is even sometimes phrased "the place in the sun," meaning that Germany's claims to whatever lands remain vacant in the world is paramount. But even the milder doctrine involves a serious menace. The peace of the world is made dependent upon submission to German demands. Force is declared the *ultima ratio,* for it is enlisted in the service of the right. And Germany is in the right, it is assumed; whereas the other nations, except her allies, are resolved on excluding her from the benefits which of

right to her belong. The peril of such a spirit in times of international tension is evident. In the summer of 1911, during the controversy over Morocco, it was one of the forces which brought Europe to the brink of war, and it constantly embitters the relations of Germany with other nations. In particular, this is one cause of the breach with England, misunderstanding on either side intensifying the strain of economic competition and the rivalry for the mastery of the sea. Happily, the danger is diminished by many tendencies which make for peace, among them the clearer vision of a portion of the German people. But it grows more, not less, impressive on acquaintance. Before we visited, or revisited, Germany, war between the sister nations seemed, after all, unthinkable, while we were inclined in large measure to ascribe responsibility for the difficulty to England's fault. Observation modified both judgments. The objective situation, still more the antagonism of the two nations, may precipitate the conflict. And if it comes, the blame will be chargeable to neither of the two alone.

The confident spirit of the Germans, it is further to be noted, does not imply alteration in the national constitution. In the organization of the government, in the political ideals of the governing classes, there has been relatively little change. The enlargement of political power and the industrial progress have not been paralleled by inner political development. The government is singularly efficient, as experts tell us, and notably free from the taint of corruption. The administration of German cities, in particular, furnishes models of enlightened management. And later years in Germany have brought a remarkable development of governmental care for the poorer classes in society, but, judged by Anglo-Saxon standards, the body politic continues organized on a basis suggestive of pre-Revolutionary principles, with here and there a touch of feudal institutions. Many Germans recognize the fact—with regret, or with a defense of the old as better than the modern ways. Even the socialists have not succeeded in transforming the political order, and socialism itself is confronted by problems of inner evolution. A few recent examples may serve to illustrate the issue: In the past spring, for the first

time in its history, the members of the Reichstag secured the right to interpellate the government. And still the privilege is hedged about with limiting conditions; the questions allowed are restricted to matters of minor moment, and even these the representatives of the government may decline to answer if at any time they deem refusal wise. Again, in 1911-12 there has been renewed agitation concerning the question of dueling in the army. Two medical officers had been driven to resign because of their attitude in relation to the practice, or because, as in one celebrated case, a surgeon had refrained from challenging a fellow practitioner from whom he had previously obtained professional and legal satisfaction for slander. The issue was carried into the Imperial Parliament, where the minister of war helped the cause of the opposition by his blundering management of the debate. But in the end the interests of feudalism triumphed. "The Emperor has taken effective measures to limit and to mitigate the duel," so ran the minister's final statement of the matter, "and no officer is forced out of the army because of his moral or religious scruples; but when a member of a great organization finds himself out of harmony with the opinions of his fellows, it is best for him to withdraw." And with this formulation of doctrine the opposition was compelled to rest content. The second of these examples has especial pertinence, since the spirit of reaction culminates in military circles and the army continues, as in former years, the most prominent feature in German life. By the recent bill fixing the strength of the forces, over 700,000 men will serve with the colors in time of peace, with millions to reinforce them if war should actually break out. In spite of dissenting voices, moreover, the military organization of the nation is based on the prevailing will of the majority of the people as well as of the monarch and the nobles. The university professor joins the "man in the street," the serious writer the reporter for the newspapers, in praising the army as an indispensable instrument of national defense and as a training school for the youth of the nation. To the English, much more to the American mind, there is something sad, or even repellent, in this concentration of the national consciousness on preparation for war. With the German it is generally the con-

trary. For him the military oganization of his country is normal; even, in spite of its cost, something valuable and desirable. The socialists themselves depart less than their French associates from the military ideal. These share in the antimilitarist propaganda. The Germans favor peace, indeed, and advocate a militia in substitution for the standing army, but in recent years they have repeatedly made known their determination that, if the order to march should come, they will be found in the ranks.

Among later modern thinkers the view has widely prevailed that social progress consists in an advance from the militant to the industrial organization of society. Germany presents a partial exception to this law. Her successful industrialism has not destroyed her military tendencies. And the results of this phase of her development must be reckoned with as frankly as those we first discussed. While other leading nations are moving toward the ideal of international peace, the policy of Germany often tends in the contrary direction. For her, international arbitration and disarmament are excluded by the circumstances of the political situation, if not by the conditions under which human society normally exists. German voices even are not lacking which declare military training, and war itself, necessary to the maintenance of national virility. If England and France, therefore, and the United States are minded to continue their efforts for universal human brotherhood, they must be prepared to encounter distrust and opposition in central Europe. From Germany and her allies little encouragement is to be expected; for the German empire still shows one of the most surprising combinations of later times: the most scientific, in certain ways the most cultured, among the nations is organized on a political basis which other nations consider retrograde, and she is convinced of the necessity, or even the desirability, of international conflicts. At the same time, the military question has another side. The disadvantages of the German position are serious, but there are advantages also which should not be ignored. Certain of these are familiar from repeated discussion: the value of the army as a nursery of patriotic feeling and the important provision which it makes for the physical and mental discipline of the people. A final benefit is

less often noticed: the military spirit supplies a living ideal in an age when the wonted ideal restraints of conduct have lost somewhat of their force. Despite the ingrained religious temper of her people, Germany has felt the decay of faith like other European nations. In some ways, as the home of critical scholarship and in virtue of the German predilection for abstract conclusions, she has been peculiarly responsive to the modern influences which menace religious belief, and this decline has gone on in a period which has exposed her, as never before in her history, to the dangers arising from material prosperity. The army, on the other hand, although it imposes heavy economic burdens and remains a focus of reaction in the European world, inculcates a lofty ideal of its own. Patriotism, obedience, self-sacrifice—these are the virtues of the soldier. The German army has not created these in the mind of the German people; rather it has drawn from the reservoir of fidelity and loyalty which the nation possesses as by birth. But it has supported these ideals, and proclaimed them, in an age when ideals generally are questioned in the name of the "practical man." Its proclamation, moreover, has been made in the streets, in the midst of the daily round. The foreigner wearies of the tramp of soldiery; to the German the passing troops mean the defense of the Fatherland, in which he himself has share. If generals are represented on the many monuments, along with monarchs and statesmen, it is the nation's resurrection which they stand for and the new-born national life. That the new Germany is organized on a miltary basis includes misfortune for herself and for Europe, which she greatly influences, but the returning visitor can grasp something of the significance which she attaches to the military ideal. If lower than the highest, it is nobler than many which are suggested by the spirit of our age.

A. C. Armstrong

Art. II.—A POET CHRYSOSTOM

Not to be secretive, the poet intended is Francis Thompson. A twentieth-century man we might call him, since he dwelt so deep in the nineteenth as to have been in the very swirl of twentieth-century living. He seems a dweller in the age of Elizabeth and brother to those gorgeous singers who lipped the flute and from it dripped words with wings. An anachronism you might name Francis Thompson if you were stickler for the calendar, although such as keep close ear to the heart of the world's best things know that all days are June days to the witcheries of the world, and men are all the while as that great spirit who said of himself that he was as one born out of due season. All seasons are seasonable to the creative God; and we may well rejoice with wide rejoicing that in all climes the soil grows blossoms of rarest hue and perfume. The accident of time is not serious. The man who overleaps his century and comes into the middle meadow of the wonders of the eternal consequentials is your immortal. We must not wish to tie men down to their contemporaries. What is man that he should ever be hedged in by his century? Is he not by virtue of his immortality a citizen of all the centuries, and shall he be traitor to his eternality? Was Shakespeare son of England or the sixteenth century, or Milton son of the seventeenth century, or Burke son of the eighteenth century? Were they not transcendent men and spurners of barriers of time? And was Keats a nineteenth-century man? To name it is to deride it. He was son of the long ago, when the world was new and dream-swept and wondering, like little children searching the moonlights for the fairies' forms spinning in the gleam. He was fronted, so to say, backward, and had the flattened eyeball, so that the far seemed near and the near was invisible. Or in what deeper regard was Shelley either Englishman or eighteenth-century man? He was woven of shimmering moonlight as regards all those elements in him which make him immortal. His atheism goes for naught and his serious spirit of revolt falls away like a mist when we come to search for the nightingale that sings in those shadows which we name Shelley.

No, contemporaneity is not a thing for emphasis for such as have the wings to overleap the centuries. We stay where we are born and put because we be lesser men. The last century is, in much, the noblest; but the centuries are larger than any century. The glory and the beauty of living now are that we lightly skim—as swallows do—across all the open water of the centuries of the life-time of the world. A body need not be archaic because his thought runs hot in the mold of some distant day. He may be simply luminous and barrier-defying. He may be happy kinsman to all the days that are. He may eschew our grammar with its tenses and swim like morning in an eternal now. For me, it is ever good to light upon the soul not "cabined" nor "confined," the eclectic that goes where it will and asks no odds save of God, by whom it is and for whom it is. I love the innovation of the vital and the winged and the espouser of the eternal. Such is Francis Thompson.

And golden is the identificational word for Francis Thompson. Golden throat, golden mouth, golden speech—all these equally belong to him. His sun is golden, and blooms yellow like a sunflower in a golden sky. The much-burdened epithet "simplicity" has no relation to him, or his thought, or his dealings with the destinations of the soul. He did not know simplicity. He knew involvedness; remote conjunctions which to the very many appeared incongruous. Meanings which had not yet come to bloom swept over him like daisy fields at perfect flower. How readily we are duped by a phrase. We surrender to a word and remain abject menials. "Simplicity" is good for what it is good for, but so few things are dwellers in that land. The hated dandelion (howbeit I enroll myself among its lovers) is the complexest flower and we regard it as a weed! Why spill all odors but one? Why not let the many herbals have their chance and ambulatory where they may rightfully walk abroad? May we not be happy thus with simplicity and complexity? Why not? God is. May I not plant my feet where I see his shoeprints? We become little because we live on a very narrow strip of land when we might inhabit a limitless landscape. The poet who calls out so that the slow-coming centuries have heard his jubilant voice, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord,"

had the philosophy of the matter so that it needed not to be revised. He took it all and enjoyed it all. Happy he, and we who "follow in his train." To want the all, to be waiting for it, ready for it, jubilant in it, is life's secret and sunrise. The incondite poetry, like Burns's "The Daisy"—flower, dew, plow, plowman, sag of field—this is to be desired, but some far-sought splendor, like Spenser, that, too, is worth the quest. From sky to sky, from hill to hill again, from mountaintop to mountaintop, with all that lies between, this prince of the blood owns and treasures and pours from heart and brain; a quiet occupant of every inch of ground in this extending universe. Why flaunt the "far-flung battle line"? Why scorn far-fetched imagery? Those who have swift wings may bring from far as effortlessly as a beetle from a neighboring leaf. Give souls room. Because we are cramped by lethargy or rheumatism, why compel all to share our incapacity? Better that they should be free for their quest and go far in their spaciousness of room. Better that the little should become kinsman of the large than that the large should forsake its sky and sheer away its pinions. Shakespeare was quite as at home in his splendid azure as we are in our kitchen room. Why kitchen him? We need scullions less than we need poets. What if the scullion became poet? I have known them to become so by the sweet providence of God. I could rehearse the story of a dishwasher, a man old and gray and alone, who died at a hotel kitchen washing dishes, as was his wont, who was a soul which outsoared eagles and the sun. Ah! me, the poet he was when Jesus touched him! Let men get out into the sky who can. Plenty of us stay upon the ground. The streets and the field will have population, never fear; but the dizzying altitudes where the Pleiades stretch their wings, who shall companion with them there? So, peace to the prating about simplicity. Give some strong souls to space, to neighbor with Eternity, and let them come from far and bring back on their shining wings from their far soarings dust from the hidden suns. So shall we know a little of that holy dust flicked on our garments. "From afar" is just how Francis Thompson impresses us. He is not a native of our town, he is a passer through our town. What world he was born in we can but wonder

at; though what matters it, since his speech is so full of all refreshment and radiance and redolence? What odds is it from what corner of the world he saw the day-spring? He saw it and we see him. Golden-mouth, speak on! Have and hold are the words, Strong Singer. Have a hold on thy words as the singers do. Haste not with thy goings; we wait to hear them. We are not as pressed for time as we look, nor as we thought. We have leisure to wait a little space while thou speakest on and on. Not all need to run; some may loiter. Let them.

This flight backward to start to fly forward which I observe in Thompson fairly charms me. I answer to it as to starlight. "Where did this poet stay," is thrust in on me. Can we hear the whippoorwill night by night in dusk or moonlight without wondering where he spends his days? Where does this remote-phrased poet keep house by day? Where could a body reach him with a missive? He is native to a realm remote—not to some city flat. Where is Camelot and Caerleon? Where dwell the princes in their coats of gold? There dwells this poet. Knows anyone where Caerleon uplifts its pinnacles of gold? If not, we shall not knock at this poet's door. Let be. He comes though, from very far.

Francis Thompson has been compared to Crashaw and Cowley and quaint George Herbert, and to Shelley in his "Epipsychidion." Herbert's "The Collar" has been specially mentioned. Why must we always compare? Can we not let well enough alone? "One star differeth from another star in glory," yet why compare the stars? One star alone could make the night divine. My own opinion is that neither Cowley nor Crashaw can compare with Francis Thompson, and the "Epipsychidion"—in patches a noble poem—breaks in its own weight in this: it seems much ado about little. The clamor is too great for the occasion. There needs to be distinct relevancy between event and ceremonial to keep congruity alive. Of course my feeling about "Epipsychidion" is of slightest value, yet as opinion it has a value. As we feel, we speak. On Francis Thompson there is such a splendor thrown about any event, however apparently incomplex, as that we feel that were we qualified with inner knowledge, we should find a

larger field than we now perceive. His cloth is many-colored. It is tapestry, and woven by king's daughters clad in rare apparel. Souls are near and remote—a moment near and then a thousand æons removed. Where Francis Thompson is we are never in company with anything but souls. Souls! "All Souls"—what a charmed name for a Church. Here Francis Thompson worships. I feel Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris, in "The Blessed Damosel" and "The Defense of Guinevere," to be spirituelle rather than spiritual. I feel Francis Thompson to be spiritual rather than spirituelle. One may be spirituelle and very flimsy, but "to be spiritually minded is life," and very deep, sea-deep, sky-deep; and Francis Thompson stays where the depth is under him and the height is over him. I recall the fascinating hortatory of the Christ, "Launch out into the deep," and always with a thrill as he spoke it in my hearing and I climbed to lift the sail! Francis Thompson has heard the beckoning voice and has launched out into the deep. No reefs are where his boat makes answer to the winds. In "The Blessed Damosel" is something sensuous. We feel the charm of a poem resident in its earthly unearthiness. We perceive the woman and avert the saint. In Francis Thompson it is not so. They are enskied and sainted, these saints of his. We hear the rush of wings and ourselves announce the angels are hovering around. Any "Saint" may illustrate this suggestion. Of this saint say:

His shoulder did I hold
    Too high that I or bold
Weak one
    Should lean on thee.
  But he a little doth
    Decline his stately path
And my
    Feet set more high;
That the slack arm may reach
    His shoulder, and faint speech
  Stir
    His unwithering hair.
And bolder now and bolder
    I lean upon that shoulder,
  So dear
He is and near:

And with his aureole
The tresses of my soul
Are blent
In wished content.

Or this from "Retrospect":

What profit if the sun
Put forth his radiant thews,
And on his circuit run,
Even after my device, to this and to that use,
And the true Orient, Christ,
Make not his cloud of thee?
I have sung vanity,
And nothing well-devised.

And though the cry of stars
Give tongue before his way
Goldenly as I say,
And each from wide Saturnus to hot Mars
He calleth by its name,
Lest that its bright feet stray;
And thou have lore of all,
But to thine own Sun's call
Thy path disorbed hast never wit to tame;
It profits not withal,
And my rede is but lame.

Only that, 'mid vain vaunt
Of wisdom ignorant,
A little kiss upon the feet of Love
My hasty verse has stayed
Sometimes a space to plant;
It has not wholly strayed,
Not wholly missed near sweet, fanning proud plumes above.

Therefore I do repent
That with religion vain,
And misconceivèd pain,
I have my music bent
To waste on bootless things in skiey-gendered rain:
Yet shall a wiser day
Fulfill more heavenly way,
And with approved music clear this slip,
I trust in God most sweet;
Meantime the silent lip,
Meantime the climbing feet.

From "The Dread of Height," this:

> For low they fall whose fall is from the sky.
> Yea, who me shall secure
> But I of height grown desperate
> Surcease my wing, and my lost fate
> Be dashed from pure
> To broken writhings in the shameful slime:
> Lower than man, for I dreamed higher,
> Thrust down by how much I aspire,
> And damned with drink of immortality?
> For such things be,
> Yea, and the lowest reach of reeky Hell
> Is but made possible
> By foreta'en breath of Heaven's austerest clime.
>
> These tidings from the vast to bring
> Needeth not doctor nor divine,
> Too well, too well
> My flesh doth know the heart-perturbing thing;
> That dread theology alone
> Is mine,
> Most native and my own;
> And ever with victorious toil
> When I have made
> Of the deific peaks dim escalade,
> My soul with anguish and recoil
> Doth like a city in an earthquake rock,
> As at my feet the abyss is cloven then,
> With deeper menace than for other men,
> Of my potential cousinship with mire;
> That all my conquered skies do grow a hollow mock,
> My fearful powers retire,
> No longer strong,
> Reversing the shook banners of their song.
>
> Ah, for a heart less native to high Heaven,
> A hooded eye, for jesses and restraint,
> Or for a will accipitrine to pursue!
> The veil of tutelar flesh to simple livers given,
> Or those brave-fledging fervors of the Saint
> Whose heavenly falcon-craft doth never taint,
> Nor they in sickest time their ample virtue mew.

The poet chants himself when, in "Assumpta Maria," "Help comes with lion leap," and in this poem a single phrase which is fitted to stay immortal is "Beating Godward." Thompson is

temperamentally spiritual. He is so and does not notice, just as Thackeray was temperamentally moralist, and moralizes, not seeing that he does. From all his poems graphically shines this redemptive quality. "The things which are not seen are eternal" is unconsciously, though surely, matter for his thought, and so, whatever his theme, drifts away as the clouds do toward the heavens. To such as care for the spiritualities, and care to live in them by the grace of God, here is a helper.

If you were to hang Francis Thompson on a single hook, that hook would doubtless be "The Hound of Heaven." As the immortality of Keats might hang on "The Ode to a Nightingale," or of Emerson on the cabalistic poem "Days," or Mrs. Stowe on "When purple morning breaketh," or Joaquin Miller on "Columbus," or Whittier on "When on my day of life the night is setting," or Lowell on "The Commemoration Ode," or Mrs. Browning on the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," or Stephen Phillips on "Marpessa," or Alfred Tennyson on "Ulysses," so Francis Thompson would have easy thoroughfare through immortality by "The Hound of Heaven." And wisely so. In that poem he is all there. His remoteness, his soul-nearness, his splendor of diction, his golden glow, his mastery in tense phrasing, his flight far as the flight of stars, his imperiality of conscience, his distinct sense of God, his immediate sense of God in heart and soul, his Christ sense, his absolute knowledge of the necessity of holiness hold sky heights here above his other highly endowed poems. Here is his whip hand, which lays on nor spares, which hurts to heal, which whistles in the wind and stings like thongs of steel, yet which has the sound "of the sweet south which breathes above a bank of violets, stealing and giving odors." His involvedness, all his far-fetched phrase, yet luminous, which would set a dark night on fire, these are all here. In a way we might say that in this poem, splendid in its massiveness, we have all the wealth of this man's mind and all he truly meant to say. All else might be set down as froth: this was his wave, buoyant, far coming, far going, uplifting in its sublime billowing. It should be printed by some disciple of Aldus Manutius in beauty fitting its own beauty. To now, it has not been so set. It will be. May the time be soon.

Having set this laureate poem so high, let it not be inferred that what remains is persiflage. Far from it. Some other had been queen had this not been written. Francis Thompson is robust odist. He cannot help it. That flames forth from his wideness of strength and thought. It stretches as a great circle, slow-going, but a mighty orb at the last. We might compare him with those other noblest English ode writers, and Francis Thompson would not blush that he were present, though such conclusion is ever unessential. Not who is first, but that one might be first, is noblest riches, but to be set with Cowley, Lowell, Keats, Wordsworth, Milton, is immortality enough. He liveth and shunneth death, who rests in company with such great poet masters, and will wear a diadem all of gold, chased in olive wreath, whose brow is wreathed with such high companionships. Or suppose this were done: an anthology made of his passages which resound in the soul in some such wise as his own description has it, "That voice is round like a bursting sea." Mark these:

"As gale to gale drifts breath
Of blossoms' death."

"I sit and from the fragrance
Dream the flowers."

"Of locks half lifted on the wings of dream."

"With broken stammer of the stars."

"Flasked in the grape."

"God sets his poems in thy face."

"What plumèd feet the winepress trod."

"Thy wine is flavorous of God."

"Your skyward jetting soul."

"Dry down and perish to the fruitless root."

"By secret instincts inappeasable."

Or take this as the rendering concrete the littleness that all of us must sometimes feel, where the poet reduces self to

"A dead fly in a dusty window crack."

"Whose spirit sure is lineal to that
Which sang Magnificat."

"As birds see not the casement for the sky."

"I am a darkened cage
Song cannot hymn in."

"Song's Indian summer."

"I have no heaven left
To weep my wrongs to."

"They have struck Heaven's tent
And gone to cover you:
Whereso you keep your state
Heaven is pitched over you!"

"Star-flecked feet of Paradise."

"What of her silence, that outsweetens speech?"

"A sad musician, of cherubic birth,
Playing to alien ears—which did not prize
The uncomprehended music of the skies—
The exiled airs of her far Paradise."

"And Tenderness sits looking toward the lands of death."

"Poor Poetry has rocked himself to sleep."

"His reign is hooped in by the pale o' the world."

"And longings which affront the stars."

"My restless wings, that beat the whole world through."

"For its burning fruitage I
Do climb the tree o' the sky."

"Those Eyes my weak gaze shuns,
Which to the suns are Suns,
Did
Not affray your lid."

"The shoulder of your Christ
Find high
To lean thereby."

"So flaps my helpless sail."

"Life is a coquetry
Of death which wearies me.
. . . . . .
A tiring-room where I
Death's divers garments try
Till fit some fashions sit.
It seemeth me too much
I do rehearse for such
A mean
And single scene."

"The grave is in my blood."

"When doom puffed out the stars."

"A whole God's breadth apart."

"With hair that musters
In globed clusters,
In tumbling clusters like swarthy grapes."

"Like a rubied sun in a Venice sail."

"But a great wind blew all the stars to flame."

"Deliberate speed, majestic instancy."

"Lest having Him I must have naught beside."

"I said to dawn, Be sudden, to eve, Be soon."

"Clung to the whistling main of every wind."

"But soon from her own harpings taking fire."

"I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me."

"Long savannahs of the blue."

"Plashy with frying lightnings round the spurm o' their feet."

"Still with unhurrying haste."

"Lucent weeping out of the dayspring."

"Lo, naught contents thee who contents not me."

"Ah! must Thou char the wood ere thou canst limn with it?"

"Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of eternity."

"That voice is round me like a bursting sea."

"The immutable crocean dawn."

"As when the surly thunder smites upon the clanged gates of heaven."

"Ridgy reach of crumbling stars."

"The singer there where God's light lay large."

"Like the tattered wing of a musty moth."

"The life I textured, thou the song."

"The Mary titled Magdalene."

"To see ourselves with the eyes of God."

"In vasty dusk of life abroad."

"And the harebell shakes on the windy hill,
Oh the breath of the distant surf."

"Then went her sunshine way."

"So fearfully the sun doth sound
Clanging up beyond Cathay."

"Pierce thy heart and find the key."

"In skies that no man sees to move
Lurk untumultuous vortices of power."

"And is made a habitation
For the fluctuous Universe."

Or the horror of this:

"The lowest reach of reeky Hell."

"My soul with anguish and recoil
Doth like a city in an earthquake rock."

"Laughing captive from the wishing west."

"Leashed with longing."

"Back from the windy vaultages of death."

"Or cling a shameful fungus there in Hell."

"By this, O singer, know we if thou seek,
When men shall say to thee, Lo, Christ is here,
When men shall say to thee, Lo, Christ is there,
Believe them: yea, and this—then art thou seer,
When all they crying clear
Is but lo here, lo there, ah me, lo everywhere."

"The world so as the vision says
Doth with great lightning-tramples run."

"A little told of the never told."

"And the dream of the world is dream in dream."

"Hath trumpeted
His clangorous, 'Sleep no more,' to all the dead."

"The world's unfolded blossom smells of God."

"What winds with music wept
Over the foundered sea."

"I in this house lifted, marred,
So ill to live in, hard to leave."

"Wide o'er rout-trampled night
Flew spurned the pebbled stars."

"To long in aching music."

"Who scarfed her with the morning."

"I so star-wearied overwarred."

"The stars still write their golden purposes
On Heaven's high palimpsest,
And no man sees."

"Unbanner your bright locks."

"A calm of intempestuous storm."

"Sifts in his hands the stars."

"Thou puttest on
Strange scantities of pathos."

"The solemn purple thistle stands in the grass
Grey as an exhalation."

"Where the rat memory does its burrows make."

"Clap my wise foot-rule to the walls o' the world."

"Thou fillest thy mouth with nations, gorgest slow
On purple æons of kings. Man's hulking towers
Are carcases for thee."

"Hear'st thou not
The world's knives bickering in their sheaths?"

"And man superfluous cloud shall soon be laid
In a little blood."

"Into the cleansing sands o' the thirsty grave."

"The muddy wine of life."

"Here I untrammel,
Here I pluck loose the body of cerementing
And break the tomb of life; here I shake off
The bar o' the world, man's congregation shun,
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows; my cell is set
Here in thy bosom; my little trouble is ended
In a little peace."

"It came up redolent of God."

"Like gray clouds, one by one my songs upsoar
Over my soul's cold peaks."

"Methinks my angel plucked my locks."

"It knew the eyes of stars which make no stay,
And with the thunder walked upon the hills."

"To make song wait on life, not life on song."

"The gardener of the stars."

"Great noiseless meres of radiance."

"No thought but you were garden to."

"Which the whole girth of God secures."

"Make lights like shivered moonlight on long waters."

"Tip-toe on the sound o' the surge."

"And heaves her scorfing sea."

"And all the firsts are hauntings of some lost."

"Till skies be fugitive."

Viewing this stately retinue, we may say Death himself could warm his hands at fires like these. For shattered splendors Francis Thompson may vie with Robert Browning. These phrasings seem to me like shattered rainbows glowing on the ground.

Or take up those colossal poems—for a lesser word to characterize them would be defective—the various odes, "The Orient Ode," "Ode to the Setting Sun," "An Anthem of Earth," "A Corymbus for Autumn," "The Hound of Heaven," "From the Night of Forebeing," and others which keep the ode pitch of tune as in that penetrant poem "The Dread of Height," which for thought-weight is passionately impressive, and we feel the poet manhood of the man. When reading such craggy poems, life grows great on the moment. This poet handles stars and earths and suns with easy aptitude. Depths are in him down which the rays of light vainly finger. We stumble over great matters when we walk this man's pathway; and that is good for all of us. He has an Oriental love of light, and sunrise or sunset or birth or death each cling to him and claim from him a song, nor plead in vain; they have their song of him. He is an Apollo for them. He blows upon the trumpet of the sea, and we think thunders have hired a trumpeter. About the truthfulest word I can express my own feelings in over these poems, is that their glory reminds me of a turbulent sea after the storm, when every wave is a new episode of variant fire and your boat rocks till you seem about to be engulfed in splendor; above you the wave all fire, below you the wave all fire, while beyond you runs a wave all fire. You sag with the fiery sea and float on a wave passionate as lava, yet are not consumed. Consider these extracts as indicative of the tremendousness of Francis Thompson when he uses the ode to express himself.

From "A Corymbus for Autumn" select this:

Richer than ever the Occident
Gave up to bygone Summer's wand.
Day's dying dragon lies drooping his crest,
Panting red pants into the West.

Or the butterfly sunset claps its wings
With flitter alit on the swinging blossom,
The gusty blossom, that tosses and swings,
Of the sea with its blown and ruffled bosom;
Its ruffled bosom where through the wind sings
Till the crisped petals are loosened and strown
Overblown, on the sand;
Shed, curling as dead
Rose-leaves curl, on the flecked strand.
Or higher, holier, saintlier, when, as now,
All nature sacerdotal seems, and thou.
The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,
In tones of floating and mellow light,
A spreading summons to even-song:
See how there
The cowled night
Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.
What is this feel of incense everywhere?

. . . . . .

But a great wind blew all the stars to flare,
And cried, "I sweep the path before the moon!
For she is coming soon"—
Then died before the coming of the moon.
And she came forth upon the trepidant air,
In vesture unimagined-fair,
Woven as woof of flag-lilies;
And curled as of flag-lilies
The vapor at the feet of her,
And a haze about her tinged in fainter wise.
As if she had trodden the stars in press,
Till the gold wine spurted over her dress,
Till the gold wine gushed out round her feet;
Spouted over her stained wear,
And bubbled in golden froth at her feet,
And hung like a whirlpool's mist round her.

. . . . . .

How have I, unaware,
Forgetful of my strain inaugural,
Cleft the great rondure of thy reign complete,
Yielding thee half, who hast indeed the all?
I will not think thy sovereignty begun
But with the shepherd sun
That washes in the sea the stars' gold fleeces,
Or that with day it ceases,
Who sets his burning lips to the salt brine,
And purples it to wine;
While I behold how ermined Artemis

Ordainèd weed must wear,
And toil thy business;
Who witness am of her,
Her too in autumn turned a vintager;
And, laden with its lampèd clusters bright,
The fiery-fruited vineyard of this night.

From a huge cliff of song, to wit, "The Hound of Heaven," splinter off two crags:

Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
. . . . . .
"How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of My love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand and come."
Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of his hand outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou drawest love from thee, who drawest me."

Strong poet, have thy sway.

W. A. Quayle.

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Art. III.—ABSOLUTE TRUTHFULNESS[1]

The subject on which I am to speak to you to-day is the very simple and old-fashioned subject of telling the truth. Your State of Pennsylvania long ago gave to the world the adage, "Honesty is the best policy." My own State of New York at a much later date put forth the simple and effective saying, "Tell the truth." In still more recent years the question of personal truthfulness has come up in innumerable forms in which the country has been interested. Such interest has received emphasis and distinction by the employment of Scripture allusions to stigmatize the nefarious opposite of truth-telling. You recognize at once any reference to the Ananias Club.

There are two reasons why I like particularly to talk with you upon this subject. It is needless to say that I have never received the remotest intimation that such a talk is peculiarly needed at Haverford. My surmise would all be to the contrary. I am, undoubtedly, "bringing coals to Newcastle." None the less, these two reasons will hold good: I wish to talk to you as college graduates, because the characteristic thing with which instruction in our colleges is concerned is the search for truth; and, in the second place, just because you college graduates are now going out into the world, I like to talk to you about telling the truth, since that is one of the things which this world most urgently needs. We need it in our American life. I do not believe we need it any more than other nations—the whole world needs it. But to-day I am thinking of the fact that you all are of that great body of new recruits whom our colleges are sending out at their commencement time to take their place in our public life. You may not become politicians; you may not get inside of the red covers of our American Who's Who; you may not immediately find yourselves referred to in the newspapers as "our distinguished fellow citizen"; none the less, the college graduate has a public mission and a public life. He can escape it only by hedging himself about with all of the misdirected pains of a recluse. As soon as he goes

[1] An address delivered at Haverford College, Pennsylvania.

to work in the world he becomes another connecting link between the American College, that reservoir of all truth and virtue and wisdom, and our great, wide, American world, which stands in need of all of the wisdom and virtue and truth that it can acquire.

The scientific spirit is a beautiful and precious thing; its very core is the search for truth. It may be that some men, here and there, have sought after truth in all ages with the same devotion, the same contempt of their own prejudices, the same openness to evidence, that is shown by the makers of our modern physical sciences, but I do not believe there have ever been finer exhibitions of this quality than the past hundred years have produced. You will think at once of such representative names as Helmholtz and Darwin and Louis Pasteur. Certainly there has never been a time when this spirit of objective truth-seeking was so widely organized in the instruction of institutions of learning. Our physical scientists do not always keep up to their own highest standard. Sometimes they wander from their peculiar field and become as unscientific out on the the broad highway of human life as are the common run of men. We may all pray to be delivered from the scientist who carries over to some alien subject all of his confidence in the adequacy of his scientific method, but fails to carry with it that modesty, that deference and openness to opposing views and to objective facts, which makes him a scientist in his own domain and without which he cannot be scientific anywhere. But, after all is said and done, our physical science is the science of seekers after truth. The facts which it has taught us are less valuable than the moral discipline which it has exercised. Science is the great schoolmaster of our modern world, and the lesson it has taught is to seek the truth, and know the truth, and tell the truth in all sincerity. We all know how the spirit and method of the physical sciences have spread over other reaches of human learning. Take, for a single example, the subject of history. In his preface to that admirable work of Langlois and Seignobos on the Introduction to the Study of History, Professor Powell, of Oxford, declared that "The historian has been (as our authors hint) too much the ally of the politician; he has used his knowledge as material for preaching democracy in the United

States, absolutism in Russia, Orleanist opposition in France, and so on . . . : in the century to come he will have to ally himself with the students of physical science. . . . It is not patriotism, nor religion, nor art, but the attainment of truth that is, and must be, the historian's single aim." Now, I do not for a moment believe that this is the last word on the subject. The method of the historian cannot be solely and simply the method of the physicist. But it is true beyond question that the attainment of truth must be the historian's aim. Do you realize that this is one of the hardest undertakings in the whole range of human learning? I do not mean simply that it is difficult to decipher and analyze the documentary materials of history. It is far more difficult to render an impartial interpretation of the facts when these have been laid bare. Not only the personal equation of the historian, but the demands of his constituency make this an ordeal of the severest kind. At two institutions in the Southern States within the past few months college teachers have undergone criticism that has been little short of persecution because of their independent and unpopular treatment of the history of the Confederacy. We of the North show a like sensitiveness when our historians tread upon our prejudices. The French writers to whom I have referred, and their coadjutors, made their great contributions to historical study during the latter half of the nineteenth century in the face of difficulty arising from the intensity of partisan feeling among their countrymen. It is hard for any nation or for any institution to hear the whole truth regarding its history. It has been said that the history of civilization could be written from the histories of Rome which successive generations have produced. So the civilization of any people to-day may be tested by the freedom and impartiality with which its own scholars write its own history.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
  Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
  With the cast mantle she hath left behind her,
  Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
  But these, our brothers, fought for her,
  At life's dear peril wrought for her,

So loved her that they died for her,
  Tasting the raptured fleetness
  Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
  They followed her and found her
  Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her,
  Where faith made whole with deed
  Breathes its awakening breath
  Into the lifeless creed,
  They saw her, plumed and mailed,
  With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

We shall have to face the fact that truth of any kind is no simple and easy matter. The historians have no monopoly of the truth-teller's difficulties. "What is truth?" The ancient question is with us still. Commencement day is no time to discuss the ultimate philosophy of such a problem. I shall not settle any question as between the agnostics, the pragmatists, and the absolute idealists. We are chiefly interested to-day in a class of college boys who are going out into the work of full-grown, full-armed, full-minded men in this world of ours. What are they and their kind going to do for us? Are they going to raise the average and the standard of truthfulness in this land? If we warn them of the difficulty of such an undertaking, we may know that we shall add only to its attractiveness for them. Whatever pessimists may say, our young men are not looking for easy jobs nor for an easy life. They expect to do the things that are hardest to do. They will count it all joy if the heaviest responsibilities shall fall to their lot. And there is no weightier responsibility, let us tell them in all seriousness, nor any in which the public good is more concerned, than this same responsibility for seeing straight and talking straight, however their world may run. The newspapers gave much attention, not long ago, to a criticism of women by a woman. This critic declared that women are simply unable to tell the truth, the reason being that they do not know how. I will not attempt to criticise this criticism, but, as regards men and

women alike, it may be said that it is a more difficult matter to tell an unvarnished tale than would commonly be supposed. Our courts of justice find out how great is this difficulty. Even with witnesses who are not deliberately perjuring themselves, and many of whom have the best intentions as regards their evidence, it takes the closest questioning and cross-questioning to get at the exact facts which they are endeavoring to relate. The conversation of some third person is repeated. But even when the exact words have been determined there is no end of opportunity for conveying meanings that are utterly false through an intonation, an inflection, a shrug of the shoulder, or a facial expression which affects the whole intent of that which is spoken. A great part of the mischief done by a village gossip is done in this way. We shall hardly find anything more exasperating or harder to set right than the untruthful meaning which has been conveyed by telling the exact truth in such a way as to put it in a false light. The worst kind of a lie is the truth told wrong. And that leads to the further remark that the one who is endeavoring to tell the truth must consider not only what his words mean to himself, but what they will mean to another to whom they may be spoken. A great part of the pains of one who desires to make himself exactly understood, in the very sense which he has intended, must be given to the effort to understand the other man. When Sydney Smith, in talking with the fishwife at Billingsgate, spoke of an isosceles triangle and a parallelopipedon, she was sure he was using the vilest language she had ever heard. Even among men of the highest education the associations of words are so diverse and the shades of meaning so varied that the opportunities for misunderstanding are innumerable. Your slippery demagogue appreciates this fact, and his words are full of pitfalls for the unwary. When it was objected to a proposed treaty that it had in it an ambiguity, Talleyrand is said to have replied that if there was no ambiguity in it, one should be inserted. On the other hand, your politician or public speaker who really desires to make his meaning clear will study his audiences and endeavor to use such language as will raise in their minds conceptions and convictions like to his own. It is of incalculable advantage to the cause of truth in American

politics that Lincoln's speeches were not only popular, but were at the same time altogether plain and unambiguous. If any of you young men would be political leaders, of either party or of any party, let me counsel you to "know your Lincoln" as the Browning Club is supposed to know its Browning, and as a notable group of your neighbors in Philadelphia undoubtedly know their Shakespeare. For in Lincoln you will find both the form and the spirit of truth-telling in political life:

> I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. . . . I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

To tell the truth about our fellow men is an undertaking beset with difficulties of its own. There appears now and again a moralist with such power to tear away the mask from human hypocrisy and depravity that he is hailed as the seer and soothsayer who has shown to our humanity its real and essential character. A fearless revelation of wrongdoing has preëminently the look of sincerity and truth. This is peculiarly the case as regards the writing of biography. When one of the heroes of history is portrayed in all of his human weakness, and newly explored documents set forth in detail the shadowy side of his character, there are reviewers a-plenty to say, "Here at last we have the true story of his life. This is the real Cæsar—or Columbus, or Luther, or Napoleon. Here is Cromwell painted as he really was." With all of the love and devotion that our Washington and our Lincoln have called forth, those biographers who can show the character of either at its worst are rashly approved as having penetrated most deeply into the real heart of the man. Now, we cannot condemn

that unsparing research which accepts duly attested evidence of defects in such men as readily as it accepts evidence of their greatnesses, but let us never think that the bad things about any man are nearer to the true heart of him than are his excellences and virtues. Let us rather believe that, as regards any man, prince or pauper, outcast or hero, we find what is most real about him when we find him on the higher planes of his being. The most real thing in any man, after all, is that which lies nearest to the real heart of the universe. We shall not refuse to hear of shortcomings and delinquencies when there is need of such information, and particularly when something can be done toward reformation, but we shall not commit the folly of supposing that because a man scolds about his fellow men he really understands them better than the man does who has found goodness in them and who denies that they are past redemption.

So large a part of our telling of the truth in daily life consists in telling about other men that it is of the utmost consequence that one should learn at this point to judge righteous judgments. We say of a successful administrator that he is a good judge of men. As soon as the young college graduate rises to a position of large responsibility, his insight in this particular will be put to a daily test. Let me venture, accordingly, one further suggestion: You will never get at the real character of a man by getting him classified. Classification is necessary. It serves an important purpose, but not the highest purpose. In the study of mankind, as in the physical sciences, classification is one of the preliminary stages of our advance. When it is made the final stage it arrests the progress of the science, and likewise it arrests our understanding of the most interesting objects given to us in this life—the people with whom we have our human intercourse. These people are full of individual surprises. It is those whom you know best who will surprise you most. The infinite variety of woman did not die with Cleopatra. Be not too sure that you have sifted out all there is to be known in your nearest friend. Even your own innermost spirit may astonish you with some unexpected strength or foolishness. When you have occasion, then, to report, concerning friend or foe, tell the truth as best you can;

but remember there may be something more in him, and chiefly something better in him, than you have yet understood. Then there are other than human things concerning which we have truth to tell. A large part of our practical life consists in our seeing and hearing and our reporting of the things seen and heard. The man of scientific training should be able to perform these processes with greater certainty and precision than one who has missed such training. Definite measurement and mathematical statement are more and more taking their part in the practical concerns of life. The accountant has widened the range of his service in commercial establishments. There are innumerable weighings, testings, and measurings in our industries. The engineer, with his mathematical formulæ, grows daily a more familiar figure in our society. Exact methods are spreading in the practice of medicine and the care of public health, in the department of police, in the management of farms, and in all manner of unexpected ways and by-ways of our common life. Everywhere statistical information comes to hand; and the strength of statistics is in the making of comparisons. But this mathematical side of things need not greatly concern us to-day. Figures will not lie, and we may let it go at that. Not let it go at that altogether, however. Figures will not lie, but one has added that liars will often figure. The exact statement in mathematical terms is often the very statement that most needs scrutiny. Statistics may not be used lightly, nor in unpracticed hands. It is indeed astonishing to see how many of the most misleading statements of these present days appear in some statistical form. Accordingly, the spread of statistical information is not the end of care regarding the telling of truth. It is, instead, a new beginning. And the one who hears or who reports information in these numerical forms has need to be everlastingly on his guard.

The strength of statistics, as has been said, is found in its comparisons. When these are made with scientific accuracy, they are invaluable. When they are made in amateurish fashion, they may lead to all manner of error. But beyond the range of statistics, true or false, there is an unlimited field for the making of comparisons, and it is in this field that the truth-teller will wander

most circumspectly. There is one degree of comparison which we Americans dearly love, and that is the superlative degree. The tallest buildings, the longest rivers, the biggest fortunes, the most costly school systems, the record high jump—all of these things appeal to our taste. The superlative degree is the high seasoning of our information, and without it our fare would seem insipid. This is one of our national defects, but it is a defect that other peoples have shared with us. When Julius Cæsar declared that he would rather be first in an Alpine village than second in Rome he was as much of an American as any of us. Not long ago, in reading Wordsworth's "Prelude," my household came across a line which hits off this characteristic so admirably that I think it should be more widely known. I give it to you, accordingly, for what it may be worth to you. The reading is,

Hyperbole of praise comparative.

When I hear of Americans boasting in the presence of wondering and approving foreigners, when there comes to me the prospectus of a sale of real estate in some city that is destined to grow more rapidly than any other place in the world, when there come the announcements of summer tours which are absolutely unparalleled in the wonders of scenery which they have to offer, I steady my nerves and comfort my spirit with the words:

Hyperbole of praise comparative.

There are some things that are not to be compared at all unless it be as regards likeness and unlikeness. They are incommensurable because they are unmeasurable. The beauty of natural scenery is one of these things. You will add greatly to the enjoyment of life if you will not insist, even to yourself, that one beauty is more beautiful than another, but will enjoy them both, each in its kind, and each without a disturbing thought of any other.

What we are coming to, in all of this discussion of the difficulties of telling the truth, is a plea for broad judgments, for comparisons which are not quantitative, but which correct and reinforce our estimate of values and moderate our tendency to recklessness and exaggeration. It is a plea for that wealth of

discriminating appreciation, that catholicity of taste and judgment, which colleges, of all our human institutions, ought to bestow. The fact that Haverford has in conspicuous measure a reputation for imparting genuine culture such as this may seem to render my words superfluous, but it will also assure for them a sympathetic hearing.

There is another thing that should be said with reference to the endless difficulties in the way of absolute truthfulness: they are not insurmountable. It is a mark of weakness to let them hinder the practical business of life. A man of affairs brushes them aside when there is work to be done. If exactitude is not attainable, he seizes upon the nearest approximation that will serve his purpose and goes forward. Often enough, while others are bewildered or equivocating, he pushes through the cobwebs and finds the exact information that he requires. In industry and commerce, this ability to arrive at truth and turn it to immediate account is often the capital characteristic of the successful operator. In the practice of law and the decisions of the courts, those who weigh conflicting evidence and reach conclusions which are clear and definitive render to society a valuable and indispensable service. Difficulties are not to be ignored. It is not the mark of a great intellect to be unmindful of details and differences. The first-rate judge or administrator does not merely push by them to his conclusions. The physician and the detective have this in common, that they notice trivial and incongruous circumstances and find in them many a clue to unexpected revelations. It is not to be forgotten that the Sherlock Holmes of fiction was the counterpart of a physician uncommonly skilled in diagnosis.

While we have been considering the subject of truth in a variety of practical ways, I trust we may not have merely brought our discussion down to the ground. Let none of our practical considerations obscure the fact that that with which we are dealing is one of the greatest things in God's universe. He has learned one of the chief lessons of life who has become fully aware of the fact that falsehood, in its very nature, is disintegrating and doomed to failure, while truth is coherent, creative, and everlasting. All of our hopes for this world—and for all of the worlds—are bound

up with it. Any false confidence which we may have gained by an adherence to untruth when we know it to be untruth will crumble at the last beneath our feet. The truth itself may break our best-loved idols and scatter them to the ways of earth, but in the very nature of this universe it can tear down only to build again, and its building shall abide. If we are not mistaken in the signs of our age, our civilization is every day gaining in the volume of truth, but, what is more important, it is every year becoming, in spirit, and intent, and endeavor, a more truthful civilization. The lie and the author of lies are less and less at home in this world. It still requires not only insight, but unlimited courage to speak the truth as it should be spoken; but the world is growing more familiar with straight-out truthfulness, and it is growing better in consequence. Even our modern diplomacy is ceasing to be a means of concealing and misrepresenting international purposes.

I welcome you, young graduates, to a world in which there is still opportunity for no end of heroism in the search for truth and in the defense of truth; but it is heroism with larger hope than ever before, and it is well worth the activity of the strongest and the most highly trained men that we have in this land.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown

Art. IV.—ARTHUR HALLAM AND "IN MEMORIAM"

You leave us; you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sailed below
When I was there with him, and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,
That City. All her splendor seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair
Entwine her isles unmark'd of me:
I have not seen, I will not see,
Vienna. . . .

The city of the poet's aversion was the scene of the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, September 15, 1833. He came here, blithe and full of hope, in the company of his father, when suddenly "the shadow feared by man" met him and all that sweet companionship was ended. A sudden rush of blood to the head, following a brief attack of intermittent fever, wrecked what was perhaps the finest, most delicate brain possessed by any youth of his time, if not of his century. His remains were conveyed to England in a sailing ship and interred in the crypt of Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, overlooking from its lonely promontory the waters of the Bristol channel.

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

If the poets can have power to consecrate, "where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground" throughout this region. Tennyson scatters but a few leaves over the laurel-strewed spaces. With the mention of the Severn and the Wye, the wraiths of heroic and

poetic generations rise before us. Chatterton, "the sleepless soul," wanders there; and there is the singer seen who looked out of the wondrous eyes and who sang of Christabel and the Ancient Mariner. Into these waters Wycliffe's dust was thrown, for Shakespeare's Avon is not far away; and close at hand is Tintern Abbey, where the youthful Wordsworth walked. His words are sweet as the musically flowing "Sylvan Wye," the "wanderer through the woods." Somerset and Warwick, "no earth of thine is lost in vulgar mold!" In visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, the eyes of Tennyson are unclosed. The wakeful poet is in spirit transported to the last resting-place of his friend. He deems it fit and good that his relics should

> In English earth be laid,

that

> from his ashes may be made
> The violet of his native land;

that they should repose with those of his ancestors, among "familiar names" that consecrate "the places of his youth," rather than in the night of shipwreck, to "toss with tangle and with shells." The poet sees the interior of Clevedon Church on some splendid midnight, when the effulgence melts through the pictured windows and the moon-radiance creeps upward upon the wall till it covers the tablet of his buried friend:

> Thy marble bright in dark appears,
> As slowly steals a silver flame
> Along the letters of thy name
> And o'er the number of thy years.

If it cannot easily be read by moonlight, this is the inscription that the early dawning rays will show:

> To The Memory Of
> Arthur Henry Hallam,
> Eldest Son of Henry Hallam, Esquire,
> And of Julia Maria, His Wife,
> Daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, Baronet,
> Of Clevedon Court,
> Who Was Snatched Away By Sudden Death,
> At Vienna, on Sept. 15, 1833,
> In the 23rd Year of His Age:

And Now In This Obscure and Solitary Church
Repose the Mortal Remains Of One
Too Early Lost For Public Fame,
But Already Conspicuous Among His Contemporaries
For the Brightness of His Genius,
The Depth of His Understanding,
The Nobleness of His Disposition,
The Fervor of His Piety,
And the Purity of His Life.
Vale Dulcissime,
Vale Dilectissime, Desideratissime,
Requiescat In Pace,
Pater ac Mater Hic Posthac Requiescamus Tecum Usque ad Tubam.

Arthur Hallam is dead and buried; the common dues are paid, the funeral dirge is sung, the rites and obsequies are over: why may he not be given to oblivion? Why continue the mention of his name? Four words may furnish a sufficient answer: Personality, Character, Friendship, Genius. We might have added Appreciation, but that this is implied and included in the two words last written. These describe the efficient qualities in the possession of the fittest subjects of commemorative song and of the greatest of poets in our era.

"In Memoriam," then, in our first view of it, is a testimony to the value and sacredness of friendship and is a record of one of the great friendships of all time. It is written concerning the monarch-minstrel of the Hebrews that when he beheld Jonathan, the son of his king, his heart clave unto him, "And it came to pass . . . that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." Then, when the lover and warrior of the house of Saul had fallen down on Mount Gilboa, David leaned over his golden harp to touch the heart of time with an immortal regret. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." So when he heard that Arthur Hallam was dead, Alfred Tennyson felt as if the world had withered away and the sun of his life had fallen into shadow. His aims and purposes were for the time being broken up; a thousand awful misgivings rose like specters out of the desert of

his heart; a thousand unanswered questions concerning life and death, sorrow and loss, duty and destiny, that had never so greatly troubled him before. So, to give relief to his overburdened spirit, and his awakened mind unfolding thoughts as a rose-bush in blossom, he poured himself out from time to time in the lyrics which compose that magnificent threnody to which he gave the familiar title, "In Memoriam," of which Stedman has said that "The grave, majestic hymnal measure swells like the peal of an organ, yet acts as a brake on undue spasmodic outbursts of discordant grief"; with "a steady, yet varying, *marche-funèbre;* a sense of passion held in check, of reserved elegiac power." This great elegy impresses us with the truth, that, if "Freedom" may be, as the old poet Barbour sings, "a noble thing," so is Friendship; and not only a noble thing, but a mysterious, a beautiful, a sacred thing. It has its origin in the soul of man and marks him as a spiritual being. It is love in its highest, purest form; it is the inspiration of sublimest expression and of the most heroic action. Has God given to you a true and real friend, he has given you no richer treasure. Hold him; cherish him; weave a thousand filaments, fine as sunlight, yet strong as steel, to bind him to you. May we not say, I have no other treasure so worthful that I can afford to lose it? May we not all say with Emerson, "My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. . . . High thanks I owe to you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts"? When this gift and treasure, with its inherent and accompanying virtue, becomes the subject of our meditation, there rises to view that type of elegance and strength, of courage and moral beauty, that mirror of knightly truth and courtesy, than whom none fairer adorn the pages of chivalry or romance; that child of graceful song; that man of the "sweet attractive grace" who "wore the white flower of a blameless life" and had "the lineaments of gospel books," whose noble thoughts were written in his eyes; that epitome of the virtues "which every man in arms should wish to be"—who, dying on Zutphen's field, passed, with a smile, his wished-for cup of water to the soldier, whose asking eyes had moved him to pity, with words love makes

immortal: "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Close behind him comes the youth who charmed the learned coteries of Trinity; for never since Sidney died has the realm of song known friend so fair as Arthur Hallam, and never since David ceased has harp been stricken with loftier and tenderer strains than sound in "In Memoriam."

Among the lyrics of this noble series in which his friend's lineaments and language are recalled, we note the following. It regards the musings of Arthur on sacred subjects:

> But brooding on the dear one dead,
> And all he said of things divine—
> And dear as sacramental wine
> To dying lips is all he said—
>
> I murmur'd, as I came along,
> Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd,
> And loiter'd in the master's field,
> And darken'd sanctities with song.

This first stanza was, when the poem first appeared, most ignorantly, unjustly, and even brutally criticized. The critic, perhaps from a High Church sacramentarian's point of view, condemned the reference to "sacramental wine" as blasphemous; whereupon Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton, came to the rescue in one of his lectures to working men. He took occasion to explain the nature and true meaning of a sacrament, which is honored "when it consecrates all the things and acts of life," and he said: "One would have thought that the holy tenderness of this passage would have made such a charge impossible. . . . If there be anything in this life sacred, any remembrance filled with sanctifying power, any voice which symbolizes to us the voice of God, it is the recollection of the pure and holy ones that have been taken from us, and of their examples and sacred words,

> —dear as sacramental wine
> To dying lips.

In these lines Tennyson has deeply, no doubt unconsciously—that is, without dogmatic intention—entered into the power of the sacraments to diffuse their meaning beyond themselves. There is no irreverence in them; no blasphemy; nothing but delicate

Christian truth." For a time there continued in the strain of his poem a tone of hopeless regret, and images of gloom are multiplied and shadows with few relieving lights; yet these are so tempered, moderated, and restrained as to make, in a retrospect of the whole, a part of the general harmony. The poet does but exhibit the natural course of sorrow and the yearning over past happiness in the possession of his friend as he recalls their pleasant intimacy and its sudden and final interruption, the time when

> round us all the thicket rang
> To many a flute of Arcady.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And we with singing cheer'd the way,
> And crown'd with all the season lent
> From April on to April went,
> And glad at heart from May to May:
>
> But where the path we walked began
> To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
> As we descended following Hope
> There sat the Shadow feared by man.

This Shadow dominates this threnody in all its earlier strophies. If, perchance, in his somber, rueful musing he hears the church bell toll, his grief bursts forth anew, yet with the awakening of early song memories and some such classic recollection as the cry of Catullus for his buried brother, "Frater, Ave, atque Vale":

> Yet in these ears till hearing dies,
> One set slow bell will seem to toll
> The passing of the sweetest soul
> That ever look'd with human eyes.
>
> I hear it now, and o'er and o'er
> Eternal greetings to the dead;
> And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
> "Adieu, adieu, forevermore!"

These words recall the gloomy grandeur, mingled with horror, of that passage of De Quincey, in the Confessions of an English Opium Eater, where, at the close of his dream, "came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I know not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the

sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells!" As time elapsed he left gloom and bitterness behind, and his touches upon the subject of his sorrow take on a spiritual exaltation and have sometimes a tone of hallowed tenderness:

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
O loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not, therefore, love thee less;

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice,
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die.

So Shelley, in a more pantheistic strain of the "Adonais," identifies his friend and brother poet Keats with the universe—the boundless deep of air and ocean, the fields and woods and hills,

and all fair forms, and the breathing spirit of this living and life-giving world in which they took such mutual delight. We may quote it, as in partial correspondence with the lines of Tennyson:

> He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
> Mourn not for Adonais. . . .
> He is made one with nature. There is heard
> His voice in all her music, from the moan
> Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
> He is a presence to be felt and known
> In darkness and in light. . . .
> He is a portion of that loveliness
> Which once he made more lovely.

And who was he of whom such things may properly be written? He should have been an extraordinary man. We can find but little concerning him apart from the bibliography of Tennyson, for his life was a potentiality unfulfilled, his records and accomplishments were few, and, as his chief eulogist confesses,

> The world that credits what is done
> Is cold to all that might have been.

Briefly, then, he was a Cambridge student with whom Tennyson became acquainted at Trinity College; he was the son of a lawyer in London famed as an historian; he was himself an apprentice at law in the office of his father; he was the *fiancé* of Tennyson's sister Emily; and, finally, he was the author of a few pieces in verse and prose published after his death as his literary remains. Many of equal accomplishments have perished out of sight and sound forever; but he lives, and is likely to live in the memory of man as long as English letters can endure. Why? How should such thing be? The answer is, as we have said, Personality and Character on his part and abiding friendship and genius on the part of Tennyson. The poet did not invent a fictitious character and invest it with qualities unknown to the actual being. The character of Arthur Hallam was in its nature extraordinary, and it attained in brief space an unusual development. He was not only an intellectual, but a moral and spiritual prodigy for the singular harmony and equability of all his faculties. This was well known but to a select few. To many who knew him not Ten-

nyson's description of him seemed to be a piece of extravagance, and the poet's work was condemned as a censurable example of effervescent eulogy, the creation of a friendly, but blind, partiality. So one critic objected that "a vast deal of poetic feeling had been wasted on a lawyer, and much wit is spent upon the tenderness which is given to Amaryllis of the Chancery bar." Such an attack brought Robertson to the rescue with all his nobleness of feeling and the keen incision of his critical lance: "A barrister, it seems, is beyond the pale of excusable because poetical sensibilities. So that if my friend be a soldier, I may love him and celebrate him in poetry, because the profession of arms is by all conventional associations heroic; or if he bears on his escutcheon the red hand of knighthood, or wears the ducal coronet, or even be a shepherd, still there are poetic precedents for romance; but if he be a member of the Chancery bar, or only a cotton lord, then because these are not yet grades accredited in song, worth is not worth, and honor is not honor, and nobleness is not nobility. O, if we wanted poets for nothing else, it would be for this, that they are the grand levelers vindicating the sacredness of our common humanity and in protest against such downright vulgarity of heart as this, reminding us that

> "For a' that, and a' that,
> A man's a man for a' that."

That Tennyson's poem is an authentic piece of spiritual biography we are warranted in believing. It was not upon the mind of the poet alone that the spirit of Hallam exercised so profound and wonderful a spell. He affected others in an unusual manner. Traditions have been handed down from the lips of that remarkable fraternity who then inhabited the chambers of Trinity and who regarded him as the most extraordinary person they had ever known. There was during those years a club, known as "The Apostles," which met at stated periods for conversation and discussion of high themes. Most of these attained distinction in church or state or in literature. We may name, besides Hallam and the Tennysons, James Spedding, editor, scholar, and life-long friend of the poet; Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward known as

Lord Houghton, statesman, poet, littérateur, author of graceful songs, and the editor and biographer of Keats; Richard Chenevix Trench, afterward Bishop of Dublin, philologist, poet, expositor, and commentator, whose work on the Parables and whose studies of Words are standards—a gifted scholar and a noble man; William Makepeace Thackeray, a great Englishman and great author, whose trenchant, earnest words search the heart and move it with tones of solemnity and beauty; Henry Alford, afterward Dean of Canterbury, divine, and biblical scholar, whose occasional poems show poetic feeling and delicacy of expression; Charles Merivale, historian of Rome under the empire, and a translator of the Iliad; John Mitchell Kemble, son of the actor Charles Kemble, and brother of Fanny Kemble, whose Shakespearean readings at Boston Longfellow praised in a well-known sonnet; and, greatest of all, William Ewart Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man" of modern England, peerless as orator, as Christian statesman, long venerable in splendid stalwart manhood. Yet of all this company, during their college days Arthur Hallam was counted the leader; and that this was no fanciful partiality or mere fleeting or romantic impression will appear from this statement of Gladstone, written at an advanced age. Looking back over fourscore years, the venerable statesman could say:

> Far back in the distance of my early life, and upon a surface not yet ruffled by contention, there lies the memory of a friendship surpassing every other that has been enjoyed by one greatly blessed both in the number and the excellence of his friends. It is the simple truth that Arthur Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. Among his contemporaries at Eton, that queen of visible homes for the ideal schoolboy, he stood supreme among all his fellows; and the long life through which I have since wound my way, and which has brought me into contact with so many men of rich endowments, leaves him where he then stood, as to natural gifts, so far as my estimation is concerned.

Let us now look for the portrait of Hallam in the stately memorial that Tennyson has reared to him. I have before me a print showing a model of his face by the sculptor Chantrey. It shows a singularly harmonious, tranquil, benevolent, highly in-

tellectual countenance, youthful, yet mature. I think the delicately molded mouth, lined with strength and beauty, with the large, languaged deep-set eyes, reveal the poet and philosopher, though I fail to discover in the pictured marble the "bar of Michaelangelo" spoken of in the poem: that very noticeable ridge above the brows of the great Italian. It may have appeared when Hallam was in exalted, energetic action, as Tennyson describes him in the eighty-seventh lyric of "In Memoriam," which records a visit to Trinity College and the memories there awakened:

I passed beside the reverend walls
  In which of old I wore the gown;
  I roved at random through the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in college fanes
  The storm their high-built organs make,
  And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,
  The measured pulse of racing oars
  Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
  The same, but not the same; and last
  Up that long walk of limes I passed
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
  I linger'd; all within was noise
  Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
  Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
  And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
  But send it slackly from the string;
  And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner here and there;

And last, the master-bowman, he
  Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
  We lent him. Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace
  And music in the bounds of law,
  To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
  In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
  And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michaelangelo!

We have glimpses of him in his seasons of relaxation, unbending in the social hour when he had come down into Lincolnshire, to the parsonage home of Alfred's father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, the rector of Somersby. There we have a portrait of him, happily absent "from brawling courts and dusky purlieus of the law," outstretched on the lawn, "immantled in ambrosial dark" of witch elms and "towering sycamore," reading aloud from the "Tuscan poets." In the one hundred and ninth lyric Tennyson gives an intellectual and spiritual portrait of his friend:

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
  From household fountains never dry;
  The critic clearness of an eye
That saw through all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force
  To seize and throw the doubts of man;
  Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,
  But touched with no ascetic gloom;
  And passion pure in snowy bloom
Through all the years of April blood.

But this exhibit of an embarrassment of riches can be only as a nugget of gold cropping out here and there in the neighborhood of an unbroken mine. We may but refer to the lyrics in which the poet imagines his friend as he might have been had he lived to bring to fruitage the blossoming promise of his powers! how he

would have moved in the domestic circle as the husband of the poet's sister and the father of a family beloved; how he would have stood in the councils of his country—

> A life in civic action warm,
> A soul on highest mission sent,
> A potent voice of Parliament,
> A pillar steadfast in the storm.

Then all is grandly closed with the exalted view given of him in the Prologue,

> Thy creature, whom I found so fair,

and in the final stanzas of the Epilogue, where he imagines the archetypal man, that noble creature that is to be when time has witnessed the utmost of God's creative power, there he discerns a form, and lineaments of his friend—the perfect Man after the Messianic order,

> Whereof the man that with me trod
> This planet was a noble type
> Appearing ere the times were ripe,
> That friend of mine who lives in God.

"In Memoriam" is not simply a memorial to Arthur Hallam; it is not only the greatest of threnodies—after the ancients, Moschus, Bion, Theocritus, and their fellows; after the "Lycidas" of Milton, "with its primrose beauty," and the elegies of Gray and Collins; after Shelley's "Adonais," with its "spiritual ecstasy and splendor of lament," and the "Thyrsis" and "Scholar Gipsy," of Arnold, and Swinburne's dirge for Baudelaire, "a wonder of melody," and all "other modern ventures in a direction where the sweet and absolute solemnity of the Saxon tongue is most apparent" still at the summit of the elegiac pile, "a more important," if not a "more enduring, creation of rhythmic art"—it is more than all this. It is also a great philosophic and religious poem, dealing with the most vital and universal subjects that can engage the thought of man—the mystery of death and the mystery of human personality; the meaning of life, of sorrow and suffering; the great reality of God, and the great idea of Eternity. Here we have Tennyson's "most characteristic and significant work," in which the author's matured power is revealed, and in which his "intel-

lect has full sweep"; a work in which are embodied and "concentrated his wisest reflections upon life, death, and immortality, the worlds within and without." These conceptions he wrought out for himself, in his own peculiar way, amid the fierce fires of affliction, and fashioned into enduring form with large utterance and with master art; the result being a unique poetical masterpiece, in elaborate comprehensiveness the first of its age, and also a spiritual autobiography, a rare epitome of experience. In scope and technical construction, it is unique. It consists of a series of one hundred and thirty-four lyrics, including that matchless "Prologue," which rises to the dignity of a divine hymn, and the "Epilogue," which is an epithalamium or marriage ode on the union of his sister Cecilia with his friend Professor Edmund Law Lushington, October 10, 1842. These lyrics are of unequal length and progressive in spirit and meaning, more or less closely interrelated, and varying in excellence, but all scintillant with a starry wealth of beauty and splendor. Indeed, objection has been made to the rich involutions of form and thought and to the elaborateness of poetic ornamentation as not quite befitting an elegy. To this the answer may be made that the work abounds in real and deep pathos, and wherever the subject really requires, the virtues of directness and simplicity appear. But the emotions come strained through the intellect. It is written in the meter known as the iambic tetrameter, in which the final words of the first line and the fourth of each stanza have the like sound, and in which the final words of each line forming the intervening couplet rhyme together. Stedman affirms: "The author's choice of the transposed quatrain verse was a piece of good fortune. Its hymnal quality, finely exemplified in the opening prayer, is always impressive, and, although a monotone, no more monotonous than the sounds of nature—the murmur of ocean, the soughing of the mountain pines." The form is not original with Tennyson, having been borrowed from Ben Jonson, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and a few of the earlier poets, but the later poet has given it currency and developed its higher possibilities. It is sufficient to say that this stanzaic form is well adapted to the serious strain of the poem, and is flexibly and musically handled, though not without lapses and

flaws here and there, as must appear in any extended work of human art.

As intimated, the general purport, character, and purpose were greatly misapprehended and misrepresented upon its first appearance. Even so capable a critic and so fine a poet as FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," and a close friend of Tennyson, failed to enter into its spirit, and thought the work overloaded. One would-be critic said: "Let the acknowledgment be made at once that the writer dedicated his thoughts to a most difficult task. He has written two hundred pages upon one person; in other words, he has painted one hundred and twenty miniatures of the same individual." What an absurdity to anyone who reads the work with intelligence! He has not done this; but what if he had? One hundred miniatures of Hallam, painted by the skillful hand that has given the few really existing, might yet command the lasting attention and admiration of the wise among mankind. The whole meaning of a single soul is not told in a few words. But what Tennyson has done one of his early admirers tells us: "He has written a poem in one hundred and twenty divisions, or, as it now stands, in one hundred and thirty divisions, illustrative of the manifold phases through which the soul passes from doubt through grief to faith." It is, indeed, an elegant poetic escritoire, full of compartments, abounding in thought, sentiment, picture; a casket of rare workmanship, in which are pearls and diamonds of the soul, set with lapidary skill; or, to borrow his own memorable phrase in "The Princess,"

> Jewels five words long,
> Which on the outstretch'd finger of all time
> Sparkle forever.

The death of Hallam, followed so soon by that of the poet's father, and accompanied by the delay of his projects and the deferring of poetical hopes and ambitions (for the public was a long time in finding and accrediting his genius), sank him into a temporary despondency and raised those terrible specters of the mind that man must meet alone and slay; or as Christian in Bunyan's allegory met Apollyon and by the help of God won the victory. In that hour Heaven seemed withdrawn and Earth to be

failing him. He then found no longer in the traditional faith of the church that assurance he supposed was there. Reaching out to the right hand and to the left for comfort and reassurance, he found only the blankness of despair and reminders of his loss. It was in such an hour that Dante cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "Alas! I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wounds with which fortune has smitten me!" It was in such an hour that the Man of Uz called for darkness upon the face of the sun to greet the day of his birth, while an evil, mocking voice seemed to cry, "Curse God and die!" When man is wakened by misery to reflection, this hour begins. "It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are many of them rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditionary opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour—let him who has passed through it say how awful—when this life has lost its meaning and seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dread expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit I know of but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hours through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks, . . . thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear, bright day."[1] Tennyson, despite his constitutional tendency to speculative thought and his disturbance by the influx of strong materialistic currents, was well grounded in the foundational virtues;

[1] Frederick W. Robertson.

he kept the outworks of morality, and came to hold in the white light of Christ the pure crystal of his soul. Yet it was such gloom as this that he passed through and had to face, while clouds of dubious philosophy and inchoate science drifted before the spiritual sun. This was his struggle; and it was also such a blessed consummation of unsullied light to which he attained, of settled assurance and trust. Then for the solace of his soul, and for the strengthening and guidance of others, he made this poetical record of his moods and experiences through a period of three years, where you may trace him from the dreary and shadowy valley with which he begins up to the majestic outlook of the mount of God. His comes to be the bright and shining way that Bunyan's Pilgrim knew, the summit from which one sees an end of all confusion, the Center at which this flowing universe converges:

> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole Creation moves.

For, let priest or prophet say what he will, a real man must think, and thinking at first brings perplexity. But let a man live and act, as well as think, and all shall be well, if he act well and if he be true. Let him be obedient to the truth he has and he shall have more. Let us not be afraid of thinking, nor shrink from philosophy; for though the apostle has declared a necessary truth when he tells us that spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and the intellect may not invade or occupy the domain of the soul, nor usurp the function of the spirit, whose it is to see and declare intuitively truth that the intellect itself, unaided, may not reach, so, on the other hand, intellectual things are intellectually discerned; and the intellect is sole in its own province and has to deal with matters of faith as well as science, and may not, with its findings, be wholly set aside. It may not be first or greatest, but it has an assured, though secondary, place. To the intellect is the function of cognition and comparison upon the findings of the soul, of judgment upon the things seen, whether by the visible or the invisible eye, and it is the office of the thinking, reasoning faculty to reconcile these two, if there are, indeed, irreconcilements or discrepancies, which often are more seeming than real. The *vates* or

seer and the philosopher may exist in the person of the poet, as in the cases of Wordsworth and Tennyson. Such brave and earnest thinking Tennyson did, and this true living he achieved, showing that the faith which rests first upon the intuition of the soul, corroborated by the inspired Word, and then upon the finding of the intellect, has surest foundation. This truth he expresses in the stanzas of the one hundred and twenty-fourth lyric, and the ninety-sixth lyric of "In Memoriam." He is the one who

> Fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the specters of the mind
> And laid them; thus he came at length
>
> To find a stronger faith his own;
> And Power was with him in the night
> Which makes the darkness and the light
> And dwells not in the light alone.

"In Memoriam" is one of the most personal of poems. In it the writer may be said to "wear his heart upon his sleeve." It contains not only his spiritual autobiography, but his exterior life as well, and that of his friends. In living hues depicted appear the scenes and haunts amid which they lived and moved and the people with whom the poet was neighbor and companion. There we trace the downs, the wolds and fens of watery Lincolnshire, his native county. There he is seen at evening, wandering like the pensive Gray in the shadow of the parish church, halting meditatively "where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap," and where, rising amid the dusky umbrage of the yews, the clock in the tower "beats out the little lives of men." He is seen standing at early morning in "the long unlovely street" (Wimpole Street, London), before the door of his friend's father, thinking of pleasant meetings gone by, and of hours spent in the little upstairs chamber within. We see him amid the reverie of an autumn morning on the high wold, with its dew-drenched furze, and the silvery gossamers twinkling into green and gold, overlooking "the crowded farms and lessening towers" that seem at last to "mingle with the bounding main." Or at evening we are his silent companions in the tempestuous time when "the last red leaf is whirled away" and " the rooks are blown about the skies," and he shares

the discomforts of the huddling cattle. We hear him hailing the Christmas time, when the bells of the neighboring villages of Telford, Hagg, Langton, and Ormsby, sounding "from hill to hill," "answer each other in the mist":

> Each voice four changes on the wind,
> That now dilate, and now decrease,
> Peace and good will, good will and peace,
> Peace and good will to all mankind.

What poet-peals like his have wrung out the old year and rung in the new? Who has so welcomed in exquisite lyrics "the herald-melodies of spring" and shown us the "sea-blue bird of March" gliding past on welcome wing? Who has so rejoiced in Flora's graceful bowers, to see the rose "pulled sidewise in the shower," the wet daisy's crimson fringes, the "little speedwell's darling blue," orchis and fox glove,

> Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
> Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

Who but can paint the autumn wolds of England when, with the coming of the frost, the wizard is seen to be

> ——— laying here and there
> A fiery finger on the leaves?

All these passages, and many more unquoted, prove "In Memoriam" to be a poem universal in spirit, yet reflecting particularly the life and landscape of the England Tennyson knew. The poem is, in Stedman's words, "a serene and truthful panorama of refined experiences, filled with pictures of gentle scholastic life, and of English scenery through all the changes of a rolling year; expressing moreover, the thoughts engendered by these changes. When too somber, it is lightened by sweet reminiscences; when too light, recalled to grief by stanzas that have the solemnity of a passing bell."

"In Memoriam" is the distinctive poem of that age in which it was produced, and therein are reflected the peculiar features as they can be found in no other work of contemporary art. The peculiar restlessness and unsettledness of the time, in every domain of thought, and particularly in the domain of religion, the

materialistic temper, the advance in science, discovery, and the mechanical arts, the thoughts and emotions of men in conflict, the outbursting sorrow of those who cry, "The temple of our faith is being demolished, and the temple of science is rising in its stead," or, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him"—all these things, so peculiar to Tennyson's age, and not unknown to ours, are mirrored in these songs, which now are dirges and now are pæans. It is at once the product of its own age, which could have appeared in its entire content and form in no earlier age, and the most universal, dealing as it does with the heart and spirit of man and the facts and ideas fundamental in every age. When our period of time shall have become what we term antiquity, and the dwellers on our earth in these far-away years shall be looking back, as we look back, upon the artistic documents that reveal the spirit and reproduce the form of a vanished race, they will doubtless light on the pages of "In Memoriam," and there, as in a wizard's glass, read the legend of the past and learn what manner of men we were.

Since the active spirit of Arthur Hallam became one of the redeeming forces in the life of Alfred Tennyson, a poet and prophet of our time, and sent him forth as one of the healers and comfort-bringers among the sons of men to the latest age, it follows that we cannot know too well what manner of spiritual being he was. Let us therefore close this rambling commentary with a prayer written by Arthur, and found among his papers after his decease:

> Lord, I have viewed this world over, in which thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing doth itself rest; but such things as please me for a while, in some degree, vanish and flee as shadows before me. Lo! I come to thee—the Eternal Being—the Spring of Life—the Center of Rest—the Stay of the Creation—the Fullness of all things. I join myself to thee; with thee I will lead my life and spend my days, with whom I am to dwell forever, expecting when my little time is over to be taken up into thine own eternity.

Arthur J. Lockhart.

Art. V.—THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS SITUATION

Some men say that modern life is becoming secularized, or, put somewhat more brusquely, that the religious view of the world is becoming obsolete and the religious consciousness correspondingly enfeebled. It is easy to exaggerate this. The opinion that religion would be lost is one which recurs with surprising frequency in history. But religion survives, and is to-day one of the potent forces in civilization. The fact is that the religious instinct manifests itself in many forms and the religious life embodies itself in varying guises. And to one who has been accustomed to center his attention upon the temporary forms in which religion is cast, and through which it must necessarily express itself, any modification of these temporary and outward forms will seem to be a serious modification of religion itself. For many persons any readjustment of theological doctrines, for example, means an abandonment of religion. But to those who accept theological progress as a necessary and legitimate phase of general and scientific progress, such theological reconstruction will not mean an abandonment of the religious point of view or of the fundamental principles upon which the religious life rests. On the contrary, the power of theology to readjust itself to the constantly enlarging world of social and scientific standards and ideas may signify an inherent vitality and strength which is entirely reassuring. Nevertheless, when all is said, there probably remains some truth in the belief that religion has suffered some depression in modern life. The causes of this are so complex in their nature, and often operate so silently, that they are extremely difficult to isolate and to describe. There are, however, five broad tendencies distinguishable whose bearing upon the moral and religious life is tolerably obvious. Three of these are scientific in character and affect most directly the educated classes; two are more general and affect the great body of our population, especially in towns and cities. I shall enumerate them in the order mentioned.

Among the more strictly academic influences tending to dis-

organize and disturb religious life one is the excessive specialization which is a striking feature of modern science. The scientific, literary, philological, and historical labors of the last half century have been immeasurably fruitful, presenting us with a body of facts and generalizations intricate and imposing. Year by year the problem of interpretation becomes more difficult, and the intellectual task of bringing the vast materials of science under a single world-view which shall have some degree of adequacy is even to-day an almost hopeless one. The result of this development has been what might have been anticipated: a widespread feeling of perplexity, in the face of certain problems of ethical and religious import, particularly, for which traditional solutions are no longer available. Many of the old landmarks of doctrinal tradition have been swept away and others are about to yield under the flood of scientific and historical criticism beating against them. Many views formerly held to be of grave moral and religious import have all but disappeared from among us. Some of these have been abandoned only after a prolonged and bitter struggle, others have slipped out of our thoughts unawares, owing either to a process of gradual corrosion or to the rise of other and more engrossing interests. Side by side with this negative result there appeared another phenomenon which, though constructive in outward appearance and in intention, also exercised a depressing influence upon the religious life. The philosophical instinct is strong, and it asserted itself in an heroic attempt to bring into some kind of organic unity the unwieldy materials accumulated by the extraordinary activities of science. The result was the somewhat *impromptu* organization of a system of philosophy out of what purported to be the assured results of modern, especially physical, investigations, and by the aid of categories whose employment in the special sciences had yielded such rich results. There arose, therefore, through the substitution of mechanical, or quasi-mechanical, categories, such as natural law, uniform causation, matter, and energy, the survival of the fittest, and the like, for the earlier teleological categories, such as special creation, purposive adaptation, etc., the system of materialistic and mechanistic philosophy whose leading features are to-day so familiar in scientific and even in

popular circles. Under this mechanistic and physical view of the world, matter, not spirit, is the sole reality, and man and the spiritual interests associated with his life appear as incidents only in the process of universal evolution. Religion, of course, cannot prosper in a universe of blind law, a universe indifferent to ethical distinctions and to the aspiration and ideals of man. All the life interests of man, indeed, must expire in such a universe for sheer lack of support and sustenance.

With this view of the place of life and mind in the universe I have no sympathy, and there is abundant evidence, that the mechanistic type of philosophy is fast being rendered obsolete by the progress of philosophy and by the process of self-criticism on the part of the very sciences, physics and biology, which are mainly responsible for the mechanistic view and the resulting physical and secular view of life. In so far, therefore, as the present religious unrest is due to the presuppositions and theories of mechanism and materialism, the religious situation may fairly be expected to improve with the dissolution of the world-view upon which it depends and the reëstablishment of a philosophy more in harmony with modern knowledge.[1]

I think we shall not go far wrong if we mention as the third cause of the decadence of the religious life the changed attitude toward biblical tradition which has been such a striking characteristic of the higher intellectual life in Europe and America in the last half century. Owing partly to the faulty interpretation of the results of scientific investigations to which reference has just been made, and partly to the very energetic and fruitful literary, historical, and philological studies, the belief in any form of revealed religion has in many quarters been enfeebled and sometimes entirely destroyed. With the weakening of the revealed basis of religion, many theological traditions not directly depending upon biblical sources have likewise lost their power of appeal, and have, along with the biblical doctrines with which they were

[1] That idealism in some form bids fair to dominate philosophy is suggested by the very large and valuable literature written within the present generation, most of it in the last decade, by writers of first-rate scientific equipment and of genuine creative power, such as James Ward, Royce, Mach, Ostwald, Karl Pearson, McTaggart, Paulsen, Eucken, A. E. Taylor, Edward Caird, John Caird, James and the pragmatist school, and a host of others.

associated, been discarded. Now it is my conviction (a conviction which I shall seek later to justify) that religion cannot exist without a nucleus of theological belief consciously or unconsciously held. When, therefore, one of the leading sources of such belief is questioned, it is inevitable that the religious life which has grown up around this belief and clings to it like a vine to its support should be disturbed. Professor McTaggart has put the case admirably: "The only roads by which religious dogma has been reached in the past are revelation and metaphysics. Now everyone who studies metaphysics does not arrive at conclusions on which religion can be based. And even if he did, the study of metaphysics is open only to those who have a certain amount of natural and acquired fitness for it. The number of people who will be left between the diminishing help of revelation and the possibly increasing help of metaphysics seems likely to be unpleasantly large."[1]

Another phenomenon which has not been without its effect on religion is the growing complexity of modern life and the restriction of church influence due thereto. A generation or a century ago the church was the center of the educational, social, and religious life of the community.[2] To-day many of the functions formerly discharged by the church have been taken over by the state[3] and by private enterprises. Among the more important of these are education and social relief. The state is everywhere assuming an increasingly large share of educational responsibility; systematic charity and philanthropy, formerly, like education, the exclusive care of the church, have also gained large legislative and public support. So thoroughly has the popular conscience been awakened to its ethical responsibility that the state, through the agency of its schools, is even undertaking the moral and religious training of the young, thus assuming at least a part of the responsibility for what would seem to be one of the most distinctive and essential functions of the religious organization. The result is,

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[1] J. E. McTaggart, Some Dogmas of Religion, p. 36.

[2] For a vivid account of this change in Germany, compare Paulsen, A System of Ethics, p. 129ff.

[3] Compare Sisson, The State Absorbing the Function of the Church, International Journal of Ethics, April, 1907.

that the church, as an institution, occupies a relatively less strategic and conspicuous position in the community life than formerly. The pulpit, at one time the leading intellectual and spiritual force in the community, is obliged to compete to-day with the lecture platform and the public press, and the opportunity for social intercourse which the church, especially in villages and rural communities, almost exclusively afforded is to-day offered by a bewildering variety of competing agencies. The minister no longer speaks with the authority which his profession and the prestige of the church formerly conferred upon him. He has taken his place in the ranks of other influential men in the community, and he possesses only so much authority as his words and his personality naturally carry with them. Small wonder, then, that the interests for which the church has specifically stood have suffered some loss, and that the life of the people should become secularized. This is only to be expected, especially when, as is at present the case, no clear division of labor between the church and the state has been effected, and no systematic measures are anywhere taken for the conservation of religious interests.

Closely connected with the loss of exclusive control of the moral and religious situation on the part of the church is the similar failure on the part of an institution of equal importance in the moral and religious training of the young: the home. Nothing is more striking and lamentable than the publicity of our modern life and the unsheltered and homeless condition of great portions of our population. It is an important fact, which, I fear, much reiteration has rendered too threadbare for vital apprehension, that the higher life of a people, its ethical and religious culture particularly, depends upon the home and the powerful influences which flow, or should flow, from it. The integrity of the modern home, however, is seriously threatened by a number of influences, the most important of which are the ease and resulting frequency of divorce and, what is perhaps even more disastrous, the haste and nervous intensity of our life, with its tyrannical demands, which take parents and children alike out of the home and into the engrossing activities of business and social life. Family worship, with its simple and uplifting associations, is rapidly becoming a

memory. The companionship of the children with their parents and with each other is being replaced by the chance associations and friendships, often superficial and even dangerous, of the street, the shop, and the social gatherings.[1]

This, in its broad features, is the somewhat critical situation in which religion finds itself. For those, of course, who regard religion as a neutral or a negative influence in the life of man, or even, in the phrase of Burke, as "superstitious folly, enthusiastic nonsense, and holy tyranny," and a serious obstacle to progress, the present religious crisis may be viewed with complacency, and may even be regarded as a hopeful symptom, indicating the approaching dissolution of an obsolete feature of our civilization and the ushering in of a newer and more adequate world-view. I do not share this attitude. I believe, on the contrary, that the loss, or even the partial obsolescence, of the religious point of view and of the religious life would mean an irreparable loss to culture, a loss so serious as to be viewed as a social and national calamity. No candid student of history will deny that, in spite of many a miscarriage of good intention, in spite even of innumerable evils and crimes perpetrated in the name of religion (too much entirely, I think, has been said of these), the part which religion, and particularly the Christian religion, has played in moral progress has been an altogether elaborate one, and religion is to-day one of the most genuine and permanent aspects of our life and an ethical force of truly commanding importance. This view of the place and function of religion does not rest on sentimental grounds merely, or on the basis of a popular and traditional estimate of its worth and meaning, but on philosophical and reflective grounds as well.

These grounds might be made somewhat more explicit and the very existence of religion justified as a part or phase of our total life. Is religion, like the vestigial processes of an organism, or like the buttons on the back of a man's coat, something useless, a structure which has outlived its use? Is religion a remnant merely of an outworn world-view, or has it to-day a rightful place

[1] For a very interesting discussion of this, compare Professor Palmer's Moral Instruction and Training in Schools.

and meaning in the life process as a whole? To many this question will seem a gratuitous one, and he who raises it will expose himself to criticism. There will be those, on the one hand, who will regard an answer favorable to religion as self-evident, and to question whether religion is capable of justification as somewhat indelicate, indicating a lack of veneration. To anyone, however, who is even superficially acquainted with the great thought-movements of modern Europe and America, it will not be news to be told that there exists another class (it is not so large as it is independent and aggressive) who will regard the raising of this question as gratuitous for the very opposite reason; the reason, namely, that they consider any attempt to justify religion antiquated and futile. The time has passed when this latter class of critics can be met with the older line of "evidences" so popular in the religious discussions of a past generation. In the present state of intellectual opinion no discussion of religion will prove adequate which appeals to authority of any kind, no matter how old or how hallowed by religious tradition. Religious theories, like any other theories of the world, must rest upon experience and must be able to stand the test of experience.

Emil L. Fischer

Art. VI.—MODERNITY OF ROUSSEAU

It is two hundred years since Rousseau was born and one hundred and fifty since he wrote the work by which he is now best known, namely, *Emile, ou l'Education*. This work is unique in French literature and perhaps in the literature of the world. It is unique in this, that it is a great work on a subject of which the author really knew but little, because he had never had much education as the word is usually understood. But that Rousseau had unusual power of some kind will be admitted when we remember that he was little more than a self-taught vagrant when, after thirty years of wandering and idling, he dropped one day into the brilliant society of Paris of the eighteenth century, where he must have seemed a veritable savage. Without any serious preliminary training he began to publish when nearly forty years old, and within the space of three years, and in almost constant physical suffering, he wrote three books which are neither very strong nor very striking, but which, ever since their publication, have taken high rank in the literature of the world. They are *La Nouvelle Héloise* 1759, *Emile* and *Le Contrat Social*, both in 1762. These books revealed new modes of thought and turned the literature of his country into new channels. Rousseau loved a wandering life, and vagrancy with him was almost a passion. Before he was twenty-five years old he had been attorney's clerk, engraver, footman, valet, student of theology in a Catholic seminary, music teacher, and at intervals between these occupations he became again and again a tramp. He says: "I loved the view of the country, the liberty of the inn, the absence of all that could make me feel any dependence, but my roaming was also due to laziness and love of musing."

For more than sixty years educational matters had been very much under discussion in France, notably by Fénelon, in his *Télémaque* (1699) and Rollin, in *Traité des Etudes* (1726), but the greatest stimulus was, perhaps, given by Locke's Thoughts on Education, published in 1693 and translated into French in 1728. Locke in education, as in metaphysics and politics, was the pioneer

of the French thought of these stirring times. Voltaire did much to popularize him in France, although he was more interested in Locke's scientific and political writings than in his treatise on education. Voltaire was too much of an aristocrat to believe very strongly in popular education. In the Memoirs of Madame Duclos, moreover, we find a passage that is entirely in Rousseau's style:

> "Monsieur," said Duclos to the tutor, "but little Latin, very little Latin, and no Greek. To what purpose your Greek? It is not a question here of forming an Englishman, a Roman, an Egyptian, a Greek, or a Spartan, but a *man fit for almost anything*."
>
> "But," objected the tutor, "that is not a customary education. One must reform and make over character, so to speak."
>
> "Beware of that," replied Duclos. "A child's character should not be changed. Make the best of the character which nature gave him. That is all that is required of you."

Rousseau says of his pupil: "When he leaves my hands he will be neither a magistrate, nor a soldier, nor a priest, but a man."

Examples are not lacking of books, not great in themselves, that have, nevertheless, had great influence because they summed up in a popular way ideas that were entertained by many persons and were merely waiting for some writer to give them expression. A familiar example is Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, which did more to crystallize anti-slavery sentiment than all the writings and speeches of the professional agitators put together. So the influence of *Emile* is not due to its originality, but to the eloquent and impassioned way in which it proclaims familiar ideas and brings them down to the level of the meanest understanding. French thought at this time was undergoing a revolution, largely owing to Rousseau's ardent pleas for freedom and equality, and, as is always the case when new ideas come to the fore and upset existing conditions, men's thoughts were turned to education for the realization of their hopes. The legion of toilers, with eyes blinded by oppression, were groping with angry but uncertain hands for that divine something which to their minds constituted justice and right. For them *Emile* appeared at the "psychological moment," because the Jesuits had just been banished from France, and as up to this time they had had educational matters largely in their own hands there was now a de-

mand for something to replace them. So long as education was chiefly in the hands of the clergy it continued to be influenced by the theological dogma of the fall and total depravity of man. It was therefore necessary to eradicate, or at least suppress, "the old Adam." Men now began to rebel against the spirit as well as against the methods of the old system, and the trend of educational thought was away from this disheartening and paralyzing dogma. Men now began to regard themselves as made in the image of God rather than to cower under his curse. As John Morley says in his life of Rousseau:

> The palsied conception of man—with his large discourse of reason looking before and after, his lofty and majestic patience in search for new forms of beauty and new secrets of truth, his sense of the manifest sweetness and glory and awe of the universe; above all, his infinite capacity of loyal pity and love for his comrades in the great strugle and his high sorrow for his own wrong-doing—the palsied and crushing conception of this excellent and helpful being as a poor worm, writhing under the vindictive and meaningless anger of an omnipotent tyrant in the large heavens, only to be appeased by sacerdotal intervention, was fading into those regions of night whence the depths of human misery and the obscuration of human intelligence had once permitted its escape, to hang evilly over the Western world for a season. . . . If man be born not bad, but good, under no curse, but rather the bestower and receiver of many blessings, then the entire atmosphere of young life, in spite of the toil and the peril, is made cheerful with the sunshine and warmth of the great folded possibilities of excellence, happiness, and well doing.

In this restless age Rousseau had at least the merit of expressing his ideas in new forms; and this is often more important than the discovery of new ideas, for an idea, like a mechanical invention, benefits no one until it is put on the market. This is illustrated in the history of all great reform movements—even the greatest of all, the introduction of Christianity into the world. There is almost nothing in the teachings of Jesus that is not found in the writings of the Greek and Roman philosophers, but these doctrines became a force in the world only when they were proclaimed by one who was on fire with what the author of *Ecce Homo* called "the enthusiasm of humanity." The most valuable of Rousseau's notions on education was his profound contempt for the foolish substitution of spoken or written injunctions and

prohibitions for the deeper language of example and the living instruction drawn from visible surroundings. The vast improvements which have taken place all over the world in the theory and practice of education, and of which Rousseau deserves the credit of being the first influential promoter, may all be traced to the spread of this principle and its adoption in various forms. Like most other good things, however, it is susceptible of abuse, and the doctrine of the dignity of man has been carried to extremes, as is shown in the frequent feeble treatment of the young by their instructors as well as in the treatment of law-breakers by the State.

In France, Rousseau's influence was at first political. His impassioned plea for the emancipation of the French *peuple* brought forth the overthrow of the old regime in less than thirty years, and one of the first, as well as one of the most permanent, reforms was that of the educational system of the nation, which dates from 1791, when the legislative assembly decreed that primary instruction should be free and universal.

It was in answer to a request from Madame Dupin de Chenonceaux, who asked Rousseau's advice about educating her children, that *Emile* was written. The author says in his preface:

> My original purpose was to write only a memorandum of a few pages, but my theme led me on against my will, and the memorandum, before I realized it, had become a sort of book, too large, doubtless, for what it contains, but too small for the subject it discusses.

The author realized that his preparation for writing such a book was inadequate, and he hesitated about publishing it. He says:

> I was often made to feel while working at it that the writing of a few pamphlets is not a sufficient preparation for composing a book. After vain efforts to do better, I think it my duty to publish my book just as it is, judging that it is important to turn public attention in this direction, and that, even though my ideas perchance do not amount to much, my time will not be wholly lost if I succeed by this means in stimulating others to produce better ones.

That the author "builded better than he knew" is evident from what has been said in a general way, and in particular that Pestalozzi became inspired by this book and followed Rousseau to the

summit of the new Mount Nebo, looked out upon the promised land, and immortalized in his philosophy of education the fundamental ideas of *Emile*. Froebel caught the spirit of the new message and, turning from the playful activities of the child to the prompting impulses within, found a new paradise of childhood. Herbart heard the plea for recognition of the child's individuality and made it the keystone of his system of education. Basedow heard the call and became one of the most influential educational reformers of his day. Lavater, who differed from Basedow in being an ardent Christian, was thrown into company with him in 1774 and grew equally eager with him in reforming education in accordance with Rousseau's precepts.

The central thought of Rousseau's book is education according to nature, the author's thesis being, "All is good that comes from the Author of all things." According to Rousseau, however, everything degenerates in the hands of man, especially of man living in society. It may be admitted at once that Rousseau's scheme is impracticable for most persons, since *Emile* is educated entirely by a private tutor, and such a one, moreover, as it would be difficult to find. The boy's senses are carefully trained, but unknown to him. This idea is applied in the modern kindergarten system, where children have no set tasks and never do anything with the deliberate intention of learning. Another theory that has been much advocated in modern times is that a child should be as much as possible out of doors. It is intended that a boy should learn rather by *doing* than by obeying precepts or studying books. Largely owing to the influence of Rousseau, whatever may be our opinions as to ways and means, the end to be aimed at is now clear. It is now generally recognized that education should be a direct preparation for life, and that everything in our present system that is not in accordance with this principle will of necessity disappear, because between the purely speculative studies which it inflicts on the young and the realities of existence, between the scholar's life and the man's calling, there is a profound disagreement. Rousseau must also be regarded as the father of the literary movement now known as romanticism, and to him also belongs the credit of having given the impulse to those important studies now

known as the psychology of the child. The germ of the modern elective system may also be found in *Emile.* The author says:

> An education of a certain kind may be practicable in Switzerland, but not in France; one kind of education may be best for the middle class and another for the nobility. The facility of execution, greater or less, depends on a thousand circumstances which it is impossible to determine save by a particular application of the method to such or such a country, or to such and such a condition. Now, all special applications, not being essential to my subject, do net form part of my plan.

That is, a boy's education should be planned acording to the use he expects to make of it. It is one of the greatest merits of *Emile* that it established the doctrine that education must be adapted to the individuality of the child. Rousseau was the deadly foe of mere routine. Since each mind has a peculiar bent, it must be trained in accordance with this bent, and in no other way. Allow the germ of the child's character to unfold freely, and you will the better see him as he is and train him accordingly. Time thus sacrificed in earlier years will be more than regained later. A child is educated by circumstances more than by precepts, and in order that he may develop naturally, he must be kept away from all corrupting influences. Rousseau's modernity is likewise shown in his insisting on the value of the study of modern languages as compared with the ancient, and he also indicated the best way in which these languages can be learned, namely, by coming into contact with those that speak them.

It is interesting to note, as an evidence of the development of freedom of thought and expression during these hundred and fifty years, that *Emile,* which but few would now regard as a dangerous book, subjected its author to such persecutions as to make the rest of his life miserable. Within a few weeks after its publication the Parliament of Paris ordered the book to be burned by the public executioner and its author to be arrested. He was charged not only with saying that belief in God was not necessary to salvation, but that the Christian religion did not exist—a charge so absurd as to lead one to suppose that those who made it had not even read the book. Rousseau was informed of what was coming and hastily left France, intending to go to Geneva, but before reaching that city he heard that the council had ordered *Emile,* as well as *Le*

Contrat Social, to be publicly burned and their author to be arrested if he appeared on Genevan territory. He escaped to the Principality of Neuchâtel, then under the jurisdiction of Frederick of Prussia. He remained here a little more than three years, when he was driven out by popular hatred. He asked permission to inhabit one of the cells of a Bernese prison, but was refused. After some wandering he arrived in England, but found the atmosphere there uncongenial in more senses than one. He returned to France and spent the rest of his uneasy life in and near Paris. He died suddenly on July 2, 1778. The cause of his death is involved in mystery. The physicians reported the cause of his death to be apoplexy, but a rumor gained currency that he had committed suicide, and this rumor has never been disproved. That he had meditated suicide is proved by his writings. Even his remains were not permitted to rest in peace, for in 1794, amid the roar of cannon, the crash of trumpet and drum, and the wild acclamations of a frenzied populace, they were transferred to the Pantheon, the national temple of great men.

O. B. Super.

Art. VII.—THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD WILL

The parable usually known as the vineyard laborers is perhaps the hardest of all Jesus' sayings to reconcile with our modern sense of justice.[1] The unusual procedure of paying to a man who has worked but one hour the same wage as that given to those who have borne the heat and burden of a twelve-hour day arouses sympathy for the complaint of the latter. There is nothing that rankles like a sense of injustice. To toil on under the burning sun and see yourself discriminated against by the boosting over your head those whose hands have yet no callouses and on whose brows the sweat has not even appeared is enough to push one toward atheism and anarchy. It speaks well for our humanity that we sympathize with the complaints of the vineyard laborers. There is, too, something that, at least to our ears, sounds autocratic in the reply of the employer: "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" The words have a familiar tone. It is the argument against the closed shop. What labor organization has a right to dictate to me whom I shall or shall not employ? "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It has been the cry of the trust against government regulation. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It is the cry of the brewery, the saloon, the racetrack, against attempted regulation and prohibition. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It is the cry of the Personal Liberty League against any curtailment of freedom. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" There can be but one answer. You may not do what you will even with your own if you thereby interfere with the equal rights of others; if you thereby injure the morals of others; if you thereby disturb the good will among men. On the other hand, one might defend this employer, from a modern sense of justice, on the ground that he was, though two thousand years ahead of his time, championing a minimum wage, and that he paid the man employed at the eleventh hour a penny for his work because he believed it the

[1] Matt. 20. 1-16.

lowest wage that ought to be paid for any sort of work. In applying the teaching which goes with the parable, of the first being last and the last first, some have seen the ideal of communism—an equality in which all should share alike. That interpretation, however, immediately gets us into trouble when we remember the parable of the pounds[1] and the talents,[2] where men are rewarded, not on the basis of equality, but according to the manner in which they have improved their opportunities, graduated to the scale of their own talents. To answer these questions which the parable suggests—Does the employer violate the modern sense of justice? Has he not a right to do what he will with his own? Was his wage just, or unjust, that day in the vineyard? Has what he said anything to do with modern social conditions?—one must first discover the purpose of the parable.

We find that Jesus had so astounded his disciples by enlarging on the difficulty with which a rich man could enter into the kingdom of heaven[3] that Peter began to wonder where his next meal was coming from; and, if it should be a particularly good one, whether he would forfeit his seat in the kingdom by partaking of it. In other words, Peter was wondering if there was any reward for forsaking all and following Jesus. And so he asked the question, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee. What, then, shall we have?" Jesus answered, "Everyone that hath left houses, or brethren, sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit eternal life." *"But"*—he raised his finger in warning. To be sure, the workman is worthy of his hire. Certainly there are rewards in Christ's kingdom. But the man who follows Christ for the loaves and fishes is going to be disappointed. Sacrifice and service in Christ's kingdom must be built on the good will, rather than on greed of gain. So the raised finger and note of warning—"Many shall be first that are last, and the last first." Wages, or rewards, in Christ's service, is the point of the question. Jesus promises the best wages, the highest rewards, but not without warning; and he illustrates the warning with a parable, saying, "The kingdom of heaven is like a man that is an employer

[1] Luke 19. 12-27. [2] Matt. 25. 14-30. [3] Matt. 19. 23-30.

of labor." Look a moment at this employer. He advertises for laborers by going out in the early morning after them. He agrees to pay them a penny a day and sets them to work. He goes out again at the third and the sixth hours. Finding men idle, he does not tell them to come around to-morrow for a job, but puts them to work at once, promising to pay what is right. He goes out on the street at the eleventh hour and still finds men idle. When they tell him they are unemployed because they cannot find work, he at once invites them to come back with him and sets them at work in the vineyard for the last hour of the day. At the close of the day he pays every man for a whole day's work. Those who have worked all day protest at this leveling up process. If the head of the Street Cleaning Department in New York should employ men that way and pay them on that basis, what citizen would not protest or raise the cry of graft? The parable is not intelligible as an economic proposition; you must read into it the fact that the Employer in the vineyard is the Divine Father himself. His action is not the teaching of a new economic doctrine, or the manifestation of an autocratic purpose, or a mere whim, but of his good will. This is the key to the parable. It is the good will, without which no economic doctrine can succeed and with which men are bound to improve under any social system. A discriminating name would be "The Parable of the Good Will."

Compare this parable with that of the prodigal son.[1] Here, in the beginning, the father deals justly with the two sons, by dividing his living. When the prodigal has come home, penitent, the father deals mercifully and forgives him. But the elder brother, who has received nothing but kindness from his father, at once criticizes the music and dancing and the killing of the fatted calf. He says, "No such display has ever been made for me, and yet I have been faithful to every commandment." But the father answers, "All that I have is thine. It is meet that we should be glad, for thy brother was lost and is found." Here the lesson of the father's forgiving love is perfectly simple. But the

[1] Luke 15. 11–32. "The Parable of Fatherhood," by J. Ernest Rattenbury, in The Christian Advocate for July 25, 1912.

lesson is not dissimilar in the parable of the vineyard laborers. The employer, out of his good will, gives work to the unemployed. He has mercy upon their needs and pays them for a day's work, irrespective of the hours they have actually toiled. Like the elder brother, those who have borne the burden and the heat of the day criticize the kindness of their employer. They cannot see beyond their own selfishness. They lack the brotherly spirit. To them comes the answer, "Friend, I do thee no wrong. Didst thou not agree with me for a penny? Take that which is thine own and go thy way. It is my will to give unto this last even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Or is thine eye evil because I am good?"

The man who grumbled at the good employer's generosity evidently got his discharge: "Take that which is thine own and go thy way." This is the ground for the lesson which Jesus is enforcing. "So the last shall be first, and the first last."

It is lawful, then, for this employer to do what he will with his own because his will is the good will. We must infer that he paid the later workers, even as the first, because he appreciated their need and also that, while they worked, they worked with a good will. Note that this is an exceptional wage and not a daily one. The father will not make a feast and give a party for the prodigal every day. Nor will the employer excuse the man who came at the eleventh hour from a whole day's work on the morrow; but he may be trusted to always show good will among men in whom he is well pleased.[1]

We may draw, then, from this parable, in its application to modern social and economic conditions, that no economic system built on the pure sense of justice will answer the purpose of social life on that ground alone. Men cry, "We do not want charity; we ask only for justice." And though there be justice in the cry, yet they must have more than the pure letter of justice or they have nothing. There is nothing so illogical as logic. Justice without good will is a cure for no evils in modern society. Shylock asked only for justice. To Portia's "Then must the Jew be merciful" he answers: "Why must I? Is it so nominated in the

[1] Luke 2. 14.

bond? I stand on my bond. I'll have my pound of flesh." But the wise judge well replies,

> Though justice be thy plea, consider this:
> That in the course of justice none of us
> Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy.[1]

In the parables referred to, strict justice might have demanded that the father waste no money on the prodigal, who had wasted his substance in riotous living, and that each laborer in the vineyard be graduated from one penny a day down to one twelfth of a penny to the man who had worked but one hour out of the twelve. But Jesus is teaching good will to men; the good will of God's Fatherhood responding to the good will of man's sonship and brotherhood. The hope and joy of the world depend upon the manifestation of this good will in the hearts of all people. Laws may help to bring about justice between employer and employee, but religion alone will produce the good will necessary for the amicable adjustment and enjoyment of our working relations with one another. The modern tendency in political life seems to be more and more toward placing representative authority in the hands of the few in whom the good will has already manifested itself and then holding them responsible for honesty and efficiency in their stewardship. It is only when the good will tempers justice that mercy and truth may be said to have met together and righteousness and peace to have kissed each other.[2]

To sum up: The parable of the good will serves primarily to illustrate the Master's answer to Peter's question, "What shall we have who have left all to follow thee?" The answer is clear. Like those employed in the vineyard, we shall be rewarded according to the response of our good will plus the good will of our Father, for whom and together with whom we labor,[3] to reward us, not according to our works, but according to his infinite mercy.[4] But this reward comes to those who are counting what they contribute to the kingdom and not what they can get out of it.

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[1] Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1. [2] Psa. 85. 10.
[3] 1 Cor. 3. 9. [4] Psa. 103. 10–14 and Luke 12. 32.

"The gauge is not what we have, but what we do with what we have."[1] Those who are thinking about the reward rather than about the kingdom, those who are worrying lest others shall secure a better place or be more favored in the Father's family than themselves, need the warning with which Jesus began and closed his parable, "The last shall be first, and the first last." With the least opportunity some will come in at the head of the race; with the greatest opportunities others will be altogether distanced. The rich man appears to be first now, but it will be easier for a camel to go through the Needle's Eye than for him to reach the kingdom. The fishermen who have left their nets and are poor now will find the kingdom, with its rewards swinging wide its doors for them. Nothing is more apparent in our modern life. How often the rich man's son, who started with every opportunity, discovered only when he found himself last in the race that his very riches had been his handicap, while the poor man's son, soon passing him and reaching first place, found his very poverty and lack of opportunity the spurs that did most to push him forward. The popular churchman may hold the stage to-day, but some misjudged and misused toiler may sit in judgment on him to-morrow. "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.[2] The real reward comes to him who is not working for the reward, but who is living sacrificially, who has the brotherly spirit, and whose will has become the Good Will of the Father. And is this not, in the last analysis, the answer to all our questions, personal or social?

[1] W. T. Grenfell, in The Adventure of Life. [2] Matt. 7. 21.

Art. VIII.—TWICE-BORN MEN—A PERSONAL TESTIMONY

With great personal benefit I have read and reread Mr. Harold Begbie's books Twice Born Men and Souls in Action, published in England as, respectively, Broken Earthenware and In the Hands of the Potter. Each book has a significant subtitle, the first, "A Clinic in Regeneration," the second, "The Crucible of the New Life." All of these titles are suggestive and descriptive truly of the character of the books. Both books, I take it, have their primary inspiration, as Mr. Begbie testifies concerning Twice Born Men, in Professor William James's book The Varieties of Religious Experience. "The purpose of this book, which I venture to describe as a footnote in narrative to Professor James's famous work," says the author in the Preface, "is to bring home to men's minds this fact concerning conversion, that, whatever it may be, *conversion is the only means by which a radically bad person can be changed into a radically good person.*" The difference between the two books is seen not merely in the localities where the subjects are found. Twice Born Men tells of "sudden, violent, and passionate conversion," while Souls in Action cites cases "in which a gradual and quite tranquil change of heart leads to the new birth." Another difference: "In Twice Born Men the testators were all men, and of the humblest classes in the community, some of them the very lees and dregs of society," whereas in Souls in Action most of the stories concern women, and in all cases the strata of society are above the depths. Having before him Professor James's treatise on Religious Experience, with its carefully stated definition of conversion—"to be converted, to be regenerated, to receive grace, to experience religion, to gain assurance, are so many phrases which denote the process, gradual or sudden, by which a self hitherto divided, and consciously wrong, inferior, and unhappy, becomes unified and consciously right, superior, and happy, in consequence of its superior hold upon religious realities"—Mr. Begbie goes forth into the depths of a London slum, where the serpent and the tiger, the fang and the claw nature of humanity

are in the ascendant, and there, where a Salvation Army barracks lays siege and wins miraculous triumphs, he finds "The Puncher," "Old Born Drunk," "Rags and Bones," and the rest. Or, in the West London Mission, a monument to the vision, devotion, and enthusiasm of Hugh Price Hughes, where the Wesleyan Methodists qualify grandly as exponents of the church militant, sustaining "an army ever at war against all that is vile, base, and degrading, an army ever exhilarated by the zest of conflict and forcible with the hardihood of active service, an army whose battle song should be no morbid whine after individual mercy," the author leads us to a comumnity such as the inquirer must seek "if he would really understand the place and power of Christianity in the destinies of the human race," and stirs our blood as we read of "The Flowing Tide," "Betrayed," "The Girl and Her Lover," among others, ending with three tales, told under the caption, "Sister Agatha's Way," delineating the personality, methods, and triumphs of one consecrated soldier of Jesus Christ. All of which means that Mr. Begbie divested himself of his prejudices pro and con, and in the spirit of modern science, by a true laboratory method, proved his accepted definition of conversion.

It is not my purpose to review the lives of the twice-born men and women whom Mr. Begbie has made familiar to every Christian community in the English-speaking world. That work has been done, with unwonted enthusiasm, not only by religious journals, but even by the secular press. For this there is occasion for gratitude. Yet there is a certain note in comments which may be heard, as well as in reviews which have been printed, against which I would respectfully protest. My objection is not against Mr. Begbie's thorough service to Christianity and the world, but against a possible inference that there is a new discovery in that which he relates, or that a lost art has been brought to light. Mr. Begbie makes no such claim. Such moral miracles as these books exploit are as old as Christianity and as recent as to-day. They can be verified, I believe, wherever in Christendom an earnest Christian minister has been devoted to his holy calling for a short term of years. Often, in a local community, they may not become generally known because of the embarrassment which such revela-

tion would bring to individuals and families. Even the secret of such marvels of grace may be known. There are two great principles of divine procedure which pertain. First, *God is now, as he ever has been, reaching out for all men by his Holy Spirit.* It is the peculiar office of the Spirit of God to "convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16. 8). It is true, too, that the warning stands, "Quench not the Spirit" (1 Thess. 5. 19), "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, in whom ye were sealed unto the day of redemption" (Eph. 4. 30), and with good reason, for even in the days of Noah, before the Deluge, "Jehovah said, My Spirit shall not strive with man for ever" (Gen. 6. 3). From which we conclude that the Holy Spirit at some time or times, perhaps on many different occasions, knocks at the door of every individual life. But he is not always appealing, and the recipient of this divine favor who resists knows not when the Spirit may depart, grieved away by human obstinacy, back of which always is sin. The second principle is this: *The man who follows the guidance of the Holy Spirit will find God.* The converts on the Day of Pentecost were new-born men, "and they continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship" (Acts 2. 42), not merely because they heard the apostles' preaching, but because that preaching was in demonstration of the Spirit and with power, and because they were not disobedient; they followed the Holy Spirit's guidance. It was ever thus. Saint Augustine, Wiclif, Huss, Luther, Knox, the Wesleys, every other great Christian soul and every Christian convert—all tell the same story. Mr. Begbie demonstrates these truths in his books. This may not have been his purpose. He started out to put Professor James's definition of conversion to a rigid scientific test, and the demonstration of these principles is a result. He does not claim to discover anything which is new; he does not reveal a lost art. He simply proves the conquering power of the Christian religion under most disadvantageous conditions. Surely, if any Christian worker, toiling in this age of materialism, has lost heart and questions the potency of his message, these tales should bring back courage and fill with abounding energy, for, given the devotion, what has been done in the most difficult places can be ac-

complished in more favorable surroundings. As a matter of fact, just such results are being achieved daily. As a humble laborer in Christ's vineyard I am so presumptuous as to assert that in my own ministry these great principles have been demonstrated many times to my complete satisfaction. I have not the slightest doubt that thousands of Christian ministers can recite just such triumphs of grace. In detailing briefly certain cases in my own work, my purpose is to embolden Christian workers everywhere, convinced that God can work and is working, through his servants, to conquer the world for righteousness.

In a city in Connecticut where I was pastor, friends informed me of the arrival of a family of Methodists on their street. I called and gained permission to secure the transfer of membership of the wife and mother, but only after I had promised to visit the husband and interview him personally as to his religious life. I kept my pledge, calling a number of times, enjoying interesting conversations, finally winning this man for Jesus Christ. His story is an unusual one. His mother died when he was young. There were other children. After a time the father introduced a stepmother into the home. The new wife had little liking for the children. Soon, their father supporting them, they were committed to a so-called home, where there was no specific religious instruction, though there was moral training. This husband and father testified that he had never been taught to pray, that he did not know how, and that he never had prayed. Yet it was evident he was a man of distinct religious aptitudes. He respected his wife's religion. He wanted his children reared as Christians. He was gentle in speech and action. He was willing to attend church services, and did so. Naturally enough, he did not feel that he was qualified for church membership, but he was willing to be guided. He had been worshiping with us for some time. I felt the day had come to bring matters to a decision. I called at his home on a Saturday evening preceding the first Sunday of the month. I did my best to engage him in religious conversation, but without avail. At length, deciding that, after all, the occasion was not propitious, I prepared to leave. We—the husband, the wife, and the pastor—were standing in the parlor and the greetings of the

departing guest had been made, when the husband, speaking my name and looking me straight in the eye, said: "Wait a moment. I did something last night I never did before. I have not told my wife as yet. You will be interested. I had been at lodge over at W—. We had been doing some impressive work, and as I was walking home in the beautiful, clear night, with stars overhead and mystery everywhere, I was deeply moved with the thought of God. As soon as I got into the house I went down upon my knees in prayer." Needless to say, I was completely surprised. Evidently the religious had been the uppermost idea in the man's mind, but I had not been able to discover it, though that was my particular purpose that evening. I did not leave the home as I had intended. We prayed together. There was extended Christian communion. The outcome was that the man was received on probation the next morning, became a full member of the church in due time, and is now an official member. Only last April we reviewed his experience in conversation together with a group of friends. To it he added his testimony that the religious life is profitable not only for spiritual, but for secular interests as well; that his firm has much greater confidence in him than formerly, and that, as an expert mechanic, he now holds a position of great responsibility. Is not my contention established by this man's experience? God, by his Holy Spirit, was reaching after his creature. The man was responsive to the divine guidance, and he found God.

A number of personal histories are connected vividly with work done in a densely populated district of the greater New York. Soon after that pastorate began, I was called on an emergency case to a home in a tenement where a mother with a new-born babe was in great distress. Her husband, crazed by liquor, had come home, dragged his wife from the bed, kicked her, and otherwise treated her cruelly. Medical ministries were provided. The woman recovered and her husband became sober. He was sincerely penitent for what he had done. The pastor was summoned to baptize the baby, which he did. There were children in the Sunday school. Calls were made occasionally at the home—a comfortable one, as a rule. The husband was a skillful artisan.

His great enemy was drink, but he was not an habitual drunkard. Nearly five years passed. God's Spirit had followed him all those years. Special meetings of deep interest were being conducted in the church. This artisan attended the meetings, though he rarely had been seen at the services before. The Holy Spirit gripped the man. He was converted. Subsequent pastors have testified as to his fidelity. A little more than a year ago, when on a visit to the old charge, I met him and he reaffirmed his allegiance to Jesus Christ. His wife has been no encouragement to him, but he stands fast in his faith, a marvel of the divine grace. It may have been a year after I had been called to minister to the mother in distress that I noticed a strange man of middle age in company with a young man at an evening service. The young man was well known to me. His story, too, is inviting, but that is another tale. The two men were present week after week at the Sunday evening service and sat always in about the same place. The stranger was interested. The young man came to me one day and asked me to speak to his friend if I could get a chance without too much effort. He was fearful any obtrusive action might be repelling. It was not necessary for me to seek out the stranger; he came to me. He had attended some twelve or more regular services. He asked me if I could give him the time for religious counsel. Of course I could. I did. His story came out in fragments during a number of conversations. He was born in a house on the Newmarket racetrack in England. He had been trained as a horse jockey. He had ridden on all the great tracks of Europe until he became too heavy for that profession. He drifted to the West Indies. He married. Finally, some twenty-five years before, he came to the United States. He knew a horse from hoof to ear-tip, and, while he had little school education, was known as "doctor" and had charge of the horses of a large corporation. He told me that he had not been in a church for many years, excepting when he took the children to a neighboring Episcopal church for baptism, until about three months before; that during twenty-five years he had never been free from liquor, though he had been able usually to take care of himself and always had provided for his family; that having heard the gospel preached for

five or six weeks, he had felt there was something wrong with him, and that he had quit drinking and had not tasted a drop in over six weeks. He came to the prayer meeting and related his experience. He became a faithful member of the church. I have lost track of him of late, but I am confident that he, too, illustrates the mighty power of God's grace to seek and to save lost souls.

The form of a sturdy, red-faced Englishman fills my mind's eye. He was in his prime, the head of a family which had moved next to the church. The children came to the Sunday school; the mother and one older child presented church letters. An attractive family. Our deaconess became a welcome guest in the home. The father was not religious. He said he was able to take care of himself; he didn't need God to look after him. For more than forty years he had managed to go it alone; guessed he could manage his affairs till the end of the chapter. If the wife wanted to go to church, well and good; and it was all right enough for the children; wouldn't hurt 'em, anyway. Evidently a difficult case. At length we were in the midst of a revival campaign. The deaconess was drawn to the independent spirit at the head of the nearby household. He promised her that he would attend the meetings, and he kept his word. A Sunday night service came. He was there—not for the first time. He was touched. He sat in the end of a seat next to one of the aisles. As the invitation was given he placed his foot in the aisle; there he remained, partly out of his seat, halting between two opinions, his face flushed and troubled. The altar service proceeded. I thought of going to him, but something held me back. The meeting was dismissed. He was at the Tuesday evening service. His face was a study. He was intense. The invitation was given; his foot was in the aisle again; but he did not come. The preacher pleaded for decision. "Feeling isn't enough! Judgment as to right isn't enough! A convicting conscience will not save! The will—the *will*—must assert itself!" This was the plea. The man's intensity increased. O, a battle royal was being fought in a man's breast in yonder pew, all the forces of habit and all the fiends of hell arrayed against one soul-troubled mortal. Several times between prayers and hymns the same invitation in different ways was given. All

the time a yielding was evident. Finally, in response to the appeal, "Who will come? Who will?" several times repeated, this self-sufficient man, the flush still on his determined face, shouted, "I will!" sprang to his feet and literally ran to the altar. Yes, he was converted, and there was glory in that ruddy face. He was a stationary engineer and had a responsible position. He told us that he had spent the best part of two days on top of one of the boilers wrestling with God in prayer; that he had scarcely closed his eyes for two nights; that the struggle was simply awful, and that he found relief only when he said "I will," and surrendered to Jesus Christ. His eldest son, a young man, and a younger son were converted during the same meetings. The man has had many vicissitudes in the intervening years, but when I saw him about fourteen months ago the glow was still in his face. This was not a human accomplishment. God honored the efforts of his servants, and this engineer became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

The church had been preparing for special revival effort. A famous evangelist was to begin work on a certain Sunday. Three meetings had been held during the preceding week. Friday night came, with a congregation of a hundred, possibly. There were several strangers present. One woman in particular was profoundly stirred, was even moved to tears. She responded to the invitation, and with other strangers, who were her friends, and practically the whole congregation, came forward to the altar. The pastor conversed with the seekers and was able to help all excepting the woman, who was weeping as though her heart was broken—as it was. Prayer was offered, earnest, searching prayer. But prayer and exhortation were apparently futile. Finally, the pastor was impressed to request all to join aloud in the Lord's Prayer. He believes that the Spirit of God moved him to urge the people to pronounce no petition of that model prayer unless it could be spoken sincerely. Then, very deliberately, he led the praying people, every petition standing out by itself. The heart-broken woman recited petition after petition clearly and firmly until "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us" was reached. She hesitated; she struggled. The conflict was

desperate. There was a great sob; it came from the depths. The fountains of the deep were broken up. Slowly, but earnestly, she pronounced the difficult words. In so doing she conquered a vengeful, hateful temper which, not without reason, had taken possession of her. I learned her story soon thereafter. She and her husband had been officers and successful workers in the Salvation Army—captains, as I remember it. They were happy in their work. Children were born to them. One little girl was a cripple. The husband sinned, became a race-track gambler, and left his family. For a time he supported them well. Then remittances ceased. Trying times came. The wife, too, had left the Army. She had friends there, but would rather suffer than betray her need and her sorrow. It seemed so heartless that her husband should desert his crippled child. She could not forgive him, and she would not! Where was God, that he could allow such wickedness? She found God. She forgave her husband, in spite of his infidelity, and was herself forgiven of God. When last I heard from her she had a responsible position in connection with a Volunteers of America Home in a neighboring State. In spite of her sorrow she became a happy and efficient servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

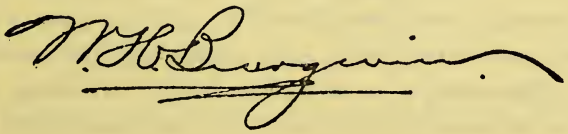
Following an after-meeting on a Sunday evening, a German woman approached the pastor somewhat timidly and in imperfect English said she wished to join the Methodist Church, and that her husband would join with her. Inquiry developed the fact that she had been reared in Germany as a Roman Catholic, had come to America when fifteen years of age, and that a New Testament in German had been given her at Castle Garden. She had never read that Book before. It was fascinating. When her mother discovered her possession she took it from her, warning her of serious consequences from the reading thereof. She honored her mother's command, though sad of heart. After her marriage to a man nominally a Lutheran she purchased a Bible in German. It was, indeed, a lamp to her feet and a light to her path. Yet she was loyal to the Roman Church. She attended its services. Her children were baptized by its priests. But as the boys approached youthful years, she turned away from Rome. She told

of conditions there which she felt threatened the moral integrity of her sons. "I could be a good Christian," she said, "in the Catholic Church, but I think of my boys." She, with her husband, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. She felt God had sent them there in answer to prayer, and she said so repeatedly in public testimony. Through his own word the Holy Spirit had reached the innermost life of this devoted mother, and she was obediently responsive to the heavenly Father's call. The devotion of the husband was, evidently, as real as that of the wife. Subsequently two sons and two daughters were received into church fellowship, and a new baby was baptized by the Protestant clergyman.

A single additional instance, one which has been a great personal inspiration. It would seem that it should convince men anew of the activity and the potency of God's Spirit. The place is a large Long Island village, a suburb of New York city. An intelligent man, slightly lame, stepped into the church and took the seat nearest the door. It was a Sunday evening. He was gone before the minister could reach him. He continued to attend the evening service; then came to the morning worship as well. One day he stopped long enough to invite the minister to call. He lived alone in a house near the church. His mother had died about a year before. That mother was a beautiful Christian, a member of that church. She had long been a patient sufferer with rheumatism. This son, fifty-five years of age, was a persistent infidel. He believed his mother had a comfort in her religion; still he insisted that her religion was a delusion. Before her death he had been her faithful nurse. After her departure he had remained in the home, his own health being impaired. He had come to church, he said, as a matter of pastime and to satisfy his curiosity. He never had been a deeply depraved man, but had used alcoholic stimulants more or less, and in a moderate way had been "one of the boys" in other days. To use his own phraseology, "You hit me in the neck the very first night. I went home angry, hunted up a Bible, and found to my surprise that what you said was there, and more like it." He said that he was "hit" every time he came to the services. Religion began to assume the form of reality.

He felt his own need of God's help. He read the Bible. He prayed. He gained relief, but he could hardly believe it lasting. He put himself on probation, deciding that if God would help him to lead a Christian life for a term of months, he would confess him and present himself as a candidate for church membership. He adhered strictly to his self-prescribed program, attending all services possible, including prayer meeting and class meeting. It was his delight to converse with the brethren on religious subjects. His religious life grew brighter and brighter, though the rheumatism fastened itself with constantly increasing tenacity upon him, and he could leave the house only with great effort. A brother-in-law, a sincere Christian, who knew his life from young manhood, called at the parsonage to express appreciation of the great change which had been wrought in the life of an infidel. "It's a wonderful change," he said. And it was—a complete transformation. The suffering rheumatic, rejoicing in peace of soul, lives in that brother-in-law's home in the State of Connecticut. Here is a sentence from a recent letter: "I can assure you that my faith in the Master is just as strong as ever, and I pray daily that it may become stronger and firmer." He is rarely able to attend the sanctuary now, but evidently is growing in grace.

God lives! God works in the hearts of men! God saves! He is not confined by seasons or localities. Some are reached in revival times, others under ordinary circumstances of worship within the church or elsewhere. The Holy Spirit is abroad pleading with men. When the plea is heeded, transgression is forgiven, iniquity is covered; where evil was the good abounds. These are working principles. All Christians should recognize them and permit themselves to be channels for the Holy Spirit. We should be convinced that none are too bad, that, if given a chance, the grace of God has such potency that the most depraved and debauched can be saved, "saved to the uttermost."



Art. IX.—CHURCH ATTENDANCE AND AN EFFICIENT MINISTRY

There is a new figure in the modern labor market. It is the efficiency expert. He is an economist. His business is to eliminate waste. His work is to show others how to work. He goes into an industrial plant, studies all its details, and then plans how the maximum results may be obtained from the minimum effort. I wish to introduce this gentleman to at least one phase of our current church life.

Modern clergymen need not be told that this is an age of nonchurch-going. They know it from bitter experience. They are also well versed in the various reasons "why Smith does not go to church." Each class of society has its particular formula, the resultant of which is a very serious problem for the ministry. In former days the minister protested against the only-once-a-Sunday plan of church-going; now he would be delighted if his people came uniformly even once on Sunday. But why should Smith go to church when he finds a scattered, somnolent congregation and an overworked and sometimes involuntarily inefficient minister? Without are the enticement of green fields and blue skies and the exhilaration of a modern motor or the soothing comforts of a convenient home. At any rate the fact stands: people are not attending church as they used to. As a matter of personal pride, we may conceal from our neighbors the pitiful size of our audiences, but everyone knows in his heart that his congregation is not what it ought to be for the size and conditions of his parish. How many of us can look at their evening audiences and say of their people, "Well done, good and loyal Christians"? And the conditions which only a few years ago began to diminish the evening attendance are now also affecting the morning service. It is beginning to lag in zeal and size. Church attendance is becoming a universal problem, and the church with a uniformly large congregation for its parish is a local exception to a discouraging and general rule. In explanation of this small and listless church-going

of our day three reasons are advanced: (1) The preachers are dull and uninteresting; (2) there is a growing indifference to religion; (3) Sunday is occupied with other things than church-going.

We have heard that the modern preacher is mentally behind his times. Of course, our self-respect prevents our acceptance of this assertion with any too great enthusiasm. Perhaps inability to see how far we are behind the procession will also be laid to our charge. But a comparison of the mental ability and alertness of the clergyman with that of the professional men of his congregation does not reveal such a startling discrepancy as his critics would lead one to expect. Generally he has had technical training in addition to university equipment; he is genuinely devoted to his work and is doing about all that one man can do. If he is occasionally dull, it will be found in nearly every case that he has been spending his energy upon trivial tasks that an intelligent laity ought to take from his already overburdened shoulders. I fear the alleged dullness of the ministry is not a reason; it is only an excuse, and not a very good one at that.

Is our age becoming spiritually indifferent? Has the gospel lost its power to charm? Have the exercises of religion as provided by the modern church ceased to be helpful or necessary to the souls of men? These questions and others like them engage our serious thought, and we can come to no other conclusion than that, of all ages, this age needs the strength which comes from meditation and prayer; that the work of our modern world demands for its proper performance the zeal of men freshly come from the presence of their Lord. Yet philanthropy seems to have usurped the place of religion and good deeds have excluded worship. Perhaps the overemphasis of the social obligations of religion may have a vital relation to the declining church-going. Without doubt the type of our religion is changing. Mysticism is surely giving way to ethical performance. The religious emotionalism which has been the *sine qua non* of the past is not nearly so important to the new generation. The sphere of religion—the intimate relation of work and worship—is so broadening as to render localized church worship less imperative. Religion within

walls has been unfortunately associated with a certain white-waistcoated hypocrisy. A feeling—false, but still potent—is that the churches are for the rich rather than the poor. All these things are hostile to large congregations, but man is not losing his capacity for religion or outgrowing his need of worship. That would mean an evolution toward an animal destiny rather than a spiritual. Surely that cannot be God's plan for the race.

The third reason for indifferent church attendance—that of using the Sunday for other purposes—is of exceeding great importance. It must be given careful consideration, for herein lies a secret of the problem. The suggestion that the Puritanic Sunday was invented as a substitute for the hair shirt may be dismissed with the smile which it provokes. But no one can be indifferent to the great changes in Sunday observance now going on before our very eyes. The old Jewish Sabbath was a day of rest. The Christian Sunday is a day of spiritual activity, originating, as it did, in the resurrection and reanimation of the body of our Lord. The question of the appropriate activity for a Christian Sunday is of vast importance to both Christian men and the Christian church. The purpose of the Sunday is to recreate—restore the proper balance of human life. It aims to give a man all those elements of wholesome living of which his work in the modern world has deprived him. It strives to bring the spiritual up to its normal place and out of the mesh of commercial and physical preoccupation. In the older days, when physical work was the rule and common lot, as it still is in some rural communities, church-going was the natural means of restoring the spiritual equilibrium. When men worked all the week in the open air, "what can be more natural than that they should prefer to spend their Sundays indoors with their families; or that they should enjoy discussing the crops with their distant neighbors in the porch of the church? They wanted on Sundays what they did not get on weekdays." But now that the trend of commercial life has taken men from the fields and put them into factories and offices, the needed restorative is not indoor services, but out-of-door fresh air and relaxation. "But what of the souls of men and the spiritual life?" you ask. True, as the preacher sees it; but the man who has been in an

office for six days is pinning his religion to the fact that a man

> . . . . exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Because he likes his opinion, and sticks to it, the churches are empty and the ministry discouraged. This is not an appeal for Sunday laxity, it is only another way of saying that the migration from the cities on Sunday and the search for physical relaxation on that day are not matters of innate personal perversity, but are real efforts (however sometimes misdirected) to satisfy a legitimate need. Here may be the real explanation of nonchurch-going. To be sure there are the unnumbered saints who by their presence and purses support the ministry and the gospel, but they do so in spite of rather than because of our industrial conditions. I do not think we shall have large or general church attendance while the present conditions of intensified labor exist.

This nonchurch-going, whatever its cause, is a matter of great importance to the ministry, and in more ways than one. Shall we say that the day of great congregations is past and with it has gone the day of great preaching? We all know that "without a great occasion there can be no great speech. Place, hour, issue, audience, and orator make up one work of art." We may say that sermons are not made by congregational enthusiasm, still we are all conscious of the spiritual reaction of a large and religiously passionate audience. It has put the crown upon all the really great preaching we have experienced. The ministry cannot meet the tests of modern efficiency by doing its poor best before empty seats. It may not be the minister's fault, but it is the fact just the same. The question before us as modern clergymen is whether we are going to adapt ourselves to the new conditions. Are we going to recognize that modern industrial life is not propitious to church-going or, shutting our eyes to modern and active facts, shall we, like blind preachers, go on the way our fathers trod, with a supreme indifference to results? There may be in the future a return to church-going habits, but until there is some change in industrial conditions, and some improvement in

the methods of living resulting in better church attendance, there ought to be a readjustment of the average minister's activity to meet the requirements of modern efficiency. Our efficiency expert would agree with this opinion.

What shall be the principle of reorganization in ministerial activity? It should be to eliminate those things which do not produce results commensurate with the investment involved. If, for example, people will not or cannot attend two preaching services on Sunday, why persist in having two? If the old-time prayer-meeting has lost its fervor and we already know by heart the well-worn prayers and testimonies, why continue the monotonous recital? Since I do not believe in careless sermonic preparation, I am not in favor of the minister using his precious living energy to cover dead things. He ought not to drain his very life to conceal an unproductive servitude to outworn religious habits. Every minister knows the strain of trying to reanimate a dead service. There are enough living things in every parish to use profitably all of a minister's time and energy. He does not serve his Master well who ignores them. The conviction grows that the sermonic does not wield as large an influence in church work as it used to; that not too much dependence can be placed on it as a means of doing the vital work of a modern church. The proportion of church work done before a congregation is not nearly so great as in former days. Out of that fact there must arise some readjustment of the functions of the ministry, especially where the church is able to support only one clergyman. But there are compensations in all things. With the decline of the hortatory there open to the modern minister the most fascinating opportunities of service ever offered to Christian workers. The decrease of the rhetorical should mean the increase of pastoral and educational efficiency. As to the increased effectiveness of the pastoral work in a proper readjustment of the minister's time and strength, it would require much time and space to speak at length. From the decreased importance and size of the congregation there arises the significance of individuals. Men rather than sermons become the minister's objective. Eloquence before empty seats will be supplanted by personal pastoral helpfulness. Those families which

even the most energetic of us seldom see, the new-comers into the parish, the sick and the afflicted, will all be helped by a quiet and not too hurried talk with their man of God. Pastoral service would be increased many fold in efficiency and satisfaction if we had adequate time to deal with the many pastoral problems and opportunities which crowd every parish, and then perhaps shall come the time when the man in the office and the woman in the home shall know more of their minister than his sermonic voice.

But the greatest opportunity of the modern ministry lies in the religious education of the young. If homes are not meeting the requirements in religious training of the children, then the Church must do it, or be forever lost. It is doubtful if this greatest of Christian obligations can any longer be left in the untrained hands of benevolently inclined laymen. Here is work for the best skill and ability of the ministry. What would an efficiency expert say about the use of the minister for two poorly attended sermons as compared with the neglect of the opportunities for religious education in a modern church? What would he say of the stereotyped prayer meeting—aging sadly—as compared with an adult session of the school for religious instruction? Would he not decide, if people cannot get to church twice on Sunday, that one service well attended, the minister using his rescued time and trained skill in his Sunday school and Epworth League, is better than two poorly attended sermonic strains and only a superficial contact with the religious instruction of the young? Surely he would. And so would the minister if he were in any other business. The successful direction and leadership of the religious education and spiritual growth of its young people is of vastly more importance to a church than any sermonette, tinctured as it frequently is with sensationalism and helped out with unnecessary music. This is the day of good literature and cheap Bibles and religious thinking on the part of the laity. The demand for biblical exposition is not nearly so great as it was years ago. But the methods and ideals of the secular education of the young have gone forward by leaps and bounds, and there is an imperative call for trained leadership to undertake the same great enterprise for religious education. It will not wait. The church of to-

morrow depends on the training of the children of to-day. The church of to-morrow will be seriously hurt as well as imperiled if the church of to-day does not bring immediately its best efforts and its best-trained ministry to the newer evangelism of religious education. In all this expanding field the minister must be the conspicuous leader. In his church he ought to be the superior in every position of any man in any position, and he ought to be where he is needed most. The religious education of the young of his parish needs him more than any other department of his church work. Not that he shall be superintendent, or teacher of pupils, but that he shall be the director of the religious education in his church. Under his guidance should go on the teaching of the young—whether in the Sunday school, the Junior League, the Epworth League, or the Probationers' Class. As a teacher of teachers his skill and experience should be there and his spirit should animate the whole.

The reason why the minister cannot undertake all this in addition to his present labors lies in the fact that he is only one man, with one man's time and strength; that in the details of a one-minister church there are already too many things for one man to do well. If he is to take upon himself the intensified pastoral oversight which our modern times demand, and also the directorship of the religious instruction of his parish, he must have relief from some other, and preferably less productive, activity. It is a question of producing results. If our churches are willing to go on in defiance of modern tests of efficiency and insist upon sermonic deliveries which individually they generally prefer not to hear; if prayer meetings are to be maintained solely as ecclesiastical luxuries for the mystically inclined—then the minister will have to go on in the same old rut. He can make a personal choice between well and badly prepared sermons, between effective and galloping pastoral oversight, between vital contact with the growing youth of his church and indifference to them. He cannot do everything. He will fail if he tries. Where a church employs but one minister it ought to have enough business perspicacity to allow (or to direct, if necessary) that he shall use his time and energy to produce the best results. If the church board

cannot do so, or if the minister is not so inclined, it ought to engage an efficiency expert to do so for them. I do not mean the printed questions of the district superintendent, or the quadrennial legislation of the General Conference, but an efficiency expert who would go over the situation as he would a factory and its product. He would condemn unproductive sermonic exhibitions. He would concentrate two feeble congregations into one big assembly, two hastily prepared sermons into one soul-stirring message, and he would save heat, light, and human energy thereby.

If there were less haste in sermonizing and more thorough pastoral visitation, if there were less mere preaching and more real teaching, the modern church would be a more effective power for godliness in its generation. Let us save the pulpit by concentrating its now scattered influence. Let us save our people by more careful pastoral care over them. Let us save our children by more vital training unto the Christ likeness. If our churches cannot realize the crisis, then let us have the courage to demand a revision of the functions of the ministry; for without that readjustment of the minister's time and usefulness there will be a defect in the church's efficiency and a flaw in its success.

Art. X.—THE IMPRESSION A MINISTER SHOULD MAKE UPON HIS PEOPLE

In William James's Psychology there is an interesting paragraph on the "Conflict of the Different Mes." Here it is stated that for a time everyone has open to him a number of different possibilities, but that inevitably he must choose between them and select the ones which he wishes to make characteristics of himself. After the selection is made, the qualities upon which his choice rested must determine what he is to be. This abstract principle becomes relevant and vital when considered in connection with the impression a minister should make upon his people. At the outset a great variety of alternatives is open to him. He cannot choose them all. They might be wholly incompatible, or they might involve too much to be brought to completion in one life. At the outset he must choose from among the many Mes the few which he desires to possess and then specialize on them, to the probable neglect of the ones rejected. It is hardly to be expected that any definite rule can be postulated that will appeal with equal force to all ministers. They are so variously constituted that what is attractive to one may be wholly without interest to another. The writer simply advances what to him seem the most necessary impressions a minister should make upon his people.

In the first place, a minister should appeal to his people as a man of convictions possessing the courage to stand behind them. When a preacher enters a new field his position is peculiar. It is unlike that of the physician, or lawyer, or teacher, for with respect to medicine or jurisprudence or pedagogy the convictions of the people are not definitely fixed. They are willing to allow the new practitioner, the new instructor, or the new attorney to advance his views and work them out without molestation. But the minister faces a condition distinctly different. Every member of his congregation, from the janitor to the trustee, has convictions of right and wrong, propriety and impropriety, tact and rudeness, the true faith and heterodoxy. One believes that perfect love is a blessing to be experienced subsequent to regeneration, an-

other that it is coetaneous with conversion. The personal workers are inclined to differ as to the method employed in bringing about a change of heart, each usually favoring his own experience and inclined to doubt the validity of that of the others. One will be positive in his belief that truth should be handled without gloves, while a second will contend that it should be presented so as to cause the least offense. He is an advocate of tact and diplomacy. Several good brethren think it is improper to hold festivals or give suppers in the church; others, equally good, will say they are necessary if the church is to meet its financial obligations. A trustee brands it as unequivocally wrong to do ordinary work on the Sabbath day, and backs his position by Paragraph 30 of the Discipline, but a class leader holds that Sunday labor is not a question of right but of expediency, and points with an air of finality to the twelfth chapter of Matthew. Now, when a new minister takes up his work in a church like this (and these conditions, with slight modifications, will be found to exist in every church of Methodism), what should be his attitude? What impression should he give to his people? If he attempts to "play safe" with all, in nine cases out of ten he will "cut off his own head" by doing so. I know a case in point. A minister in a church where there were many conflicting opinions thought there was no need to be too assertive. He would give consideration to all, even though they were a little radical. Better that, he reasoned, than to stir them up needlessly. So he agreed in an ambiguous way with all and modified his statements to please the particular one with whom he happened to be speaking. The result was that one day in a class meeting, during his absence, a heated discussion arose about the experience of perfect love. As each one concluded his remarks he quoted the minister as upholding his position. At the close of the discussion it was found that the preacher had been quoted in support of no less than four distinct theories, the acceptance of any one of which would of necessity preclude the acceptance of the others. You can imagine the confidence the people would have in that minister as their spiritual adviser after that. The only thing for a minister to do is to go to the bottom of these various questions and definitely settle in his own mind which position seems to him right,

and then stand behind that position whether the official board likes it or not. A minister's business is not to see how many people he can agree with, nor how many friends he can make, but how much good he can do. It is hard to see where he does good in agreeing with a man, when he knows that man to be wrong, simply to hold his friendship. If people have wrong ideas it is a preacher's business to make them right, not to agree with them lest he offend. The preacher should not work for popular applause; he should not seek for effect; neither should he acquiesce in wrong in order to be beloved. He should do good, whether anybody is offended or not. He should not throttle his convictions or emasculate his individuality. The first impression that a preacher should make upon his people is that he has convictions, and has also the courage to stand behind them no matter who complains.

I was in Clairton, Pa., a number of years ago when a new preacher came to town. There was a weak, spavined, disheartened Methodist church in the village, which owed its run-down condition to the fact that the majority of us members were Christians, but were not working much at it. We were inclined to look upon the new preacher with tolerance, and our chief concern was whether he would preach so long that we should be late to dinner. Just as we feared, the first Sunday he preached for an hour and two minutes, while we sat and longed for the flesh pots of Egypt. But our weak, spavined church was on the eve of a great awakening. About the middle of the second week the new preacher called upon me and put the proposition up to me, man to man, about doing definite church work. That was a new line of preacher-activity to me, as most of the ministers I had known, what time they were not at home, were off eating big dinners that had deprived some widow of a week's sleep and of her best and most marketable chickens. But here was a preacher who paid for his board and worked with men. He said men were the leaders in business and politics and should be the leaders in religion. He put his proposition up to every man in his church, shoulder to shoulder. We were interested. Later we were greatly interested. Finally we went wild with enthusiasm. He inspired us by his aggressive personality, enthused us by his own indomitable per-

sistence. We went to work, and we worked hard. Six months of it was all I could stand. At the end of that time I was in college preparing for the ministry. But the Clairton men carried on the work. To-day the spavined Clairton church of old has grown into a beautiful new building, it is tremendously aggressive, it is a great moral force—all because a man of men came to be the minister.

This illustrates my second point, that a minister should impress his people that he is a manly man—a worker with men. Of course the women of the church are not to be neglected, but from their preponderance in the average congregation it is not hard to see that the emphasis should be placed upon securing men. Let the preacher be virile; let him show himself to be a general of men. Let him be neither a book worm nor a ladies' man, but a man of men, and he will soon win the coöperation of men so that they will transform the church from a Ladies' Aid Society into a Laymen's Missionary Movement. Then, with the coöperation of both men and women, the minister can make the church a moral force that will revolutionize the church and the world. Nothing is as powerful as the personal, face-to-face, direct, virile contact of man with man. The minister of to-day should use this personal, shoulder-to-shoulder method. He should give the impression that he is a man for men.

But, greatest of all, the people should never be able to get away from the impression that the minister is a man of God. A preacher is the ambassador of Jehovah, and as such the marks of Christ should be indubitably upon him. Take away a minister's ambassadorship and there is no need for him to exist. A preacher is Christ to men, and he should be about what we would expect of Christ if he were here. When a minister is selecting his various Mes, Christlikeness must be the one on which greatest emphasis is placed. But the impression of godliness cannot be given as a result of practice. It is the result of possession. No matter how much one tries to imitate the Christ in an external way, the true effect will be obtained only as he has Christ within, the King of the life. The scholarly preacher is having his inning to-day; and the captains of many churches are clamoring for him. There

is a demand for the minister of new ideas, for the learned and profound preacher. And it is well. The man of penetration is needed. We should be delivered from those who believe there is no item of knowledge that has escaped them—that they are the people, and wisdom will die with them. Christ intimated to his followers that he had many things he would like to say to them, but they were not able to hear them. And I am persuaded that there are many truths yet to be uncovered that are too subtle for our grasp to-day. We should not discourage the efforts of the McConnells of rare ability to open up wells of new truth. But when the attempt is made to divorce godliness from scholastic ability, as though they were antagonistic elements, and as such incompatible in the same individual, it is time for six million Methodists to ask the reason why. We need scholarly ministers; but first of all, the minister should be a man of God.

There comes a time in the life of every individual when the old eternal longing after God springs up within his heart. It is deep calling unto deep; mortal longing for immortality; finity groping for the infinite. It is Elijah at the cave of Horeb; it is Peter before Pentecost; it is John Wesley in the Aldersgate Mission. In all ages and climes men have been awakened to the sense of need of the infinite. To-day numberless men are thirsting after God, even as the hart panteth after the water-brook. All they want is a sympathetic mediator to make clear the way. They want some one to whom they can unburden their hearts with an assurance of ready sympathy and understanding. The minister should be such an one. The marks of Christ, the Comforter and the Way to God, should be indelibly stamped upon him, that with the first unexpressed longings of the soul after the Eternal the mind should turn to the minister with an assurance of help.

Albert B. Cunningham

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE OPEN FIRE

I. "THE open fire is a primitive, elemental thing; it is a bit of the red heart of nature laid bare; it is a dragon of the prime docile and friendly there in the corner. What pictures; what activity; how social! You are not permitted to forget it for a moment. How it responds when you nudge it! How it rejoices when you feed it! Why, an open fire in your room is a whole literature. It supplements your library as nothing else in the room does or can."

Not a poetic Burroughs rhapsody, this, but description fairly scientific and verified by common experience. "A primitive and elemental thing," writes the Master of Slabsides, well acquainted with the elements. And so it is; the subtle, mysterious, mesmeric spell of the open fire is elemental, like to those which winds and waters cast over human sensitivity; as irresistible as they are inexplicable. The four elements the ancients knew were earth, air, water, fire. All these have the call on man. His sensibilities lie open to them. Their touch notifies him that at least the fringes of his constitution are interwoven with the world, and that to the powers called Nature his kinship is close and his subjection sure. Physically, they own him, and at any moment may take possession. The cosmic tides wash all his coasts and flush all his inlets.

Exceptionally sensitive to all things elemental was the emotional nature of Robert Burns, who said that the influence which most exalted and enraptured him was that of a stormy wind howling among the trees and raging over the plain. And the sound of moving air is one of the stirring elemental voices, whether whispering in the silky grass, or rustling leafy branches, or solemnizing the pine forest with a sonorous chant, or roaring in wild tempests across the somber sky.

Equally potent with the voices of the winds are the voices of the waters in the elemental spell they cast over human kind, as in the rhythmic booming of the breakers on the beach or the cannonading of

great waves against the cliff. Bishop Warren could remember that during weeks of tramping and climbing in the high Alps, he and his friend fell asleep each night within hearing of the hoarse roar or muffled thunder of some cataract or mountain torrent, and found it like a wild, but soothing, lullaby sung by Mother Nature to her tired children. Gilbert White, the naturalist, fabled how a young tortoise went abroad and kept a diary of his travels. The pleasantest recollection recorded in the hard-shell tourist's notes of a sea voyage was that "the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound to go to sleep by." An instinctive wisdom, reinforced by experience, led the Cistercian monks to locate their monasteries by the side of running water in secluded valleys and to inscribe upon the inner walls a sentiment from Bernard of Clairvaux which Wordsworth rendered into English:

> Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
> More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
> More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
> Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
> A brighter crown.

We all understand Coleridge in the "Ancient Mariner" when he tells of mysterious music in the rigging and says that the sails "made on a pleasant noise till noon, a noise as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June, which to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune"; and we understand Browning's picture in Saul of the channel where "the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well."

Most of us have a brook flowing through the green fields of memory. There is a New Jersey brook which forever makes music to the man who is pushing this pen. Often he hears it flowing through the middle of the night. To him "Stony Brook" is not a silent stream slow-moving toward Raritan River. Tinkling over its pebbly bed through its earliest stages and his, it sings of a friendship which began on its grassy and wild-flowered banks in the far-away meadows of boyhood. That little stream runs through his very soul and seems to empty far on into the River of Life which Saint John saw in his celestial vision, into the actual glory prefigured by which vision the comrade of Stony Brook disappeared one wild March morning when the angels called his soul.

Le Gallienne, defending Walter Pater's literary style from the charge of artificiality, preciosity, and excessive ornamentation, speaks of Pater's sincerity as seen in many passages of delicious simplicity,

fresh country vistas, and pictures of primitive color—all full of verisimilitude and of truth told with delicate fidelity. Le Gallienne says that in Pater's pages, among the rich colors, exquisite odors, sweet music, and shapely forms of his literary artistry, we find three things —reverence, reality, and purity; and all through Pater's writings, the soul, in its wanderings, is healthily aware of heaven and earth, "never strays out of sight of the white temples of the gods nor out of hearing of the sound of running water." Contact with the elements is favorable to normality and balance. "Heaven and earth from my window!" exclaimed a grateful woman, glad for her new sight of them, as she gazed out on the wondrous beauty of the October world from her fourth-story Clifton Springs room, to which she had just been brought back convalescent from three months in the surgical ward. Health coincided with ecstasy at the sight of heaven and earth. Heaven and earth, temples of worship and running brooks, altar-fires and hearth-fires, all of them elemental things, are alike essential in literature and in life, to health, sanity, normality, and poise. The condemnation and the ruin of much modern life—social, commercial, æsthetic—is that it is so far from the healthful and the sacred, from running brooks and white temples, and the things they signify, and in consequence, is so artificial, so false, so godless, so rotten.

Because the spell of the open fire, like the voice of winds and the voice of many waters, is primal and elemental, as the Master of Slabsides remarks, therefore it also has easy access to what is primitive and elemental in man. Sidney Lanier held two things necessary to the making of a home, an open fire and music; two things which are alike in this, that all can feel their magic spell, but none explain or translate it distinctly into language. A Baltimore professor of literature, feeling his home to be now for the first really complete, diverts a lecturer from the bee-line between train and lecture platform, apparently to show the passerby a new fireplace just built into his library, over which the man of letters seemed happier than a child with a new toy, or a millionaire with a new yacht, or a spendthrift with a new automobile which he has mortgaged his house to purchase. That rugged veteran General Simon Bolivar Buckner boasts of his century-old log-cabin, his birth-place and latest residence, because every room has a big fireplace where they can "bake apples, pop corn, roast game, and make hot drinks." Not for Elihu Root's twenty-five-thousand-dollar a year steam-heated apartment in a Fifth Avenue flat-house in Gotham would the proud old "Johnnie Reb" exchange

his clay plastered house of logs with its blazing open fires. For Elizabeth Hamilton, the splendor of palaces has no sight so delightful as "the bonnie blithe blink o' her ain fireside." T. A. Daly, the laureate of Little Italy, informs us in verse that he has bought an old colonial fireplace, and invites us all to come and enjoy it with him so soon as he can find the wherewithal to build a house around it.

Take away the word "fireside," with all that it connotes and suggests, and you have done much to rob life of meaning, sanctity, and desirability. The hearth-fire is the emblem, synonym, and acme of domesticity. That erudite instructor, Etymology, informs us that the fireplace is, in Latin, literally the "focus" of the house; upon which definition experience and the dictionary are agreed. It is the point at which the life of the home concenters and confers. Only the dining-room table matches it in power to assemble the family. About it, at the day's close, the generations gather as David's flock came, one by one, to the sheepfold when he played the tune all the sheep knew.

II. Is an open fire one of the "Aids to Reflection" not found in Coleridge's great book? Is the combustion of logs on the hearth conducive to the combustion of phosphorus in the brain? When an ingenious real estate promoter in the forest sections of Greater New York city, yearning to bless mankind and parenthetically to promote his own enterprise, hit upon the novel expedient of opening a Thinking Resort, he did it by constructing a huge fireplace and chimney, around which a Virginia Negro, who knew how, built for him from the woods of Emerson Hills a very large log cabin, which is dignified with the name of "Philosopher's Retreat," and is offered as a quiet refuge for pestered and distracted thinkers, who are invited from near and far to come and enjoy a season of meditation in the peaceful comfort of that big logfire, which is relied upon to produce a superior quality of thinking, already in great demand and as sure to appreciate in value as are eligible corner lots in the promised course of boomtown events. This Philosopher's Retreat, erected out of real estate profits, is dedicated to the use of "lovers of nature, statesmen with political futures before them or behind them; for those wishing to reflect on the gratitude of future generations or the ingratitude of present and past generations; for philosophers, born as such or grown to be such by the trials of professional, social, commercial, or political strife." Such is one practical philanthropist's contribution to the promotion of deep thinking in America, and incidentally to the fine

art of advertising. No grumpy old unphilosophical curmudgeon growling outside the Staten Island log cabin and repeating sarcastically the childish drama which began, "Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly," can prevent us from using the incident to emphasize, or at least to query, the intellectual value of the open fire. So great a body as the Association of Arts and Sciences has been seen in session in that Philosopher's Retreat, knitting its high brow and trying to think with the aid of a roaring fire, which is not so absurd as the unscientific might suppose. One man sat before an open fire shortly after reading the newest conception of matter. He was meditating on the marvels brought to mental view by the atomic theory; he was considering what vast subrealms of the infinitely minute are revealed by the microscope or inferred by science. While meditating thus and watching the sparks go up the chimney-throat, his scientific imagination sees submicroscopic atomic systems—galaxies whirling inside each tiny spark that floats upward on the chimney draught. This scientific vision of the infinitely small below him, added to his knowledge of the infinitely large above, made one watcher of an open fire realize himself to be a creature placed midway between the infinite and the infinitesimal in this astounding universe; the most amazing and immensely significant fact being that he finds himself to be an incurably curious and considerably competent observer of it all, having by his very constitution a search warrant to explore, and ability to take knowledge of both the bottomless abyss and the topless empyrean—his mind so near akin to the Intelligence seen at work in all the universe that he is capable of thinking God's thoughts after him, as Kepler said with awe-struck ecstasy and adoring love. Such cosmic reflections as these were suggested and vivified by an open fire. The human sense of kinship with the infinite overhead is uniquely expressed by Angela Morgan in verses read before the Poetry Society of America:

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair,
  I am aware of the systems that swing
  Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing—
  I am aware of a marvelous thing.
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
  Terrible triumph of pageants that march
  To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendor that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,

Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my veins the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware.

As to the productive value of thinking anywhere, it seems, like everything else, to be in dispute. Voltaire had hope for the world when it shall have learned how to think. Montesquieu believed that the world is to be redeemed by men who think. But a nineteenth-century sage said, "Beware when the Almighty lets loose a thinker on this planet, for then all things are at risk"; and now comes Anatole France gravely warning us that thinking is the most dangerous of occupations, and if indulged in too freely will break up the world. And there we are. To think or not to think, that is the question. At this point we overhear the dialogue between the owl and the cat. The cat went to the owl to find out how to be happy. The owl said: "My opinion is, cat, that the only thing that is necessary is to think, think profoundly and deeply upon some philosophical question." But the cat said, "What shall I think about?" "O, it isn't so much the question you think of as the thinking, the mental exercise, that will give you peace. But this is a good question: 'The owl came from the egg and the egg comes from the owl—now which was first?'" The cat thought a moment, then said, "How am I going to settle the question?" "Why, my friend, you can't settle it, and that is the beauty of the question. If you could, it would end all your thinking." To get happiness out of the insolubility of life's problems seems a bright idea and may be the part of wisdom. Philosophy, like the colored preacher, sometimes attempts to "explain de unexplainable and unscrew de unscrutable"; and if thinking on insoluble questions can insure happiness, "I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings," since "the world is so full of a number of things" which philosophy cannot explain.

Whether sitting by an open fire is usually conducive to much thinking may be doubted. Hudson Maxim describes a husky laborer coming in from his day's work, appeasing his fierce hunger with a homely meal, and then humping himself up in the chimney corner, contentedly smoking his peaceful pipe, while the good wife cautions the children not to disturb father, because he is in a brown study. And when one little urchin approaches and asks, "Papa, what are you doing?" the answer he gets is, "O, I'm just thinking." Mr. Maxim says the tired man is not thinking at all; he is just luxuriating in the comfort of merely feeling: or in stately scientific language, "He is

enjoying the goings-on of his reflex processes. Thinking would be an effort. Therefore he has inhibited from action and consciousness as many of the higher thought-centers as possible, consistent with a waking state." The consensus of experienced observers is that strenuous and resultful cerebration is not the usual effect of the open fire on the human constitution. Probably it was not while sitting in an easy chair before the fire, pervaded by a blissful sense of physical *bien etre,* that Gutenberg thought out his printing press, or Stevenson his locomotive, or Fulton his steamboat, or Morse his telegraph, or Howe his sewing-machine, or McCormick his reaper, or Bell his telephone, or Edison his phonograph and incandescent light or any of his four hundred inventions.

To be sure, Hopkinson Smith pretends that while seated "In the Arm Chair at the Inn"—the old inn of William the Conqueror on the Normandy coast—before the fire, he overheard in his mind a sculptor, a painter, an architect, an engineer, a writer, and various other friends engaged in a brilliant discussion of art, literature, love, and other things, covering almost the whole philosophy of life. But as this Mr. Smith is a professional romancer who prints books for pelf, it is permissible for us to doubt whether it really was while luxuriating in the relaxing self-indulgence of an easy chair before the fire that his superactive brain evolved the philosophies and tender romances and thrilling adventures contained in his latest book. Jowett of Balliol, when asked what he had been thinking about while silently gazing long and steadily into the fire with the look of a man completely lost in profound thought, replied, "The fact is I was not thinking of anything." The great Greek professor was one with the farmer who, being asked what he did in winter, answered: "Sometimes I sets and thinks, and sometimes I just sets."

"While the fire was burning I mused" reverses the Psalmist's statement, "While I was musing the fire burned," but fairly describes the common experience. "I simmer," said old Palgrave, "as the liquor doth on the fire before it beginneth to boil." The fireside is a place for musing and reverie; "cogitate" is too purposeful, and "ruminate" has too bovine an odor. Soothed by the warm, balmy, and ambrosial air, pensiveness strokes us with its velvet hands and we succumb to the mesmeric spell. The hymn for the fireside is not "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," nor "My soul, be on thy guard," but rather, "My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this." The soothing, tranquillizing, restorative touch of elemental things is reported in what

one man finds: "When things have gone wrong in business during the day, and my mind is full of care and cumber, I can generally forget it all by going out to look at the stars, or by listening to music, or by watching the open fire." As beautiful, benign, cheering, and comforting as a summer evening may be the brilliance of a winter night, all asparkle outdoors and in. Outside "in the icy air of night, the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight"; inside, the sparks that fly up like swarms of golden bees imitate the twinkling fireflies of the sky and make the night indoors as brilliant and elemental as the spangled firmament.

III. Through the centuries many notable firelit faces have been snapshotted and preserved, illumined, some of them by the glare of conflagrations, some by the glow of hearthfires. Looking back they appear like a torchlight procession moving through the dark. In far-back regions, where history and legend blend, the flames of burning Troy make visible to all after times the face of Sparta's stolen child. A Baltimorean, who has a Helen of his own, tells us that when he sits with her before the hearth, looking at her face flushed by the firelight's ruddy glow and watching her feed the flames with aromatic pine cones, his Homer comes back to him and he sees the face of that earlier Helen, whose beauty was the prize of Priam's son and around which the action of the *Iliad* revolves, lit by the blaze of burning Troy. Little Robert Browning, sitting at evening on his father's knee before the hearth in the library, listened entranced to the ancient tale of the siege of Troy, until, to his excited imagination, the mounting flames in the fireplace were the burning city, and among the glowing coals the lad saw many-oared triremes and helmeted figures, with spears and shields, and the faces of Menelaus and Paris and Helen. That potent face which "launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Illium," and "drew the dreaming keels of poesy across the seas of all subsequent ages," is so immortally famous that Synge, the Irish dreamer, in the twentieth Christian century, imagines the holy prophets straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on Helen of Troy.

The conflagration of five sevenths of Rome (B. C. 64) makes more lurid against the dark background of antiquity the hideous and hateful face of Nero, who was fiddler, æsthete, lecher, matricide, and suicide, achieving endless infamy for himself within the same number of years as the Man of Nazareth took to live the life and die the death which redeemed the world, gathering to himself the endless worship of adoring millenniums.

The notable hearth-fires of recorded history, with firelit faces sitting by them, begin before Nero's day with a royal figure as sinister and truculent as his. Away back in the book of Jeremiah, a king of Judah was sitting in his winter palace in the ninth month, and "there was a fire burning on the hearth before him." The Lord had given Jeremiah some words of warning and threatening for this wicked king, and they were now being read to him. They made him as mad as fire. Red with rage, he reached over and slashed the parchment with his penknife, snatched it out of the reader's hands and threw it into the fire. King Jehoiakim meant to dispose of those words of the Lord effectually and forever, and his action was prompt, relentless, and thoroughgoing. He made sure work of it, as the wicked like to do. Sinners are so cute and knowing! They are such cunning diplomats and strategists! The way to make sure of the Christ-Child's death is to slaughter a lot of Bethlehem babies; the astute Herod knew that. The way to prevent the resurrection of the Crucified is to seal the sepulcher and set a watch, and, as Pilate said, "Make it sure"; the shrewd scribes and Pharisees knew that. The way to destroy the Word of the Lord is to knife it and burn it; this swift king of Judah knew that. When such smart and able sinners have thus made it "sure," the only thing that can disturb their placid security and give them bad dreams is the haunting fear lest after a while some busy newsgatherer may send a message down to Egypt, "They are dead who sought the young child's life," and then God's little Boy may come safely back northward past Herod's harmless grave; and some glorious women may report that they found the sepulcher vacant and saw within the empty tomb a deathless angel, who said, "He is not here, for he is risen as he said"; and some veracious historian may tell the ages to come that every jot and tittle of the words of the Lord were fulfilled upon the wicked king who knifed and burned them, and "his dead body was cast out in the day to the heat and in the night to the frost," as the prophet said. In the Bible's Hall of Statuary, the king who got mad at God sits forever by the hearth in his winter palace with the fire-light on his face as a warning to sinners of all centuries to beware how they fight against the Lord. They may be very sure that

> His will fulfilled shall be,
> For in daylight or in dark
> His thunderbolt hath eyes to see
> Its way home to the mark.

Pictures of fire-lit faces by the fireside are usually good and pleasant to look upon; the home-hearth is not a bad man's resort; some place like the barroom suits him better; and always it is the pictures of the good that are more apt to be preserved. Quite typical is a pleasing seventeenth century picture which shows us Robert Herrick, the master among English poets of pastoral lyrics and tender love verses, incumbent of a Devonshire "living," "a rather timid bachelor gentleman of middle age, sitting by the fire in a snug and modest country parsonage," and writing out of a gentle heart his quaintly simple thanksgiving to God for the homely dwelling which shelters him in his Dean Prior parish:

A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep. . . .
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire.
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.

In American history there is an early picture of Thomas Jefferson, with the hearth light on his face, reading the Gospels before the fire on winter evenings and getting therefrom the ethical ideas which went into the Declaration of Independence. A later American picture shows young Abraham Lincoln lying face downward before the hearth, his long, lank, angular form stretched full length on the clay floor of a humble cabin, with the firelight on his homely features, studying hard and beginning to get himself ready for the emancipation proclamation and the immortal Gettysburg address and the solemn majesty of his second inaugural and the apotheosis at the touch of an assassin's bullet at the climax of his illustrious career.

Young William Winter once saw Longfellow sitting by his open fireplace late at night, after all his household had retired, watching the flames, listening to the wind in the chimney, musing and occasionally jotting down with a pencil whatever came into his thoughts.

IV. What will go on in the mind of man or woman sitting before the fire seems wholly problematical. Celia Thaxter on the Isles of Shoals, safe and cozy indoors, by the blaze of beach-gathered drift-

wood, hears the storm raging furiously, thinks of her tiny playmate of the day, the little sandpiper, wonders where he will sleep to-night, remembers the sparrow's Caretaker, and cries to her winged comrade:

> I do not fear for thee, though wroth
> The tempest rushes through the sky:
> For are we not God's children both,
> Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Once on a time, as a grizzled old man gazed dreamily into a bed of coals, there came to him out of the far hinterland of memory the vision of a woman rocking before the fire, crooning a hymn to her little boy, whose curly head lay lightly in "the good place God fashioned for it—the hollow 'twixt her bosom and her arm"; and the lonely old man felt as if the fire were mothering him.

Robert Browning's mother jealously kept for herself, as the dearest privilege of the day, a twilight hour of solitude and darkness and music; and the great poet all his long life remembered being held in his father's lap before the library fire and hearing his mother, sitting alone and without a light in the next room, singing familiar old hymns. She sang and prayed her own deeply religious temper and warm evangelical faith into her little boy, and in years when she was no more on earth her strong son said with grateful emotion, "She was a divine woman."

Eugene Field, alone by the fire, had the silence in which he was sitting changed into a vesper service by the sound of his child's small voice in an adjoining room saying sweetly her "Now I lay me down to sleep." It sent him back to his own childhood, made him a child again kneeling at his mother's knee; and with tears in his eyes the world-worn man bowed his head on his breast and reverently repeated his earliest petition, "Now I lay me." The voice of history cries to all mothers as in God's name: Sing hymns to your little children and teach them to pray! A certain general of the war for the Union found his mother's hymns singing in his head before the battle. One of his mother's hymns sung by a street missionary's little band helped to save wild Billy Sunday, reveling in bad company on the streets of Chicago.

In that greatest of all poems of the hearth-stone, Browning's "By the Fireside," Husband Robert sits watching his wife, with the fire-glow on her features and her curls—the "great brow and the spirit-small hand propping it." With the immortal faith and love which make firesides holy, he says to his Elizabeth:

Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you,
In the house not made with hands?

Later on, in middle age, looking ahead to life's December, Browning sees himself, in anticipation, with the firelight on his gray hairs and wrinkled face:

I shall be found by the fire, I suppose,
O'er a great book as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows,
And I turn the page and I turn the page;
Not verse then, only prose.

In London, on the last day of 1858, William J. Fox, aged seventy-three, comfortable in the warmth of his library fire, wrote to his daughter thus: "What an array of Christmases and New Years I look back upon! And in what a variety of situations and relations they found me! What a phantasmagoria of figures, if I could paint all the holiday dinners and people! All the first batch was cleared off long ago; the second generation have nearly all followed; and the third set is now on. I am making up my accounts, and I think it is time."

James Whitcomb Riley, on his fifty-ninth birthday, sits in his study by a dancing and crackling fire, surrounded by gift-flowers and messages from a host of friends, meditating on the fast-flying years and repeating to himself old Walter Savage Landor's lines:

I warmed both hands before the fire of Life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

To a friend who inquired after his health, John Hay replied: "I have an incurable disease." "What is it?" asked the startled friend. "Old age," answered the great diplomat, who at sixty-eight, musing on the favored and enviable lot of those who, not living to be old, are remembered as forever young, wrote:

At eve, when the brief wintry day is sped,
I muse beside my fire's faint flickering glare—
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair—
Of those who, dying young, inherited
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air;
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;

And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize,
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality;
Their memories hold in Death's unyielding fee
The youth that thrilled them to the finger tips.

A man, alone before the fire, may have to reckon with memory and conscience. A poet pictures Napoleon sitting gloomily alone before the fire, himself "dying like an untended watch-fire on Saint Helena," and bids us guess whether that victim of unmerciful disaster, on his rock of exile, haunted by memories, thinks oftenest of the wreck of ambition or the loss of a woman's love—Waterloo or Josephine. Skinflint Scrooge, alone, the firelight on his flinty face, with its sharp nose, thin lips, and pointed chin, is haunted by his past. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail, and Scrooge knew he was dead, but that did not protect the miser. Suddenly Marley's ghost appeared. The unwelcome visitor came on through the heavy door and passed into the room before his eyes. "How now! What do you want with me?" demanded Scrooge. "Much," said the ghost.

V. Companionable and social is the open fire, as Burroughs said: "How it responds when you nudge it, and rejoices when you feed it." A man stark alone in his city house on a cool evening in the early fall, his family still away in the country, went down cellar, broke up a packing-box, and built a fire in the dining-room fireplace more for company than for warmth; found it a vivacious, sparkling, and entertaining companion; found that tending the fire is sufficient occupation to keep one from feeling that he belongs to the army of the unemployed; found that nursing a wood fire is the next thing to having a child to mind, enough to keep one busy and the moods and tenses of the one about as incalculable as those of the other. At bedtime this man went upstairs feeling that he had had a sociable and animated, as well as innocent and peaceful, evening. Dickens's Joe Gargery, who was "oncommon fond of reading," easily dispensed with company. "Give me a good book or a good newspaper," he said, "and set me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better."

"My son," says one of the characters in an English story, "a romance begins when two animated individuals can be silent for five minutes without either of them noticing it. It ends when both are afraid of silence and feel obliged to fill the minutes with conventional speech. Do you know enough about the mute communion of congenial souls to understand what I mean?" Between friendly souls

an open fire may supersede the need of conversation. One raw, gray, gloomy day Tennyson dropped in on Carlyle; found him sitting solitary before the fire; without palaver dropped quietly into a chair beside him. There the two old men sat for an hour, gazing contentedly into the fire without speaking a word. When an hour had passed sociably, but in utter silence, Tennyson rose to go. Carlyle, without rising, reached up his hand and said simply and sincerely, "Come again, Alfred, we've had a grand good time." Their session was as free and amiable as a Quaker meeting or a meeting of "the Society of Silent Unity." Imagine how intolerably different it might have been if, instead of gazing together into the sociable open fire, they had sat staring at each other for an hour in silence. Such an interview would have seemed inane, if not morose; they might have been glaring at each other before the hour was ended. The friendly fire acted as intermediary and maintained the *entente cordiale*. The famous scene when Lords Palmerston and Russell "met, embraced, and hated each other worse than ever" did not transpire in the presence of a genial open fire. The Court of Arbitration in the Peace Palace at The Hague should transact its business (when it has any) in front of a great, big, kindly hearth-fire.

The socializing influence of the open fire has been known to have a share in matrimonial results. The dictionary instructs us that the ardent participial noun, "sparking," is ambiguous and may relate to a fire or a lover, yet possibly to both, as when two middle-aged persons chanced to meet as guests in the same house and the family, retiring at the end of the evening, left them sitting together by the open fire. Hours afterward, when that man and woman bade each other good-night, they had formed a *Zwei-Bund;* they were pledged to each other for life. The man, if he had lingered by the sinking fire with her "Good-night" in his ears, might have repeated T. A. Daly's verse:

"Good-night!" and then your candle's feeble glare
Went glimmering up the stair;
  A door closed and the house was still.
The night grew old
And from the smoldering hearth the cold
  Stole forth and laid its chill
On heart and brain that had been fain
  To make a song of cheer.
For, O, the summer warm and bright
You conjured in the winter night
Went upward with your candlelight,
  Went with you up the stair.

Friendly communion by the fire is warming to the cockles of the heart. Lionel Johnson, in a moment of revulsion from institutions and implements, realizing the preciousness of human intercourse, and craving the living personal touch, cries: "O swimming baths and cookery classes, Botticellis and banjos, congresses and councils, what are you worth compared to a talk with a friend by the fire?" Sir Gilbert Parker keeps himself from loneliness by communing in thought with his friends:

> When blows the wind and drives the sleet,
> And ice-clad trees bend down;
> When all the world is chill'd 'tis meet
> Good company be known:
> And in my heart good company
> Sits by the fire and sings to me.
> The ingle-nook right warm shall be
> Where my heart hath good company.

To his old friends Whittier, in his "Snow Bound," sent this invitation:

> Come sit with me by the homestead hearth,
> And stretch the hands of memory forth
> To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze.

The wilder the weather the cheerier the fireside. When the snow is driving over the fields, and rough old Winter is blustering at the doors and rattling the windows, Emerson pictures the cozy comfort of the farm-house inmates sitting "around the radiant fireplace, inclosed in a tumultuous privacy of storm." We all agree with Holland's "Kathrina" that

> The storm makes sweeter music to our huddled hearts
> Than choirs of stars can sing on fairest nights.

Grim, glorious John Milton's sonnets say that sitting by the glowing hearth-fire in dreary winter weather may "help us waste a sullen day and gain what may be won from the hard season."

The fire on the hearth promotes a sociable and homelike feeling by the informal private musicales it gives with such quaint old-fashioned accompaniments as the kettle, the cricket, the pussy cat, and possibly the dog. The logs hum and hiss and whistle and warble; the kettle audibly boils and bubbles; the cricket chirps; pussy purrs; the sleeping house-dog snores. Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth" opens with "The kettle began it. . . . I say the kettle did. . . . The kettle began it full five minutes by the little Dutch clock in the corner before the cricket uttered a chirp."

Now, as to the kettle, Dr. J. H. Jowett appears as its laureate in this passage in a sermon on "Thankfulness": "Practice singing among the simplicities. Sydney Smith, the great wit, once said: 'I gave a lady twenty-two recipes against melancholy.' I will quote three. (I am afraid this applies more to England than to here.) One was, a bright fire, another was to remember all the pleasant things said to her, and another, a kettle simmering on the hob. You don't know what that is, do you? It is one of the pleasantest sounds in the peasant's cot. Let me be very intimate with you for a moment! I remember in my mother's home, away in a little house in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in England, I can see the kettle when the water is boiled, laid on the side—on the hob. I can hear it singing; and there is a contented, containing sound about it which it contributes to the whole atmosphere. A singing kettle is a very welcome thing about my old home. And Sydney Smith said to the melancholy woman in his recipes, 'Have a simmering kettle on the hob.' A trifle! A tremendous trifle. A simplicity, a commonplace. But the witty dean meant that just listening to such things makes the simple music of the simple life. Open your ears; receive them, and the singing kettle may help you to sing. If I may paraphrase my Master, I would say, 'He that is grateful in that which is least shall be grateful also in much,' and if he will be grateful for the sound of the simmering kettle he will shortly be grateful for the song of the angels which bring good news to him. Practice it, and you will succeed. 'In everything give thanks.'"

As for that shy, plaintive, reticent, tiny jongleur of the fireside, the cricket—is he really chirping anywhere now-a-days outside of Dickens's books? When a city man, retired from business, talks in rhyme to "An obscure poet who lives on my hearth," we leniently concede the possibility of a hearth and an open fire in a city dwelling; but we doubt the existence of that cricket outside the rhymester's imagination. No self-respecting cricket would consent to reside in New York city, unless in some very old mansion mysteriously spared and soon to be torn down.

As for the cat, a current short story poses kitty very naturally before the fire in this pleasing picture: "A wood fire was flickering in the square old-fashioned red fireplace, held up by straddling andirons and fenced in by a glittering brass fender. Before the fender, in the center of the neatly swept hearth, sat a small gray kitten, her tail curled about her, her little ears daintily pricked, her little feet de-

murely together, watching with the wide eyes of kittenhood the slowly rising smoke. The room was still; there was no one near; only the diminutive gray kitten composedly surveying the gently crackling flames in the deep fireplace—surely an exquisite picture of contentment and tranquillity." To properly complete that homelike scene, other homely and familiar furnishings—the poker and shovel and tongs and turkey-wing hearth-sweeper, dearer to memory than bric-a-brac and parlor ornaments—should be added to andirons and fender.

VI. A description of the library of Francis Parkman says: "Up in that study he used to sit all the winter months in the company of his books and manuscripts, while the fire from the open stove flickered salutations to the shelves opposite." As to that "open stove," A. H. Joline properly remarked that "it grates a little on our nerves! No library or sitting-room is perfect without an *open* fire, stoveless be it understood, a fire on the hearth, with a fat, comfortable cat who will purr on pressure," or, we add, an amiable, outstretched dog, offering his well-cushioned ribs as a foot-rest for the sitter in front of the fire. A stove robs a room of its poetry. An open fire is poetry. "Poetry," George Meredith said, "is compounded of form and fire." Kipling performed a masterly miracle in tuning McAndrews's engines to a mighty chant of praise, but not even Kipling could make poetry out of stoves, or hot-air registers, or steam-radiators, or gas-logs. But an open fire is a poem of subtle elemental fascination, writ in lambent lines of flame. It is a spectacle, an entertainment, a moving-picture show, a vision which "decomposes but to recompose," a song without words, a piece of woodland music improvised by some invisible dryad. "When old Robert draws the back-brand in, the green logs steam and spit," and we listen to one of Nature's lyrics in

> The crooning of the blithe wood-flame—
> A single bar of music fraught
> With cheerful, yet half pensive thought—
> A thought elusive; out of reach,
> Yet trembling on the verge of speech.

An odoriferous delight also is the open fire when the right sort of wood is burning.

> The oozing pine logs flame and flare,
> Wafting the perfume of their native woods;

and in the wood-smell is some opiate vapor which gives delicious dreams without somnolence. Spruce, which is fragrant with resinous aroma, is also the liveliest of woods, often making a miniature Fourth

of July on the hearth with its snapping and crackling and popping fireworks.

VII. Magical, brilliant, and various are the exploits of the open fire. It fastens its fascinations on the new-born baby and the white-haired grandsire. One young mother hoped that when the earliest intelligent gaze, the first really attentive and seeing look, should come into her first-born's face, it might fix itself on her own face. One evening when she was rocking him in her lap before the fire, a burning log broke and fell with a great burst of sparks, startling the baby. Then for the first time the soul peeped out in what seemed a perceiving look of wonder and delight. The eager mother, who had waited for the coming of that look of awareness, put her jealous face nearer his to appropriate that look to herself, but the little face turned from her kiss; the fascinated infant eyes were held by the burst of sparks at which he gazed and smiled. Happily unaware he was that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." The open fire which fixed the baby's gaze talked articulately as with lambent tongues of flame to the young mother's gray-haired father, whose easy chair was next to her low rocker. Watching the fiery fountain that spirted upward from the fallen log, he meditated on Job's saying that, as surely as "the sparks, the children of the burning coals, lift up to fly," so surely is man's lot a troubled one. Seeing on the wall behind them the wavering shadows of three generations, the old man's experienced, wise, and sober mind recalled the saying of Edmund Burke, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"—an exclamation uttered when the great Irish statesman and orator, mourning the loss of his son, felt that he would not, in that desolate hour, "give a peck of spoiled wheat for all the empty honors of the world." That passage in Job about the up-flying sparks had its meaning altered and improved by a Bible-wise English cobbler whose fine spiritual insight, by simply changing the place of the period, made it read: "Man is born to trouble. (Therefore) as the sparks fly upward I would seek unto God and unto God would I commit my cause." If only all higher critics were as intelligent and useful as that pious country shoemaker!

VIII. "Around our habitation be thou a wall of light" is the inscription on the terra-cotta chimney piece above the fireplace in the central hall of the Pine Tree Inn at Lakehurst which started this idyll of the open fire. Those words from an old hymn are possibly an echo of the divine promise of protection given the Holy City in Zechariah's time: "I will be unto her a wall of fire round about." . . .

On the façade of that temple of peace, the Twenty-seventh Psalm, are chiseled and gilded these words of cheerful confidence: "The Lord is my light and my salvation."

On the frozen body of a missionary to the far north a bit of paper was found on which his numbed fingers had written, in triumph of spirit over flesh, "It is not cold where Christ is."

Some Christian fireplace might inscribe upon the chimney-piece above the radiant light and warmth of its open fire that agraphon of Jesus preserved by Origen: "He who is near Me is near the fire."

THE ARENA

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE—SCIENCE AND FAITH

We have just witnessed the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Professor E. A. Schäfer, of Edinburgh University, president of the association for the year, delivered an address on "The Nature, Origin, and Maintenance of Life." His main proposition is that life arises in matter. We herewith give quotations which give, in general, the trend of his discussion.

"The problems of life are essentially problems of matter; we cannot conceive of life, in the scientific sense, as existing apart from matter. . . . It is produced by a gradual process of change from material which was lifeless, through material on the borderland between inanimate and animate to material which has all the characteristics to which we attach the term life. . . . The difficulty, nay, the impossibility of obtaining evidence of such evolution from the past history of the globe is obvious. . . . It follows that in an attempt to pursue the evolution of living matter to its beginning in terrestrial history we can only expect to be confronted with a blank wall of nescience. . . . Whether life, in the form of a simple slimy colloid, originated in the depths of the sea or on the surface of the land, it would be qually impossible for the geologist to trace its beginnings, and were it still becoming evolved in the same situations, it would be almost as impossible for the microscopist to follow its evolution. We are, therefore, not likely to obtain direct evidence regarding such a transformation of nonliving into living matter in nature, even if it is occurring under our eyes."

On the day following the startling declaration made by Professor Schäfer, Professor Elliot Smith, of Manchester University, traced in detail the pedigree of man and the gradual emergence of human traits from the habits of man's ape-like ancestors. He said: "There is now ample evidence for drawing up a pedigree for man as far back as a million years or so. The steady development of the brain must give a fundamental reason for man's ascent from the ape, the ancestor of which was a small, land-

grubbing insectivorous animal, whose sense of smell was more serviceable than all its other senses, and which took to life in the trees, becoming a squirrel-like creature. . . . The squirrel-like creature gradually developed into an ape, with more highly developed senses and greater muscular action and skilled movements. . . . The gradual development of the brain resulted in the power to anticipate the consequences of actions. . . . The erect attitude became fixed, and these upright creatures emerged from their ancestral forests in troops, armed with sticks and stones, and with the rudiments of all the powers that enabled them to conquer the world." Professor Smith then goes on to show the development of features, gestures, speech, until the perfect man is evolved.

Professor E. A. Minchin, of the University of London, read a paper in which he said: "The earliest forms of life were exceedingly minute particles of chromatin alone. In the course of evolution these chromatin specks formed around themselves an inclosing membrane, and from the concentration and organization of these scattered chromida sprang the nucleus of a cell structure. Thus came into existence the first cell."

Then the average layman stands aghast, and, not being accustomed to scientific reasoning or language, nor being trained to analyze obtuse statements, concludes, with the learned professors, that life arises in matter, that his origin is in minute particles of chromatin (tissue capable of being stained with dye) which developed into a cell, that he progressed until the first real tangible form of life he showed appeared in the form of a "small land-grubbing, insectivorous animal, whose sense of smell was more serviceable than all its other senses, and which took to life in the trees," that he finally emerged from the woods of his ape existence until he stood forth as man. What a bewildering of his reason! What a shock to his faith! "Where does God come in?" he innocently asks. The skeptic answers: "I told you so! It proves there is no God." Then the average man's faith is weakened. Overboard with mother's God! Away with the Bible! Has not the scientist shown that he discovers life forms to have their origin in matter?

But wait a moment. Do not hurry off the precipice yet. Alfred Russel Wallace, Darwin's famous colleague, now in his ninetieth year, steps in and says: "Professor Schäfer's arguments are the same as those of Haeckel and all the other great agnostics, but he does not really get over the difficulty one iota more than they did. So there is nothing in what he says that one can call new. . . . Take, for instance, Brookes and myself. We have studied the subject of psychological phenomena for forty years, and we know pretty well that there are phenomena, of which these men are absolutely ignorant, which prove the existence of life without matter, as it were; certainly without ordinary matter. So that vitiates all his reasoning right away. . . . Another and the most important fallacy in the whole thing is the assumption, without showing that there is any difficulty about it, that if you can prove the production of dead matter you can prove the production of living matter. . . . In my last book, The World of Life, I have endeavored to deal with that fundamental point, which all these psychological agnostics, as they call themselves,

utterly ignore and pass by, and that is, whence comes the directing power? . . . In a chapter on the mystery of a cell I show that some of the greatest modern writers admit that there is a mystery in it; that its changes are most marvelous. All this they ignore—all this directive power which enables the cell to go through a marvelous series of changes and development, not one of which can be explained by any mechanical or chemical process. . . . If chemists do produce life, it is not they who produce it. The chemist never goes into the ultimate cause, he does not deal with directing power. . . . I maintain that you cannot explain the smallest portion of dead matter without a series of forces which imply mind, which imply direction. . . . In chemistry only certain things will produce certain results. In life the most diverse things will produce the same results. . . . One man may feed entirely on animal food, another entirely on vegetable. The machinery is the same. Yet this same machinery, so differently fed, produces identical results in muscle, skin, hair, everything."

We stop a moment with this great scientist for consideration. Suppose all that is said by the exponents of the origin of life be true. Grant them the discovery of life forms in matter; of the chromatin particles; of the land-grubber with the preposterous nose; of the ancestors, samples of whom we now cage for public exhibition; grant them all this. Then let us ask, How did the life forms get into matter? Whence did the chromida achieve the power to inclose themselves in membrane? What or who produced the land-grubbing insectivorous animal? What force started or directed the development of the ape to manhood? Whence, with Professor Wallace, is the directive force? And the scientist stands as aghast as did the layman, and says, "We do not know."

The Rev. T. R. R. Stebbings, of Tunbridge Wells, speaking at the association, said that in his young days there was a story of an Oxford don who said: "'For forty years I have listened to university sermons and am still a Christian.' Some of the audience will go home and tell their friends that they had listened to learned professors speaking on the origin of life and had come away with the conviction that life had never had any origin at all."

Nothing better, perhaps, can at this point be brought to our attention than the words of Alfred Noyes, the coming poet laureate of England:

"The Origin of Life"

In the beginning slowly grope we back
Along the narrowing track,
Back to the deserts of the world's pale prime—
The mire, the clay, the slime.
And then, what then? Surely to something less;
Back—back to nothingness!

You dare not halt upon that dwindling way.
There is no gulf to stay
Your footsteps to the last. Go back you must
Far, far below the dust.
Descend, descend grade by dissolving grade;
We follow unafraid.

Dissolve, dissolve this moving world of men
Into thin air, and then,
O pioneers, O warriors of the light,
In that abysmal night
Will you have courage then to rise and tell
Earth of this miracle?

Will you have courage then to bow the head
And say, when all is said:
"Out of nothingness arose our thought.
This blank abysmal nought
Woke and brought forth that lighted city street,
Those towers, that armored fleet"?

When you have seen those vacant primal skies
Beyond the centuries:
Watched the pale mists across their darkness flow,
As in a lantern show,
Weaving by merest "chance" out of thin air
Pageants of praise and prayer;

Watched the great hills like clouds arise and set
And one named Olivet;
When you have seen as a shadow passing away
One child clasp hands and pray;
When you have seen emerge from that dark mire
One martyr, ringed with fire;
Or from that nothingness, by special grace,
One woman's love-lit face,

Will you have courage then to front that law,
From which our sophists draw
Their only right to flout one human creed,
That nothing can proceed—
Not even thought, not even love, from less
Than its own nothingness?

The law is yours, but dare you waive your pride
And kneel where you denied?
The law is yours; dare you rekindle, then,
One faith for faithless men
And say you found, on that dark road you trod,
In the beginning—God?

The ear of faith, amid the noise and confusion which the controversy is already bringing forth, attuned to things unseen, hears the voice of Christ saying, "I am the way and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." No man comes to the utmost origin of life except by him who is the Life.

Jesus presents himself as the directive power which the scientists have failed to reach. "I am the Life." Faith, then, accepting what the scientists has to say regarding the method of creation, goes back to the creative force and finds it in Christ. This is altogether consistent with the thought of God as being back of all things.

John, the beloved disciple of Christ, says in his Gospel (John 1): "In the beginning was the Word [Christ], and the Word was with God, and the Word was God [shared in his Divine, Infinite nature]. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by [through, by means of] him; and without him [apart from him] was not anything made [brought into existence] that was made. In him was life [that which originated in him was life] and the life was the light of men."

The Bible teaches that God, through Christ, brought man up out of the dust, or elements of the ground. This is what science finally teaches. The Bible does not attempt to state the method of such creation. The story of the method is what science is supplying. Science finds that life's development comes from the lower form to the higher. Very good. That need not disturb our faith. That is consistent with God's orderly method of working. That is no reason for rejecting Christ. That ought rather to turn us to him who is the source, developer, and sustainer of that life. This is the step which faith takes beyond the scientist. The scientist stops at the directive force; faith grasps this force and names it. God is the creator working through his Son: as if the Father were the directive and the Son the executive force. Jesus thus stands as the initial creator of all things, as the origin of life.

Paul, in his Epistle to the Colossians (1. 15-17), says: "In him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through him, and unto him; and he is before all things, and in him all things consist [hold together]." All creation is "in him." There is no creative process external to or independent of him. All creation is "by or through him." The forces of creation which summoned all things into being and uphold them in being are his. He is the Producer and Sustainer of all created existence. All creation is "unto him." He created for himself. In living for him, every creature finds the explanation and law of its being. "He is before all things" gives us the explanation of being. "By him all hold together" gives us the law of being.

If these be true, and nothing whatever has been adduced to show that they are not, the repeated failure of the scientist gives added conviction that they are true, then Jesus the Life stands forth, more clearly than ever, as the divine Son of God through whom we come to the Father; his word is established and his redemptive work sure. What follows?

1. Jesus stands as the Author of Spiritual Life. What Christ, the "directive force," means to matter as the Creator he means to our souls as the author of spiritual life. Dead matter surcharged with the "directive force" means life. A dead soul surcharged with Christ means spiritual life and transformation. An artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight. The trees were heavily laden with snow; a dreary, dark house, lonely and desolate, stood in the midst of the storm. There seemed nothing to cheer. All was gloomy and hopeless. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one of the windows of the house. The effect was miraculous. The hopelessness of the scene was gone and the

entire picture was transformed into a vision of comfort and good cheer. It is thus that Jesus, the directive force, touches the life that is dark and hopeless with sin, transforming it into a temple of light and life. That pictures, too, the difference between the soul athrob with Christ and the soul without him. We may be "dead matter" if we will; or we may be a living soul, permeated with brightness and hope. The difference lies in having or not having Christ, the "directive force."

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children, when the day was done,
About the door.

One saw the beautiful and crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree, and flower, and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man,
And hoped the best;
The other marveled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having God above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And, hopeless, died.

2. Development Under His Hand. There is an evolution in the Christian's character that is as sure as any the scientist has yet discovered. God's purpose, through Christ, in the spiritual realm, as well as in the material, is to form a race of perfect beings. Through him who is the sustainer of life, as well as its directive force in its initial stages, men are transformed from grace to grace, from glory to glory, until they shall be like him and, in the realm of life not yet realized, shall see him as he is.

The upward trend, or slant, along which there is this evolution of Christian character receives its incentive largely from a spirit of discontent with present achievement. "Yes," said the worker in the slums, "I have immense hopes of Luigi." "But he is so ignorant!" urged some one. "Yes," admitted the worker, "but he shows the infallible sign of advancement—he is no longer discontented with his condition; he is discontented with his character." It is the spirit Paul shows when he says, "Not as if I had already attained nor were already perfect, but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold, but this one thing I do: forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the

prize of the high [upward] calling of God in Christ Jesus." And this development is steady, advancing from day to day and year to year. It is upward, tending ever to a higher plane of integrity. It is perfect, finding its culmination in a likeness, spiritually, to the very source and inspiration of its movement.

3. Surety in His Care. He is both the originator and the sustainer of life; hence our lives are sure in his keeping. What he said to the disciples in his earthly ministry holds true for us to-day. "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. . . . Behold the birds of the heaven, they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not of much more value than they? . . . And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

Under every condition, in every circumstance, for every burden, in every need, through every sorrow, Christ, the source and sustainer of life, is more than sufficient. Giles Fletcher has given us words worth remembering:

> He is a path, if any be misled;
> He is a robe, if any naked be;
> If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
> If any be a bondman, he is free;
> If any be but weak, how strong is he!
> To dead men, life he is; to sick men, health;
> To blind men, sight; and to the needy, wealth;
> A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, is the Source of Life, the Developer of Life, the Sustainer of Life. Let us receive his words and be filled with his life.

A. L. Faust.

New York City.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

PAUL'S EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIANITY (*Continued*)

The Blessed Results of Justification by Faith.—Rom. 5. 1-11.

The discussion of the Epistle to the Romans thus far has shown the necessity of faith righteousness. The apostle has demonstrated that neither Jew nor Gentile has been able to secure by legalism reconciliation with God, and his conclusion is that it is unattainable in that way. He

has proved also that his doctrine was in harmony with the teaching of the Old Testament, and he has justified salvation by faith logically to the Jewish consciousness by citing the case of Abraham, their historic representative and leader.

Having thus demonstrated his main proposition, he enters the realm of personal experience and shows the rich fruitage of salvation by faith in the life of the believer. In the fifth chapter, first verse, we read: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The Revision of 1881 translates, "Being therefore justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The manuscript authority is manifestly in favor of the latter, but the interchange of the long and short vowels ω and ο, called "Itacism," which is not uncommon in Greek manuscripts, may justify the rendering of the Authorized Version. When such critical scholars as Meyer, DeWette, Scrivener, Alford, and others retain the translation of the Authorized Version it may well remain for the present as an unsettled problem. These commentators have held that the logical connection of the passage requires us to read, "we have peace with God." The Revised Version, "let us have peace," is held by many not only to be the rendering of the manuscripts, but also to be in harmony with the apostle's course of thought. It may mean, "let us enter into and enjoy the peace which has been secured for us through Jesus Christ," or "we may have peace through Jesus Christ." The point, however, for which the apostle cites these words is full of Christian significance. He sets before us the glorious results of faith in Jesus Christ. The first result he mentions is, "peace with God." There cannot be peace unless there has been a previous alienation on the part of God or man or both. While it is God's peace which the justified man enjoys, it is man's peace with God which is secured by faith. This is explained further in the tenth verse, "For if, while we were enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." And again, 2 Cor. 5. 18-20, "But all things are of God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ, and gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not reckoning unto them their trespasses, and having committed unto us the word of reconciliation. We are ambassadors therefore on behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating by us: we beseech you on behalf of Christ, be ye reconciled to God." Also in Col. 1. 20, "And through him to reconcile all things unto himself, having made peace through the blood of the cross."

It seems clear from these passages from the same apostle that man by his sin has alienated himself from God and God is displeased with him and requires something on man's part in order to be restored to the divine favor. The prophets blaze with indignation against the sins of their times. "God is angry with the wicked every day." All sin in the nature of things is antagonistic to God's holiness and must be displeasing to him. His infinite compassion and love may through Christ forgive sin and restore the believer to the divine favor, but something on man's

part must be done to secure the reconciliation. God's love for man is all-abounding, and no one can be beyond the reach of his interest and Fatherly compassion, and when the vilest sinner comes back to his Father's house, he finds a hearty welcome. The peace, then, spoken of in this passage is the restoration of the harmony between God and man through conversion of the sinner by the influence of the Holy Spirit.

The peace also implies more than this. It implies that internal sense of comfort which is the direct outcome of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. To the one who has been conscious of guilt, the blessedness of his new relation to God brings such peace as the world can neither give nor take away. It is the joy of a truly contented life united with God and doing his will and in the constant enjoyment of his favor. From the scriptural standpoint this peace has been secured for the believer from the moment when he accepts Christ by faith as his personal Saviour. Our Methodist fathers were accustomed to sing:

O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

He further says: "Let us rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." The word δόξα, "glory," is one of Paul's special words. It is found about sixty times in his Epistles and frequently in other parts of the New Testament. It means "manifested splendor" or "majesty." It takes its meaning in part, at least, from its environment. In the passage before us we have, "The glory of God"; in 1 Thess. 2. 12, "To the end that ye should walk worthily of God, who calleth you unto his own kingdom and glory." We also have it in Rom. 2. 7, 10, "To them that by patience and well-doing seek for glory and honor and incorruption, eternal life." Then also in the tenth verse, "But glory and honor and peace to every man that worketh good." We have it also in 2 Tim. 2. 10, "That they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." And in 1 Pet. 5. 1, "The elders therefore among you I exhort, who am a fellow-elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, who am also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." Then again 1 Pet. 5. 4: "And when the chief Shepherd shall be manifested, ye shall receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away"; and in the tenth verse, "Who called you unto his eternal glory in Christ." The various passages attest that it may mean the glory of God manifested to the believer here and also the sharing of God's glory in the future life. It may be said, then, that the apostle exults in the hope of the glory of God which would include the presence and favor of God here and the enjoyments of the eternal life beyond.

In the third verse we are taught also that the apostle rejoices in tribulations. The Revised Version reads, "Let us also rejoice in our tribulations." Here we feel the sentiment of the apostle expressed else-

where, "For our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," where we are taught, as in the passage before us, that he glories in tribulations because of their blessed results. We can hardly conceive of one rejoicing in tribulations in themselves, but he expects and rejoices in them as part of God's plan for human perfectment. This is expressed in the verses immediately following, showing the benefits of tribulation. "Tribulation worketh patience." One who has never met disappointments or gone through severe trials does not know the meaning of tribulation and therefore has not experienced its results. Patience under trial is one of the richest fruits of the divine life. Often the most afflicted people are the most patient people. The writer of this in his pastoral experiences has seen examples of the patience wrought in and through suffering which were very remarkable, and when one is looking for the fruits of the spiritual life in their ripeness and richness, he will find them generally in some home of affliction and perhaps of poverty. It is further said, "And patience probation"—perhaps the better rendering is "approval." Patience receives the divine approbation and strengthens the character. Then again, "Probation, hope." The approval just referred to worketh out hope and "hope putteth not to shame." The apostle then gives the reason why hope does not disappoint: because of God's love "which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit."

One can best appreciate the force of the apostle's rejoicing in tribulation by recalling 2 Cor. 11. 23-30, in which he gives the list of the sufferings through which he had passed. It is this man, whose life in Christ was one of toil and deprivation and trials of manifold kinds, who exults in his sufferings, and in this passage teaches us that to the Christian tribulations may become a matter of exultation. He further rejoices in the reconciliation with God which he now enjoys. His language is, "We also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the reconciliation" (verse 11). This seems to be the consummation of his rejoicing, that he is reconciled to God, which brings with it the blessed experiences of which he has spoken and the exulting assurance of the life beyond.

In the course of his discussion of the blessed results of justification he pauses in the verses 6-8 to set forth the peculiarity of Christ's death in its relation to mankind: "For while we were yet weak, in due season Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: for peradventure for a good man some one would even dare to die. But God commendeth his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." In this passage he affirms that it was man's weakness that called forth Christ's death. They were sinners, unable to rescue themselves. They must have help; and Christ died for them, not because they were strong, but because they were weak, and further, he did it at an appropriate time: "In due season," is the language. This has been interpreted as meaning that the condition of the world at the time of Christ's coming was the most appropriate one in which his advent could take place. The superiority of the Greek language, the universality

of the empire of Rome, the intercommunion possible between all parts of the world, at that time made it the fitting occasion for the coming of Him toward whom the prophets had looked forward and for whom the world was unconsciously waiting. It was the time of man's need and God's appointment. "When the fullness of time came, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. 4. 4).

It is further stated that the extraordinary nature of Christ's death included the fact that it was not a natural thing or according to ordinary custom that man should do as Christ had done in dying for sinners. There are cases, he intimates, but rare ones, in which one might die for a just man, by which he meant one who filled the requirements of legal obligation, such as business honesty, personal rectitude, and general devotion to human welfare. He further indicates that it would be more probable that one should die for the good man. This word "good" is supposed by some to have the same meaning as the "just" man, but it is improbable that Saint Paul should repeat the two words with exactly the same meaning. The general view is that to the idea of justice was added that of active goodness. It was the generous man whose heart was open to the cry of the needy and felt deeply the appeals of human want. For such a one one would be more likely to lay down his life. He further states that Christ's death was for those for whom it was very unlikely that anyone would die. Christ showed the measure of his love in that he died for men while they were yet sinners. Men sometimes ask wherein was the death of Christ different from other martyrs—from Socrates, who drank the hemlock with fortitude, and others who have gone to their death willingly for some great cause. Paul explains it. His death differs in that he died for men because they were sinners and without divine help incapable of throwing off their sins and securing God's favor. Here, then, was the supreme glory of Christ's sacrifice. It was not the righteous, but sinners, whom Jesus came to call. The passage which we have been considering contains one word around which his discussion gathers: the word "rejoice." It seems peculiar in a passage which seems pathetic in its references to the death of Christ for sinners. Above the shadows of the gloom of those awful events to which he was referring in the life of his Lord he sees the glory that lies beyond, the glory of peace with God, the glory in tribulations, the glory of the future life, and the glory of the reconciliation which he now enjoys and in which he exults.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE MORALITY OF EXCAVATION

THE Morality of Excavation is the title of a very learned, instructive, and intensely interesting article from the pen of Mr. Arthur E. P. B. Weigall, Inspector General of Upper Egypt, Department of Antiquities, in a recent number of the Nineteenth Century and After. The paper is an

earnest plea for a reasonable, scientific exploration of ancient sites, especially of sepulchers and cemeteries in Egypt, for the purpose of benefiting the natives and enlarging our knowledge of ancient history as revealed by the buried past, and not for amusement, much less for mercenary purposes.

Those who have given any attention to the ruins of Bible lands know that there is and has been, from time immemorial, a class of treasure-hunters, among these not a few whose sole business is the exploring of burial places in the hope of securing valuable booty of some kind. No words are too strong to condemn such sacrilegious violation of the sanctity of the tomb, be it the resting place of an American millionaire, buried a few months ago, or the sepulchral chambers of some Egyptian dignitary of gray antiquity.

In excavating tombs, as in all other matters, the end may justify the means or method.

The chief argument in justification of the exploration of tombs by trained achæologists is stated by Mr. Weigall as follows: "The careful opening of an ancient Egyptian sepulcher saves for science information and antiquities which otherwise would inevitably be scattered to the four winds of heaven by native plunderers." It is a well-known fact that grave-robbing is a very ancient custom, going back to prehistoric times. The majority of burial places examined by competent students of antiquities in recent years show too clearly the traces of the ghoul. "For in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Department of Antiquities [in Egypt], a considerable amount of robbery takes place in the ancient cemeteries. Tombs are rifled, coffins are broken open, mummies torn to pieces in the search for gold, heavy objects smashed into portable fragments, and valuable papyri ripped into several parts to be apportioned among the thieves." And, alas! all this is done by those not in the least interested in the records of the past, as preserved in these tombs, but rather from a sordid desire of receiving a few paltry piastres for the objects found and offered for sale. The despoiling of even one grave may rob the world of most valuable information nowhere else contained. And then the utter heartlessness with which these grave-robbers ply their business! Read the following vivid and graphic description by Mr. Weigall of a plundered tomb. He says: "There lies the overturned sarcophagus; there sprawls the dead body, with the head rent from the shoulders; there are the shattered remains of priceless vases, believed by the robbers to have been of no great value. It is as though the place had been visited at full moon by demented monkeys."

Taking, therefore, for granted that the excavation of these old sepulchers is justifiable, no one can doubt for a moment as to the best way of proceeding. The trained archæologist employed by the learned societies of Europe and America is not digging in a mercenary spirit, does not care for quantities of gold or precious stones as he does for data which may throw light upon the civilization of the age in which the occupier of that coffin or tomb lived. He examines every stone, every fragment of earthenware, no less than the fine statue, precious stone, or metal which

may be found. In short, every shovelful of dirt is subjected to careful scrutiny. Then every scratch on the wall, no less than the most artistic mural decorations or elaborate hieroglyphs, is thoroughly studied in the hope of getting some new information which may throw light upon the religion, morals, and politics of that land. The utmost care is shown in opening tombs and coffins and in unrolling the bandages in which the bodies are swathed, so as to make sure that not a line or word may pass unnoticed. Nay, more, "the archæologist records, by means of photographs, drawings, plans, and copious notes, everything that is to be recorded in the tomb."

Having granted the superiority of the archæologist's method and procedure over that of the grave-robber or professional treasure-hunter, does that justify the disturbing of tombs by anyone whatever? Is it not even possible to put an end to the illegitimate work of ghouls? Even if these natives could not be entirely prevented from rifling tombs, what justification has the modern, foreign, even, if trained, archæologist and student of ancient history for engaging in a work which is regarded with horror by so many good people? Mr. Weigall replies to this question by saying that without excavating these tombs and examining their contents a complete, systematic history of ancient Egypt would be an impossibility. Were it not for these scientific excavations of tombs and ancient cemeteries, some of the choicest pieces of Egyptian literature would have remained concealed to this day. Indeed, the entire Book of the Dead is made up from inscriptions found on the inner walls of tombs, from the inner and outer sides of coffins and sarcophagi, and from "rolls of papyrus bound up inside the bandages of the mummy." These old inscriptions take us back to the very beginning of Egyptian history—or, according to Brugsch, to nearly 5,000 B. C.

The data obtained from the richly decorated temples of Egypt have been of great aid in the reconstruction of Egyptian history, but valuable as these are, if we are to believe Erman, little can be gained from them toward the knowledge of everyday life during the various dynasties in the Valley of the Nile. The tombs, according to this learned authority, "are much more satisfactory, for though unfortunately even in them religious inscriptions and religious pictures outweigh all else, yet most of the tombs of the oldest period show us scenes of the home life of the deceased or tell us of his deeds and of the honors he won. Besides which, the tombs contain objects of all kinds which the deceased used in his official or home life and which were intended to serve him also in the underworld—weapons, articles of adornment, a draughtboard, or perhaps letters from his relatives or an important legal document." To be sure, these elaborate texts found in tombs or on the mummy are not always reliable, but, like many a modern obituary or funeral oration, they must be taken with a grain of salt.

From the above it is evident that no one can have a fair understanding of ancient Egypt without a study of the material offered by its coffins, mummies, and tombs. The more we learn about the ancient Egyptians, the better able we are to understand and appreciate the Egyptian of to-

day. Mr. Weigall maintains that "the study of Egyptology is a political necessity, and for this reason alone the tombs must be opened and their contents recorded"; or, as Taine wrote, "The knowledge of the present must be supplemented from the history of the past."

Then, again, it is argued that the study of the mummies and bones of the dead in these ancient burial places helps us in a scientific way, since it throws light upon the subject of diseases and their cure. It is claimed that these bones prove conclusively that certain maladies were not known in ancient Egypt. If, then, it be true that these old tombs may in any way help in matters of health, there is an additional reason for their exploration, and much for the same reason that the dissection of a cadaver by a medical student may be for the public good.

Moreover, these excavations as carried on by competent, conscientious archæologists seem perfectly justifiable if we fully understand that unauthorized ones by mercenary ghouls cannot, at present, be effectively prohibited. It is still fresh in our memories how the grave-robbers, or "native plunderers, in spite of bolts, bars, and police, on one occasion burst into the tomb of Amenophis II and dashed in the breast of the mummy in the vain search for gold." It is far better to have these antiquities examined for science' sake and removed from their original places of rest to the museum of a great metropolis for the benefit of those interested in archæology and ancient history than to have them torn to tatters or left exposed on the sands of Egypt.

It will be readily granted that the tomb should be as little disturbed as possible, and that mummies, especially, should be left or replaced in their tombs, rather than to have them exhibited in glass cases or otherwise in the museums at Cairo, Constantinople, or London. But supposing they were left in their original resting places at Thebes, for example, who could vouch for their safety? If the government had unlimited wealth and abundant police protection for such tombs, it were a different matter. But conditions being as they are, a change for the better is at present impracticable.

The fact that the archæologist is permitted by the lawful authorities to carry on his investigations carries with it certain conditions; for all privileges presuppose certain obligations. When, for example, a physician is called to examine a patient, it goes without saying that his work should be done in the most thorough and scientific way possible. So, too, with the archæologist who is permitted to open a sepulcher, "the objects which he sees in front of him are not his own; they belong to all men; and it is his business on behalf of the public to get from them as much information as possible. . . . The excavator who omits to record by means of photographs, drawings, and notes every scrap of evidence with which he meets commits a far greater crime than he could at once comprehend, and has failed in his duty to the public. An item is forever lost; and the history of Egypt is built up of items."

Mr. Weigall emphasizes the importance of careful observation by two illustrations: Four bronze statuettes may be found in a tomb, but if the excavator has neglected to observe or report their exact position in

reference to the body, one may never know that they were placed in precisely the position discovered, namely, to ward off evil spirits from the four points of the compass. Then, again, an excavator is intrusted with the exploration of an ancient Egyptian temple, over the ruins of which had been constructed, centuries later, a Roman fortress. To get at the foundation of the older building, large portions of the later must be removed and destroyed. The excavator, because he is interested simply in Egyptology, has no right to destroy any portion of those old Roman ruins without photographing, measuring, and fully describing them. For, once destroyed, they are forever lost to the public. Thus it will be seen that the true achæologist must be filled with a proper appreciation of his moral obligations to the world of knowledge.

Viewed in this light, it will be readily seen that not only the greatest care, but also religious conscientiousness must enter into the life of the archæologist. Commercialism or financial gain should form no part of his plan. Indeed, the discovery of any object of antiquity is of no particular value unless it adds to the sum total of human knowledge. The fact that much of the excavation carried on in the past by those lacking some of the most necessary qualifications has caused much just criticism as well as irretrievable loss should not be urged against further work in this field. The work of such famous men as Mariette can be described only as legalized plundering, and there are not a few diggers at the present day who have no possible right to touch ancient ground. Mariette made practically no useful records during the course of his work. Consequently, many of the most important finds credited to this French savant have no great scientific value chiefly because details and exact information regarding them are lacking. If this be true of Mariette, what must be said of the native antiquity-dealers in mad search for loot, who are simply in the business for commercial purposes? Unfortunately, permission is given natives to carry on excavations in many parts of Egypt, provided they will do it at their own expense, under government inspection, and deliver over to the government fifty per cent of the objects unearthed. It is needless to add that the majority of those appointed by the government to superintend such excavations lack every qualification and have no appreciation of the importance of their office.

European and American millionaires are also, quite often, permitted to engage in this work in the hope of finding some quaint object of antiquity, which, to gratify their vanity, may be exhibited by them in their palatial homes or in some collection called by their names in one of our great museums. Even granting that they employ men more or less competent to carry on such work, there always remains the temptation of hurried work and the desire to cover as much ground as possible. How different the excavations done under such patronage from that done by Petrie or Bliss, or by the *Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft* in Babylonia, Egypt, and elsewhere?

An old inscription or a stele covered with hieroglyphs or cuneiform may be of infinitely more value to the intellectual world than a ton of gold dug out of some old hiding place.

It would be of great benefit to real knowledge if all but experts were kept from excavating. There should be a positive law that wherever any work of this kind is done, it should be executed thoroughly. Sites once opened and the antiquities found in them should be carefully guarded till the work is finished. How often has it happened that native dealers in antiquities have taken advantage of places half excavated, where many valuable objects lay exposed, and have hacked out pieces of bas-reliefs, either from mercenary or superstitious motives?

Mr. Weigall would limit not only the number of sites to be excavated at one and the same time, but also of those licensed to carry on such work. None should be done by wealthy amateurs unless under the supervision of a first-rate archæologist. His definition of the latter is: "By a first-rate archæologist I mean an archæologist who has been trained in his work, who is imbued with the highest principles and is aware of his responsibility to the world; who subordinates personal interests and the interests of the institution which he serves to those of science in general; who works for the benefit of his fellow men, desiring only to give them in complete measure the full value of the property which they possess in the regions of the dead; whose general knowledge is such that he will not overlook any item of evidence in the 'finds' which he makes; who is prepared to sit or stand over his work all day long, no matter how trying the conditions; who is deft with his fingers as well as with his brain, being able to photograph, draw, plan, mend, and write fluently, and who can organize and control his men."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

At the present time no New Testament scholar of Germany is better known in Great Britain and America than Deissmann, of Berlin. Through his extensive researches among the papyri he has probably shed more light on the language of the New Testament than any other German of this generation. The best fruits of these researches he has laid before the public in his well-known Bible Studies and the later and more important Light from the Ancient East. A more recent work of real value is his Paulus (Mohr, Tübingen, 1911). Deissmann's aim is to understand Paul in the light of all available knowledge of the world of that day. He has little respect for those who think of the apostle primarily as a thinker and theologian. Our author seeks to trace the personal experiences and development of the man in all his relations to the religious and civil life of the time, and to understand his thoughts in the light of the practical situations and crises of his life. Doubtless an excellent program. Yet Deissmann lays, it seems, an unwarrantably great emphasis on a variety of outward conditions as determining the apostle's personal life, thought,

and work. The other main contention of our author is that Paul is, above all else, a religious mystic, and that all Pauline thinking and doctrine must be understood from this (alleged) fact. Here, again, an important truth is touched, but here also there seems to be a gross exaggeration. We agree with Deissmann that the picture of Paul and the account of his theology that the old literary exegesis gave us needed correction. Yet here we seem to have an extreme reaction in another direction. Moreover, in picturing for us the great apostle under the illumination of "light from the East," Deissmann is sometimes strangely fanciful. Nevertheless, the book is intensely interesting and in many ways instructive. Still, we are of opinion that men like Feine and Schlatter, in their works on New Testament theology, give us a deeper and truer account of Paul than does Deissmann. At all events, however, we are grateful for the stirring and original discussion. Among the particulars to be especially grateful for are a fine map of "the world of the apostle Paul," two autotypes of an "altar to an unknown god," with explanatory notes, and (above all) a valuable epigraphical study bearing on the absolute chronology of Paul. From fragments of a stone with remnants of a letter of Claudius to Delphi, in which mention is made of his "26th imperial acclamation," and of Gallio as proconsul of Achaia, Deissmann concludes, after a detailed examination of the data, that Gallio entered upon his proconsulate at Corinth in the summer of A. D. 51, and that if, as is probable, the complaint of the Jews against Paul occurred soon after this event, then Paul (who had already labored there eighteen months) must have come to Corinth in the early months of 50 and have left in the late summer of 51. From this fixed point the chronology of the apostle both backward and forward may pretty largely be determined.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY NOTES

In the summer semester 1912 the students of Protestant theology in German universities numbered 3,338. As compared with the winter semester 1911-12 and the summer semester 1911, this means an increase of 513 and 527 respectively. After the high tide of the late eighties—in the summer of 1888 the number was almost 4,800—there was a steady decline for about fifteen years, after which for several years the attendance, with little variation, stood at about 2,100 or 2,200. Even in the winter semester 1908-09 the number was only 2,194. Then an increase began to be noticed. At first it was slow, but lately it has taken a great leap. Only two theological faculties, Marburg and Strassburg, fail to show an increase over the summer of 1911. The former, however, had experienced its rapid growth a little earlier; in Herrmann and Jülicher it has two powerful attractions. At Heidelberg, the increase since 1908 has been from 72 to 169; at Giessen, since 1911 it has been from 76 to 104. The great light at Heidelberg is Tröltsch; at Giessen, Gunkel. In this last semester Halle had 427 students of theology, Tübingen 405, Leipzig

402, Berlin 386. But in this comparison one must bear in mind that Tübingen is always larger in summer than in winter, while with Berlin the case is exactly the reverse; so that in winter Berlin would stand first and Tübingen fourth. The increase at Berlin in a single year has been 114, at Halle 101. Among the 3,338 students of theology there were eleven women, regularly matriculated, as against six a year ago.

The question has been much discussed whether growing liberalism was the cause of the former decline in the number of students of theology. These statistics seem to make it clear that it is rather a question of demand and supply. There had been a great overproduction and a long "waiting list." When people began to realize that the supply had become inadequate, there came a swift influx to the theological faculties. Moreover, the liberal, conservative, and "mixed" faculties have shared the increase in very similar proportions.

The whole number of students in the twenty-one universities of the empire in the summer of 1912 was 59,560, as against 57,230 in 1911. Of that number 2,958 were women, as against 2,552 the year before. Besides these there were 1,182 women admitted as "hearers" without matriculation.

Personal changes in the theological faculties are always matters of real interest to German churchmen, because every man is interested in the practical issue of whether liberal or conservative tendencies shall prevail. In Prussia the Kultusministerium (ministry of worship and education) has for a long time past recognized the parity of the two general Richtungen (tendencies) as a practical principle. Sometimes, however, the ministry has seemed inclined to favor one party at the expense of the other. At present it looks as though the conservatives are favored. When Mirbt, professor of church history at Marburg (a very moderate conservative, acceptable to the liberals), recently accepted a call to Göttingen, the ministry appointed to succeed him a man not in the list of the faculty's nominations, namely, Böhmer, of Bonn, a pronounced conservative. This act called forth some protests, but they were less vigorous than those aroused on some similar occasions in the past. Furthermore, the ministry almost simultaneously appointed to the chair of practical theology in Greifswald—the one undividedly conservative faculty in Prussia—a man who is generally regarded as moderately liberal, namely, Eduard von der Goltz.

Of more interest to us across the sea is the continued development in two branches of theological science until recently rather neglected in Germany: the general science of religion ("comparative religion") and the science of missions. Leipzig, following the example of Berlin, has just established a chair for the former subject, and Söderblom, of Upsala, has been called to fill it. Berlin, it will be remembered, had called another Scandinavian, Lehmann, to the corresponding professorship in its theological faculty—the first professorship of its kind in Germany. Leipzig has also a new chair for the science of missions; its incumbent is Dr. C. Paul.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Fragrance of Christian Ideals. By Malcolm James McLeod. 12mo. pp. 91. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

Dr. McLeod, holding firmly to the old faith, keeps preaching out of the commonplace and makes it luminous, stimulating, and uplifting. A dozen fragrances are wafted to us in the pages of this new small book, rich with wholesome odors; the fragrance of the Christian is Spirituality; of Discipleship its Trust; of the Sick-Room its Patience; of Friendship its Loyalty; of the Rich Man his Generosity; of the Home the Family Altar; of the Church its Hospitality; of the Sabbath its Sanctity; of the Press its Wholesomeness; of the Pastor his Sympathy; of the Sermon its Spiritual Freshness; of the Preacher his Mysticism. Maeterlinck calls perfume the soul of the flower. It is mysterious because the soul of everything is mysterious. Human beings are like plants; each one emits something resembling an odor, some a sweet effluence and some an effluvium. Out of Jesus went a certain virtue; out of everybody goes an influence emanating from personal quality and character. Every human being's influence may be a fragrance or a stench, healthful or unwholesome. Some are like flowers without fragrance, not offensive, but not fragrant—lacking the supreme charm of sweet-odorousness. Dr. McLeod names a dozen of the world's good things, and briefly specifies what is the supreme charm of each. Calling Hospitality the fragrance of the church, he complains of the lack of it in some churches: "Last Sunday afternoon I went around to an afternoon service in one of our large city churches to hear a brother minister. I was politely shown to a good seat about half way up the aisle. I had not been seated more than a minute or two, when the same usher bowed a young couple into the pew directly in front, thereby filling the seat, which, by the way, had five people in it. During the singing of the first hymn, in walks Lord Somebody or other with his wife. They walked slowly up the aisle till they came to this same pew into which the young couple had just been shown, when, standing at the door, they stared and glared as, in the old story of the Lamia, the sage eyed the serpent. Of course the occupants felt the chill keenly, for they cuddled themselves up like children in bed after hearing a ghost story. It would have been embarrassing even to those of us who were spectators had not the usher just at that moment come up and asked the young people if he could not show them to a 'better seat.' Well, I was greatly annoyed. It marred the service for myself and my friend. If there is one place more than another where we would naturally expect to see love and real hospitality and brotherhood flourish and thrive, surely it is within the walls of the sacred inclosure where the golden rule is preached and incarnate Love is worshiped. Inexplicable as it may seem, however, in no Pullman is more

selfishness oftentimes shown than in the House of Prayer." Speaking of Sympathy as the fragrance of the Pastor, Dr. McLeod says: "I am being reminded of this almost every day by the tributes I hear paid to the memory of my lamented predecessor, Donald Sage Mackay. I never had the pleasure of hearing or seeing Dr. Mackay, but all seem to agree that what won and held his great congregation was the superb sympathy of the man. He had such a big, tender human heart. As a dear friend of his was recalling yesterday, she had lost her sister, and the doctor at the time happened to be up in Maine on his summer vacation—and a sick man. But he came down to the funeral unexpectedly, although the deceased had not even been a member of his church. And when the sister said to him, 'Doctor, why did you come so far?' 'Because,' he answered, 'I heard you wished that I was here, and when I knew that, I wished it too.' And is not that the very key to sympathy—to put oneself in the other's place? Whoso does this will always feel. Sympathy is essentially considerate and thoughtful. Wordsworth says of Milton, 'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' But Milton we know was by nature cold, solitary, masterful, austere. Sympathy and compassion mean the same thing, 'to feel with,' the one being Latin, the other Greek. I can feel for a brother in distress at a distance, but I cannot fully feel with him until I get close by and hear his sobs. Then his trouble becomes my trouble too, and I am a cosufferer. As Madame du Chatelet says, 'I have a pain in my sister's side.' 'Rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep.' Not weep for. Weep with. Pity is weeping for, but many there are who dislike being pitied. Pity has been known even to reprove. Pity is a little apt to carry with it a gentle reminder that possibly, after all, it may be one's own fault. Jesus did not weep for Mary and Martha. He wept with them. He did not stand aloof and say, 'How sorry I am for you!' He stood by the grave and said, 'I am sorry with you.' When the little child in the street saw a bereaved husband following the casket of a loved one to the grave, his heart was touched and he went up to the weeping man slipped his hand into his and walked along without saying a word. That was true sympathy. When a certain merchant discovered that one of his clerks was embezzling, he called him into his private office and said, 'Charlie, why did you do this?' The young man was crushed with a sense of unutterable shame, and, putting his head down on the desk, he burst into tears. The merchant saw the tender spot, and felt he must tiptoe tenderly. He must not break the bruised reed. Convinced that there was good stuff left, he put his arms about him at last and said in the dusk of the twilight, 'Charlie, let us kneel and ask God to forgive us.' 'Us!' That was the grace, was it not, in its perfect expression? To sympathize with men who are terribly tempted! What a delightful and delicate and gracious art! How little we know of the solitude of the sinner's soul! But Sympathy is not only the minister of sorrow. She is also the blessed messenger of joy. She is a beautiful angel with two wings. Clip either and her glory is shorn. We are not only to weep with those who weep; we are to rejoice with those who rejoice. We are not only to sob with men in their sorrows; we are to laugh with them

in their laughter." The chapter which happens to draw us most just now is the last one, which says that while many elements are needed in the pulpit, such as manliness, wholesomeness, and freshness, these are not the finest fragrance of the preacher. "The perfume of the preacher, after all, is his Mysticism, and this comes only from direct intercourse with the Spirit. We hear much about magnetism, but magnetism is a miscellaneous thing; Mysticism is the better word. It is the real secret. It was said of Matthew Simpson that when delivering his message his eyes were slanted upward as if he were listening to and reporting a voice which the people could not hear." That sentence about Bishop Simpson reminds us of several things. A student under Asa Gray, the great botanist at Yale, describes one of the peculiar mannerisms of the old professor of botany. When lecturing in Holden Chapel, he sat at his desk behind a substantial rail which fenced him from the boys in the front row. His seat was raised a little above the platform. Directly over his head was a narrow light-well that opened up to a skylight in the roof, from which enough light fell on his desk to make his notes perfectly plain to him even on gray days. Gray's utterance was rather hesitant. He would halt and catch for his word, and, while so doing would keep reiterating the article—"the-a, the-a, the-a." And sometimes, when thus hunting for the word or phrase he wanted he would throw his head back and look directly up to the skylight, nervously gyrating his upraised forefinger toward the ceiling as if to attract the attention of some one above. The student says it used to seem as if Asa Gray had a Prompter on the roof to whom he looked to help him out by supplying him with the needed word, the true phrase. And, though sometimes slow in coming, it was the right thing when it came. Was it not Emerson who said that by looking up and lowly listening we may hear the right word? A striking and suggestive figure this great teacher was with the light on his face and his appealing look upward. The student ends his description by saying: "We used to laugh about the Prompter he seemed to have at the top of the light-well in the skylight in Holden Chapel. In a deeper sense than we knew the good man received his prompting from the clear upper sky." So much for Matthew Simpson and Asa Gray. Certain it is that the supreme power of the pulpit is not its eloquence, not its learning, not its literary finish, not its dramatic force, but its God-consciousness. Dr. McLeod says: "I never heard Phillips Brooks but once. It was down in Old Trinity at a midday Lenten service. I was a student in Princeton at the time. I stood in a crowded aisle throughout the service. I do not remember the text, nor indeed a single thought uttered. But I remember very keenly the impression left. It was that of a man who was looking into the face of God." The preacher must be a man who, while living not up in the steeple, but down among his people and looking the facts of man's earthly life straight in the face, is fired with the vision of things unseen. Light from above must be in his eyes and on his face, and his words must be the right words, gotten straight and fresh from God. Then will his message keep company in nobleness with those memorable words of pure wisdom in which Emerson appealed to the Harvard students: "You will hear every day the maxims of low

prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. What is this truth you seek? What is this beauty? men will ask with derision.. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you say, 'As others do, so will I; I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season,' then dies the man in you, then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect and the soul." Such a passage is enough, all by itself, to ennoble the page on which it appears and to make even a common book notice rise at that point into the company of greatness.

The Preacher: His Life and Work. Yale Lectures. By Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D. 8vo, pp. 239. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The Preacher and the Modern Mind. By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A. 12mo, pp. ix+245. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

These two volumes discuss questions of vital interest to the preacher by two men who have given excellent proof of their ministry on both sides of the ocean. Dr. Jowett is one of the few preachers in the English-speaking world who are exercising such a masterful spiritual influence. He continues to preach to large and appreciative audiences in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Mr. Jackson was superintendent of the Wesleyan Forward Movement in Edinburgh for eighteen years. He was then transferred to Toronto, where he was very popular as preacher and professor. He has just been elected to a chair at Didsbury College, one of the leading theological institutions of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England. Both these preachers agree in recognizing the perils and responsibilities of the present religious situation. They are, however, assured that the signs of the times are not alarming to the earnest and enlightened minister, but are rather encouraging calls to thrust in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe. "The way will rarely, if ever, be easy. But in chivalrous faith and obedience our victory is secure." Dr. Jowett's lectures may well be characterized as a series of devotional meditations on ministerial efficiency. A great deal is said impressively on the culture of the soul. In the chapter on "The Perils of the Preacher," there are passages as searching as The Reformed Pastor, by Baxter. On pulpit prayer, he says: "There is nothing mightier than the utterance of spontaneous prayer when it is born in the depths of the soul. But there is nothing more dreadfully unimpressive than extemporary prayer which leaps about on the surfaces of things, going we know not whither—a mob of words carrying no blood, bearing no secret of the soul, a whirl of insignificant expressions, behind which there is no vital pulse, no silent cry from lone and desolate depths." The personal note is one of the charming features of this volume. In places he becomes autobiographical and takes the reader into his confidence and invites him into his study, which is also his oratory, and there discourses informally about his methods. Dr.

Jowett is decidedly in favor of Bible preaching, known as expository. He outlines a very exacting course of study for one who would excel in this rich field. He urges upon all young preachers, amid their other reading, to be always engaged in the comprehensive study of some one book in the Bible: "Let that book be studied with all the strenuous mental habits of a man's student days. Let him put into it the deliberate diligence, the painstaking care, the steady persistence with which he prepared for exacting examinations, and let him assign a part of every day to attaining perfect mastery over it. You will find this habit to be of immeasurable value in the enrichment of your ministry." This preacher, who has shown such original insight in Scripture interpretation, tells us that in his sermon preparation it has been his practice for many years to consider his themes from the point of view of celebrated preachers like Newman, Spurgeon, Dale, Maclaren, Bushnell, Whyte. What he saw through their windows helped to make his own vision clear, but he was careful not to let it interfere with the free expression of his own individuality. "Be yourself, and slavishly imitate nobody. We do not want mimic greatness, but great simplicity." He believes that the message of comfort is one of the pressing needs of the pew. This is very true, but the preacher should not fail to deliver sermons which emphasize duty and responsibility and summon his hearers to hard tasks in the name of Christ. The kindness of God must be supplemented by the searching thoughts of his justice and holiness. The sermon on the mount is as necessary as the conversations in the upper room. Dr. Jowett is not attracted by topical preaching on social conditions. He fears that the evangelist may be lost in the sociologist, and that the preacher of glad tidings may become too absorbed in programs of social betterment. It may even lead to the emphasis of the Old Testament message of reform rather than to the New Testament message of redemption. But are not both necessary? Principal George Adam Smith has shown in his Yale Lectures on "Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament" what untold riches are available to the Christian preacher in the utterances of the Hebrew prophets. The appearance of social idealism in our midst, the need for economic adjustments, the existence of intellectual discord, constitute a difficult, but pressing, invitation to the preacher to consider the serious situation earnestly and intelligently. The pulpit should not be confused, hesitating, or detached in the presence of these tumultuous forces, but must endeavor to save them from crass materialism by offering a spiritual interpretation of life. This is not an easy task, but the Christian preacher is accustomed to handling difficulties, and he will face these rebellious facts and throw on them the light of the gospel so that the Church of Christ will regain and maintain leadership as a monitor of the conscience, a guide to the heights of spiritual perfection, and a helper in Christianizing the social order. "We must get more iron into our blood, more vision into our ideals, more vigor into our purposes, more sacrifice into our services, more tenacity into our wills." This will enable the preachers to be men of affairs as ambassadors of Christ. The concluding paragraph of these arresting lectures has this sentence: "My brethren, you are going forth into a big

world to confront big things." What some of them are like we find carefully discussed by Mr. Jackson, whose Fernley Lecture finely supplements these Yale Lectures. The discriminating references to books in the text and footnotes make his volume a helpful guide to the preacher who desires to know some of the best things to read. The dominant note throughout these chapters is that of readjustment. The preacher must know the age in which he lives in order that he may minister to its needs as a mediator and interpreter. Back of all his qualifications there must, however, be the undying passion to win men to Christ. "A preacher may possess almost every kind of gift, but unless to them all he add that indefinable something, that witchery of heaven which our fathers called 'unction,' his word will be but as a very lovely song of one that has a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument. The preaching that prevails is always passionate." We have somehow become suspicious of our emotions and are starving a large side of our nature. Let us have the courage of our Methodist convictions and not be swayed by pedantic tempers, but live in the fullest surrender to the living Christ, whose power is undoubted to save and sanctify to the uttermost. Mr. Jackson is certain of the Christian fundamentals, and he, therefore, has no fear of the results of science and criticism. Indeed, he welcomes their contributions and tests them by the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. The preacher's supreme mission is to win men's faith for Christ. This can be done not by setting forth any theological propositions concerning him, but by allowing him to make his own appeal through his words and works, his life and death. Men will then "throne him as Lord, Lord of the will, Lord of the conscience, Lord of the affections." It is only the preaching which magnifies the grace of God in Christ that can give guarantees to morality and secure Christian edification. These two subjects are well brought out in the chapters on "Ethical and Doctrinal Preaching." Professor Faulkner, of Drew Theological Seminary, in his recent book, Crises in the Early Church, states very truly: "If the fascinating study of history is of any value at all, it is to make one esteem truth and fact more than all things else; indeed, to make one care much more for truth, but nothing for shibboleths, whether the so-called liberal or the so-called conservative." Mr. Jackson has given adequate importance to the history of the Church, so that he distinguishes between the things that differ and speaks as a judicious modern. He accepts the conclusions of criticism regarding the Bible, which is the standard and authority of the Protestant preacher. He is not alarmed, though he may have lost a few texts, so long as his gospel is secure and he is able to see God in this Book more clearly than ever before. The fact of its inspiration is not a question of dogma, but of present experience, since in its pages there is a revelation of the gracious will of God for our salvation. These two books on the preacher and preaching deal with the subject in different ways, but they both arrive at the same conclusion. Dr. Jowett says that the life of our day tempts us to diffuseness, and Mr. Jackson declares that "the preacher's lack of passion to-day is probably due to the multiplying of his activities and the consequent dissipation of his strength." The present need is for prophets of the spiritual, who re-

ceive their vision and strength in solitude. Let the preacher realize that he has been separated unto the gospel of God. Let him have courage to refuse tasks that do not bear directly on his commission, because he must reserve himself for the supremest things. Let him remember his limitations and that he can do his best only as he does his own work. He will then deliver his God-given message, which is really a part of himself. Zion will then be quickened and edified; God will be glorified; and the preacher will not have spent himself for naught.

Egypt to Canaan; or, Lectures on the Spiritual Meanings of the Exodus. By A. H. Tuttle. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1, net.

The book of Exodus has been studied in different ways. The critical student has been concerned with questions of "the triple tradition" and textual emendation, and he has found in the book subjects of literary and archæological interest. Valuable as is this use, it is only preliminary. If we believe that no prophecy is of individual interpretation, and that its teaching cannot be exhausted by only one fulfillment, we can hold that the sacred oracles of the Scriptures have a hidden sense, and that it is the supreme business of the religious teacher to set it forth. The writers of the New Testament used the Scriptures of the old covenant in this way, and the Church has profitably followed this noteworthy precedent. Dr. Charles Reynolds Brown, in his Yale lectures on "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit," deals with the book of Exodus "entirely on the sociological side." He calls it "the story of an ancient labor movement," and points out very suggestively how rich this book is in symbolism for the whole movement toward social and industrial betterment in our own time. It is a volume that can be heartily commended on account of its Christian interpretation of the modern social and economic unrest. It is well that Charles Scribner's Sons have made it accessible in a fifty-cent edition. On the other hand, Dr. Tuttle regards Exodus not only as a history which records the deliverance of the enslaved people of Israel, but he also traces within that history the deliverance of an enslaved soul from its bondage to sin into the perfect liberty of the children of God and its career through this wilderness world to its God-prepared country in the heavens. While Dr. Brown leans leniently on the side of advanced biblical scholarship, Dr. Tuttle holds to the traditional view of the Pentateuch. But this is a matter of pure scholarship, so that questions of historical and literary criticism do not affect the religious value of any of the books. They are incidental in comparison with what is essential as regards religious values. "Typological research," says Dr. McNeile in his recent commentary on Exodus, "offers a fruitful field for devotional study; but its results depend largely on individual temperament and presuppositions and can in no case be accepted as final." The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews used the Old Testament on the assumption that it had throughout a spiritual meaning. When, therefore, it is read in the light of the New Testament, its spiritual value is increased many times. Dr. Tuttle's purpose in this volume is to expound the Christian life; and he has used

the book of Exodus as a basis, because it aptly sets forth in symbolical form some of the essential features of the Christian experience. His style of exposition may be gathered from the following description of the Holy of holies: "In this room was placed the ark of the covenant, which means God's presence. On the top of this ark was a little lid called the mercy seat, indicating to us that we reach our hands down into the awful mysteries of God's presence only through mercy. This mercy seat was closely guarded by two cherubim, one on either side, bending and spreading their wings, overshadowing it. No profane hands can reach that place. The spirit watchmen guard it. In the ark were placed three things: the tables of the law, prefiguring the law written in the heart and graven on the mind; hidden manna, type of our spiritual sustenance, that living bread which cometh down from heaven of which, if any man eat, he shall never die; Aaron's rod which budded. This teaches life from the dead. What can be more dead than a stick, cut from the tree, seasoned, polished, and used for years as a staff? Aaron's staff budded like the branches of a tree in spring. Dead, it blossoms again with life." Dr. Tuttle is a rare master of the spiritual life, and a wise steward of the mysteries of God, with a clear understanding of the central verities and having a unique power of expression. It is, therefore, not surprising that his ministry in the pulpit has always been spiritually instructive, constructive, and edifying. In his sermon on Marah, he says: "Holiness is not an external omnipotence sheltering us from harm, but the goodness of God identified with our own. This is not a thing conferred, but a thing achieved." Here is another suggestive sentence from his exposition of the Levitical law: "When religion fails to produce saints, men and women with the inward power of a holy life, it reverts to the past and recalls the practices of the ages." The glory of Christianity is its thrilling experience of a present salvation and a progressive sanctification. Where this is vividly set forth, the spread of scriptural holiness will be realized. This volume of sermons, breathing the rich fragrance of spiritual truth, contains a much-needed message. It will help to strengthen the life that is hid with Christ in God. "Ha'e ye any preachers in America?" asked an exacting Edinburgh church-goer of an American visitor. "O yes, a great many," was the reply. "Ha'e ye any that can *really preach?*" "Yes, I think so." "Who are they? The anes we've heard over here are a *sloppy loot.*" Let us appoint Dr. Tuttle preacher to Edinburgh for a few months. No sharp Scotchman would call his preaching "sloppy." Even Edinburgh would delight in it, finding it meaty, savory, and nutriticus—full of the Bread of Life and the Water of Life. He is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed in any presence, rightly dividing the word of truth.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Humanly Speaking. By S. M. Crothers. 12mo, pp. 216. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Ten essays collected into one volume which is titled from the essay that is put first. Apparently the original intention was to give the volume

the title of the essay which now stands second, "In the Hands of a Receiver." A felicitous ingenuity appears in Dr. Crothers's choice of titles for each of his essays. Here they are: "The Contemporaneousness of Rome," "The American Temperament," "The Toryism of Travelers," "The Unaccustomed Ears of Europe," "The Obviousness of Dickens," "The Spoiled Children of Civilization," "On Realism as an Investment," "To a Citizen of the Old School." You get the delicious Crothers flavor and tang wherever you bite in. It is not easy to describe a flavor. It is known by tasting. Mellow, yet shrewd humor, amiable leisurely discourse, gentle nudging of solemn folk, good-natured irony, virile and robust good sense racily and pungently expressed, comments as of a scholarly and thoughtful man of affairs and observant critic of events—all these, and more, are mixed in these enjoyable and cheering essays. The book begins thus: "'Humanly speaking, it is impossible.' So the old theologian would say when denying any escape from his own argument. His logical machine was going at full speed, and the grim engineer had no notion of putting on the brakes. His was a non-stop train, and there was to be no slowing-down till he reached the terminus. But in the middle of the track was an indubitable fact. By all the rules of argumentation it had no business to be there, trespassing on the right of way. But there it was! We trembled to think of the impending collision. But the collision between the argument and the fact never happened. The 'humanly speaking' was the switch that turned the argument safely on a parallel track, where it went whizzing by the fact without the least injury to either. Many things which are, humanly speaking, impossible are of the most common occurrence, and the theologian knew it. It is only by the use of this saving clause that one may safely moralize or generalize or indulge in the mildest form of prediction. Strictly speaking, no one has a right to express any opinion about such complex and incomprehensible aggregations of humanity as the United States of America or the British Empire. Humanly speaking, they both are impossible. Antecedently to experience the Constitution of Utopia as expounded by Sir Thomas More would be much more probable. It has a certain rational coherence. If it existed at all it would hang together, being made out of whole cloth. But how does the British Empire hold together? It seems to be made of shreds and patches. It is full of anomalies and temporary makeshifts. Why millions of people, who do not know each other, should be willing to die rather than to be separated from each other is something not easily explained. Nevertheless, the British Empire exists, and, through all the changes which threaten it, grows in strength. The perils that threaten the United States of America are so obvious that anybody can see them. So far as one can see, the republic ought to have been destroyed long ago by political corruption, race prejudice, unrestricted immigration, and the growth of monopolies. The only way to account for its present existence is that there is something about it that is not so easily seen. Disease is often more easily diagnosed than health. But we should remember that the republic is not out of danger. It is a very salutary thing to bring its perils to the attention of the too easy-going citizens. It is well to have a Jere-

miah, now and then, to speak unwelcome truths. But even Jeremiah, when he was denouncing the evils that would befall his country, had a saving clause in his gloomy predictions. All manner of evils would befall them unless they repented, and, humanly speaking, he was of the opinion that they couldn't repent. Said he: 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil.' Nevertheless, this did not prevent him from continually exhorting them to do good, and blaming them when they didn't do it. Like all great moral teachers, he acted on the assumption that there is more freedom of will than seemed theoretically possible." Here is a glimpse of the phenomenal popularity of Dickens in his day: "The nineteenth century had its fling at the artificiality of the eighteenth century, and treated it with contempt, as the age of doctrinaires. And now that the twentieth century is coming to the age of discretion, we hear a new term of reproach, Mid-Victorian. It expresses the sum of all villainies in taste. For some fifty years in the nineteenth century the English-speaking race, as it now appears, was under the sway of Mrs. Grundy. It was living in a state of most reprehensible respectability, and Art was tied to the apron-strings of Morality. Everybody admired what ought not to be admired. We are only now beginning to pass judgment on the manifold mediocrity of this era. All this must, for the time, count against Dickens; for of all the Victorians he was the midmost. He flourished in that most absurd period of time—the time just before most of us were born. And how he did flourish! Grave lord chancellors confessed to weeping over Little Nell. A Mid-Victorian bishop relates that after administering consolation to a man in his last illness, he heard him saying, 'At any rate, a new Pickwick Paper will be out in ten days.' Everywhere there was a wave of hysterical appreciation. Describing his reading in Glasgow, Dickens writes: 'Such pouring of hundreds into a place already full to the throat, such indescribable confusion, such rending and tearing of dresses, and yet such a scene of good humor, I never saw the slightest approach to. . . . Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the wall. The whole B family were borne on the top of a wave and landed with their faces against the front of the platform. I read with the platform crammed with people. I got them to lie down upon it, and it was like some impossible tableau, or gigantic picnic—one pretty girl lying on her side all the evening, holding on to the legs of my table.' In New York eager seekers after fiction would 'lie down on the pavement the whole of the night before the tickets were sold, generally taking up their position about ten.' There would be free fights, and the police would be called to quell the riot. Such astonishing actions on the part of people who were unfortunate enough to live in the middle of the nineteenth century put us on our guard. It could not have been a serious interest in English literature that evoked the mob spirit. Dickens must have been writing the kind of books which these people liked to hear read. We remember with some misgivings that in the days of our youth we wept over Little Nell, just as the lord chancellor did. The question which disturbs us is, Ought we to have done so?" Our essayist

talks to an Old School Citizen who is in "the doleful dumps": "The fine optimism which your friends have admired seemed to have deserted you. There was a querulous note which was strangely out of keeping with your usual disposition. It was what you have been accustomed to stigmatize as un-American. When you discussed the present state of the country, you talked—you will pardon me for saying it—for all the world like a calamity-howler. The country, you said, is in a bad way, and it must be awakened from its lethargy. After a period of unexampled prosperity and marvelous development, something has happened. Just what it is you don't really know, but it's very alarming. Instead of working together for Prosperity, the people are listening to demagogues, and trying all sorts of experiments, half of which you are sure are unconstitutional. The captains of industry who have made this the biggest country in the world are thwarted in their plans for further expansion. There are people who are criticizing the courts, and there are courts which are criticizing business enterprises that they don't understand. There are so-called experts—mere college professors—who are tinkering the tariff. There are overzealous executives who are currying favor with the crowd by enforcing laws which are well enough on the statute books, but which were never meant to go further. As if matters were not bad enough already, there are demagogues who are stirring up class feeling by proposing new laws. Party loyalty is being undermined, and the new generation doesn't half understand the great issues which have been settled for all time. It is rashly interested in new issues. For the life of you, you say, you can't understand what these issues are. New and divisive questions which lead only to faction are propounded so that the voters are confused. The great principle of representative government, on which the republic was founded, is being attacked. Instead of choosing experienced men to direct public policy, there is an appeal to the passions of the mob. The result of all this agitation is an unsettlement that paralyzes business. The United States is in danger of losing the race for commercial supremacy. Germany will forge ahead of us. Japan will catch us. Socialism and the Yellow Peril will be upon us. The Man on Horseback will appear, and what shall we do then? I do not understand whether you looked for these perils to come together, or whether they were to appear in orderly succession. But I came to the conclusion that either the country is in a bad way, or you are. You will pardon me if I choose the latter alternative, for I too am an optimistic American, and I like to choose the lesser of two evils. If there is an attack of 'hysteria,' I should like to think of it as somewhat localized, rather than having suddenly attacked the whole country." Trying to quiet the apprehensions of the Old School Citizen, Dr. Crothers goes on: "If you would understand the driving power of America, you must understand 'the divers discontented and impatient young men' who in each generation have found in the American wilderness an outlet for their energies. In the rough contacts with untamed Nature they learned to be resourceful. Emerson declared that the country went on most satisfactorily, not when it was in the hands of the respectable Whigs, but when in the hands of 'these rough riders—legislators in shirt-sleeves—Hoosier, Sucker, Wolverine, Badger—

or whatever hard-head Arkansas, Oregon, or Utah sends, half-orator, half-assassin, to represent its wrath and cupidity at Washington.' The men who made America had an 'excess of virility.' 'Men of this surcharge of arterial blood cannot live on nuts, herb-tea, and elegies; cannot read novels and play whist; cannot satisfy all their wants at the Thursday Lecture and the Boston Athenæum. They pine for adventure and must go to Pike's Peak; had rather die by the hatchet of the Pawnee than sit all day and every day at the counting-room desk. They are made for war, for the sea, for mining, hunting, and clearing, and the joy of eventful living.' In Emerson's day there was ample scope for all these varied energies on the frontier. 'There are Oregons, Californias, and Exploring Expeditions enough appertaining to America to find them in files to gnaw and crocodiles to eat.' But it must have occurred to some one to ask, 'What will happen when the Oregons and Californias are filled up?' Well, the answer is, 'See what is happening now.' Instead of settling down to herb-tea and elegies, Young America, having finished one big job, is looking for another. The noises which disturb you are not the cries of an angry proletariat, but are the shouts of eager young fellows who are finding new opportunities. They have the same desire to do big things, the same joy in eventful living, that you had thirty years ago. Only the tasks that challenge them have taken a different form. When you hear the words 'Conservation,' 'Social Service,' 'Social Justice,' and the like, you are apt to dismiss them as mere fads. You think of the catchwords of ineffective reformers whom you have known from your youth. But the fact is that they represent to-day the enthusiasms of a new generation. They are big things, with big men behind them. They represent the Oregons and Californias toward which sturdy pioneers are moving, undeterred by obstacles. . . . When I consider the new and vigorous forces in American life I cannot agree with your apprehensions; but there is one thing which you said with which I heartily agree. You said that you wished we might settle down to sound and constructive work, and get rid of the 'muck-raker.' I agree with you that the muck-raker stands in the way of large plans for betterment. But it might be well to refresh our minds in regard to what is really meant by the man with the muck-rake. He is not the man who draws our attention to abuses which can be abolished by determined effort. He is the man who apologizes for abuses that are profitable to himself. He prefers his petty interests to any ideal good. His character was most admirably drawn by Bunyan: "The Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was *a man that could look no way but downward*, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in His hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake, but *the man did neither look up* nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor.' The man with the muck-rake, then, is one *who can look no way but downward*, and is so intent on collecting riches for himself that he does not see or regard any higher interests. I agree with you that if we are to have any constructive work in American society, the first thing is to get rid of the man with the muck-rake and to put in his

place the Man with a Vision." Bunyan and Dr. Crothers are right. The man who looks down, and not up, is a dishonor and a burden to the human race. The earth devours all those who disregard the Double Sky.

Echoes from Vagabondia. By BLISS CARMAN. 16mo, pp. 65. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Price, paper boards, $1, net.

THE book, though small, is not high-priced if you value by quality rather than by bulk. Bliss Carman is one of the real poets of America; clean, high-minded, blithe, as surely born to sing as is the lark, the oriole, or the nightingale, his singing as genuine as the bobolink's ecstasy. It seems a long time, all too long, since we had a volume from him. One of his admirers, weary of his silence, wrote to his publishers a while ago: "What has become of Bliss Carman? Has he stopped being poet? Please wake him up and tell him we miss him." Our thanks to him that now he adds these Echoes from Vagabondia to the Songs from Vagabondia and More Songs and Last Songs which delighted us years ago. The authorship of those Songs Bliss Carman shared with Richard Hovey. Singing now alone, he calls these later songs Echoes from the dear old days of comradeship and wandering. The front inside cover of this small volume has these lines of remembrance touched with the ache of missing:

'Tis May now in New England,
And through the open door
I see the creamy breakers,
I hear the hollow roar.

Back to the golden marshes
Comes Summer at full tide,
But not the golden comrade
Who was the Summer's pride.

Opening with that backward look toward the lost comrade, this volume closes with verses which seem like another loyal and loving remembrance of Richard Hovey:

We traveled empty-handed
With hearts all fear above,
For we ate the bread of friendship,
We drank the wine of love.

Through many a wondrous autumn,
Through many a magic spring,
We hailed the scarlet banners,
We heard the blue-bird sing.

We looked on life and nature
With the eager eyes of youth,
And all we asked or cared for
Was beauty, joy, and truth.

We found no other wisdom,
We learned no other way,
Than the gladness of the morning,
The glory of the day.

Bliss Carman dedicates his Echoes to one who is described as "a spirit undismayed, confronting fortune with a gentle mirth, with love alike for Heaven and for Earth, thinking no ill, going her duteous ways, seeing the beauty round her all her days, playing her quiet part with tender strength and with a woman's heart." The Last Day at Stormfield is on the final hours of "our great funning friend," Mark Twain, who made his generation laugh with his wit, putting smiles on even the faces of "keen-eyed, serious men who watch the sorry world and the gaudy pageant of life with pity and wisdom and love"; and who leveled his merciless mirth at pompous shams. At Stormfield, his Connecticut home, on the last day of his life, Mark Twain for the last time opened a book. It was one of Carlyle's, that "dour and rugged philosopher who looked askance upon life, lurid, ironical, grim, yet sound at the core." He wearied quickly, laid the book and his glasses down on the bed, fell asleep, and in that sleep at twilight ceased to breathe. Bliss Carman fancies our American humorist in the other world consorting with Chaucer and Shakespeare and Molière, with Cervantes not far off, and jesting with Dagonet, King Arthur's Fool. Kipling, too, is quoted as saying that "the great Clemens" was some relation to Cervantes. These glad Echoes are mostly of the spring, the summer, the seashore, the hills, and the woods, but also of the city. "The Urban Pan" is the hurdy-gurdy man who returns when the magic days of spring bring stronger sun and milder air, the hand-organ man, swarthy and hairy, smiling up at your open windows expectant of dimes or nickels or coppers, casting his spell upon the town.

> And so he follows down the block,
> A troop of children in his train,
> The light-foot dancers of the street
> Enamored of the reedy strain.
> I hear their laughter rise and ring
> Above the noise of truck and van,
> As down the mellow wind fades out
> The piping of the urban Pan.

Our poet, playing pagan for a while, as poets in their love of Nature sometimes do, fancies he really hears the pipes of the Greek god Pan in the Catskills:

> They say that he is dead, and now no more
> The reedy syrinx sounds among the hills,
> When the long summer heat is on the land..
> But I have heard the Catskill thrushes sing,
> And therefore am incredulous of death,
> Of pain and sorrow and mortality.
>
> In those blue cañons, deep with hemlock shade,
> In solitudes of twilight or of dawn,
> I have been rapt away from time and care
> By the enchantment of a golden strain
> As pure as ever pierced the Thracian wild,
> Filling the listener with a mute surmise.

At evening and at morning I have gone
Down the cool trail between the beech-tree boles,
And heard the haunting music of the wood
Ring through the silence of the dark ravine,
Flooding the earth with beauty and with joy
And all the ardors of creation old.

And then within my Grecian heart awoke
Remembrance of far-off and fabled years
In the untarnished sunrise of the world,
When clear-eyed Hellas in her rapture heard
A slow mysterious piping wild and keen
Thrill through her vales, and whispered, "It is Pan!"

Is there anything or anybody now left that has not yet been set in verse by some singer? Daly makes himself the city laureate of Little Italy and glorifies the "Dago." Bliss Carman makes himself laureate not only of the hurdy-gurdy man, but, in his most notable city poem, of the familiar woman who helps drag the street-organ through the streets. His point of view is outside the southeast entrance to Central Park, in sight of the equestrian statue of General Sherman. Here is what he saw and says:

One August day I sat beside
A café window open wide
To let the shower-freshened air
Blow in across the Plaza, where
In golden pomp against the dark
Green leafy background of the Park,
Saint Gaudens's hero, gaunt and grim,
Rides on with Victory leading him.

The wet, black asphalt seemed to hold
In every hollow pools of gold,
And clouds of gold and pink and gray
Were piled up at the end of day,
Far down the cross street, where one tower
Still glistened from the drenching shower.

A weary white-haired man went by,
Cooling his forehead gratefully
After the day's great heat. A girl,
Her thin white garments in a swirl
Blown back against her breasts and knees,
Like a Winged Victory in the breeze,
Alive and modern and superb,
Crossed from the circle to the curb.

We sat there watching people pass,
Clinking the ice against the glass
And talking idly—books or art,
Or something equally apart
From the essential stress and strife
That rudely form and further life,

Glad of a respite from the heat,
When down the middle of the street,
Trundling a hurdy-gurdy, gay
In spite of the dull-stifling day,
Three street musicians came. The man,
With hair and beard as black as Pan,
Strolled on one side with lordly grace,
While a young girl tugged at a trace
Upon the other. And between
The shafts there walked a laughing queen,
Bright as a poppy, strong and free.
What likelier land than Italy
Breeds such abandon? Confident
And rapturous in mere living spent
Each moment to the utmost, there
With broad, deep chest and kerchiefed hair,
With head thrown back, bare throat, and waist
Supple, heroic and free-laced,
Between her two companions walked
This splendid woman, chaffed and talked,
Did half the work, made all the cheer
Of that small company.

No fear
Of failure in a soul like hers
That every moment throbs and stirs
With merry ardor, virile hope,
Brave effort, nor in all its scope
Has room for thought or discontent,
Each day its own sufficient vent
And source of happiness.

Without
A trace of bitterness or doubt
Of life's true worth, she strode at ease
Before those empty palaces,
A simple heiress of the earth
And all its joys by happy birth,
Beneficent as breeze or dew,
And fresh as though the world were new
And toil and grief were not. How rare
A personality was there!

In tribute to a very different character, Bliss Carman pauses "On Burial Hill," at Concord, in the old burying-ground where Concord men first laid their dead, and tells of the inscription in honor of the village pastor:

There stands simple, square, and unadorned,
Our grandsire's altar tomb.
Upon its dark gray slated top
The long inscription reads,
In stately phrase his townsmen's praise
Of his deserts and deeds.

Their "pastor of the Church of Christ,"
They wish the world to feel
The "luster" of his ministry,
His "meekness" and his "zeal."
I doubt not he deserved it all,
And not a word of ill;
For they were just, these men whose dust
Lies here on Burial Hill.

Perhaps we wear the very guise
And features that he wore,
And with the look of his own eyes
Behold his world once more.
Would that his spirit too might live,
While lives his goodly name,
To move among the sons of men,
"A minister of flame."

O, might his magic gift of words,
Not wholly passed away,
Survive to be a sorcery
In all men's hearts to-day,
To plead no less for loveliness
Than truth and goodness still.
God rest you, sir, his minister
Asleep on Burial Hill!

One of these Echoes is a poet's reply to a little boy's question on his Christmas lesson about the Wise Men from the East: "Why were they three, instead of five or seven?" One is on the words, "He leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul." It is difficult to choose among these forty poems, and tastes would differ; the one which most holds us is entitled "Mirage." Its five pages are too long to quote and its story is not easy to condense, but its argument is just and true and glorious. The great truth in solution in its hundred and seventy lines is that man is the culmination of all earthly grandeurs, the consummation and crowned king of the world, Nature's supreme and only use being to act as a setting for man's significance and to serve his needs. That is the meaning of Bliss Carman's saying that Beauty is "the superb eternal noun which takes no verb but love." A painter spends an enchanted summer at little Siasconset on the seaward side of the Island of Nantucket. At the season's end there stands upon his easel the most significant of all the summer's work. One day he had strolled along the beach to "Tom Nevers Head, the lone last land that fronts the ocean, lone and grand as when the Lord first bade it be for a surprise and mystery." There, all alone in the vast solitude of sea and shore and moor, the conviction came to him of the worthlessness of the earth by its mere self. He saw and felt that beauty and grandeur are nothing without soul, and that it is the presence and the power of man the godlike that alone give meaning and use and reason to the world of Nature; that earth's intention and *raison d'être* is to be the arena and the setting for the human soul, with its aspirations and struggles, its joys and

sorrows, its loves and prayers and victories, its toils and triumphs, its exultations and its tears. Then he gave himself to putting this sublime conviction on canvas. He painted first as powerfully as he could a picture of the sea and shore and sky, far outspread and high uplifted with all their majesty, beauty, and splendor of color, and then he painted into the middle of his picture "a vivid questing human face, up-gazing against the blue with eyes that heaven itself shone through, the lips half-parted as in prayer, scanning the heavens as if asking grace and confident of kindness from above; a face as tender as a happy girl's, where meet repose and ardor, strong and sweet; looking as Virgin Mary might have looked into the annunciation angel's eyes with faith and fearlessness and innocence." The artist made all the glory and wonder of the universe bend and lean about that human head. And when he had finished the picture, a sermon on canvas, into which he had put his meaning with all his might and skill, he stands before it and says:

> In other years when men shall say,
> "What was the painter's meaning, pray?
> Why all this vast of sea and space,
> Just to enframe a woman's face?"
> Here is the pertinent reply,
> "What better use for earth and sky?"

To us this is the noblest of all the poems in these Echoes from Vagabondia. In these Echoes we hear Bliss Carman owning his subjection to the seductive spell of elemental things breathing on him through the nature-sounds he hears:

> My forest cabin half-way up the glen
> Is solitary save for one wise thrush,
> The sound of falling waters and the wind
> Mysteriously conversing with the leaves.

And inside the ash-colored cover at the end of his book, our poet sitting at night by that seat and shrine and reservoir of primal elements, the hearthstone, sings his closing verse:

> The stormy midnight whispers,
> As I muse before the fire
> On the ashes of ambition
> And the embers of desire,
> "Life has no other logic
> And time no other creed
> Than: 'I for joy will follow
> Where thou for love dost lead.'"

A soul might say that to its divine Saviour and Lord.

Winning the Fight Against Drink. By E. L. Eaton, D.D. Pp. 344. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1, net.

This book is notable because of the subject it treats. It is the broadest work on the greatest reform question of the twentieth century. It sets forth the history, development, rational basis, moral, financial, eco-

nomic, and scientific appeals of the temperance reform, in which every phase of the subject is fully considered. Second, it was written at the request of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Eaton being selected for this task because of his eminent fitness to write a standard work on the liquor problem. Third, our Board of Bishops has selected this work for the Conference Course of Study and placed it in the first year and also in the Local Preachers' Course, thus giving it the unique distinction of being the first work on the liquor problem ever adopted by our bishops and required in the Course of Study. Fourth, it has so met the demand that in six months from the date of its issuance from the press a second large edition is being printed. Introduction to the work was written by Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The first chapter is an Historical Outline of the liquor problem in all ages, but especially of the last hundred years of temperance effort. The second gives the Biblical Basis of the Reform, in which Dr. Eaton, with scholarly skill, takes up the different wine theories both in the Hebrew and the Greek and the various translations, and in this valuable chapter points out the teaching of the Scriptures with reference to total abstinence and prohibition. The Moral Issue is next discussed, and the notable survey of the ravages wrought by intemperance is followed by the social, moral aspects of the drink traffic and the corrupting influence of the license system. The Financial Question is studied in an impressive way and the wasted resources of the country contrasted by the paltry amount received back in license. The Economic Problem is discussed and the author gathers a valuable collection of material and masses it in a way that suggests the mind of a statesman. The Scientific Status is next taken up and the questions, "Is it a Food?" "Is it a Stimulant?" "Is it a Medicine?" "Is Moderate Drinking Safe?" are answered from the viewpoint of the latest and sanest investigations of the scientists and the substance of the study of many volumes is put into a chapter of 44 pages. The System of Regulation discusses the license system, governmental ownership, local option, and other modes that give the advantages and disadvantages of each in a thoughtful way. Next comes the Doctrine of Prohibition, in which the writer clears the field by reviewing all the objections of the liquor advocates of prohibition, then gives the rationale of prohibition, and then the success of the policy and the principle in court. The boldness with which the writer then launches into the troublous waters of the next problem is matched only by the skill with which he guides his pen in discussing Political Action. No man can read this chapter and not feel that he has been fair to all parties concerned and has brought forth positive information where light is very much needed. But the book rises to its climax in the tenth and final chapter on the Opportunity of the Church. Here Dr. Eaton shows the power of the church, the responsibility of the church in her civic relations, the awful blight of the rum power upon all our civilization, and how the church could overmaster it when she sees the importance of this work and addresses herself to the task of annihilating the saloon. The

author says the latest evolution of the temperance reform is the definite organization of the seventeen great denominations of the country into Church Temperance Societies. The author writes: "Recently these societies have been organized into a federation entitled 'The International Temperance Federation,' and are now considering plans for a nation-wide campaign against the rum power. This movement is one of the significant and hopeful signs of reawakening life. It promises help and inspiration to every temperance man and measure, and in a practical way to bring the entire church in our country into united and aggressive warfare against the saloon. When the churches, seeing eye to eye, and standing shoulder to shoulder, as they have never yet fully done, but as this movement proposes to array them—looking upon their vast resources, and feeling the thrill of their united power, conscious of the leadership of their Divine Captain, who never lost a battle—shall fall upon the army of boodlers and grafters and booze-mongers and drunkards as Joshua fell upon the confederated multitudes at Gibeon, the saloon power shall be overthrown and forever destroyed. May the church quickly fall into line while heaven leads the way! Separately each committee will direct the work and furnish plans and leadership for its own church. The Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with headquarters in Topeka, Kan., has already begun a vigorous propaganda of education and agitation which will be felt by every Conference, every minister, every church, and every member throughout our country and our mission fields. The plans of work so far developed are: A *lecture bureau*, sending out competent speakers to churches, Sunday schools, conventions, Conferences, Chautauquas, and to help in no-license campaigns in cities, counties, and States. A *press agency* supplying information upon every phase of the temperance reform to Leagues, Sunday schools, and to church papers, as well as to the secular press. A *tract society* furnishing temperance literature—leaflets, pledge cards, papers, and books—to all the Sunday schools, Leagues, and churches of Methodism. A *benevolent board* raising funds to help counties and States in critical struggles when they are under fire of the united liquor forces of the country, thus throwing the power of the church into campaigns for State-wide prohibition. This society is the official agitator organized by the General Conference to keep the church awake and aggressive, to enlist the children for total abstinence, and the voters for the suppression of the political power of the saloon. It is one of the seventeen largest denominations in America, the greatest army ever rallied to the trumpet call of a righteous cause against the mighty foe of the home, the church, the state, and of civilization itself. After a century of experimenting with attempts to fight the temperance battle through resolutions, the church has now organized for militant leadership of its own forces and the making good of its own resolutions. While being no less helpful and sympathetic with all other antisaloon organizations, the church feels, and through this agency expresses, its responsibility for the sentiment, training, and conduct of its own six millions of members and Sunday school pupils."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Anglo-American Memories. Second Series. By GEORGE W. SMALLEY, M.A. 8vo, pp. 418. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.50.

IN this Second Series of Anglo-American Memories George Smalley has added to his portrait gallery of international celebrities a series of striking character sketches of some of the leading diplomats, statesmen, financiers, artists, and men of letters with whom he has become intimate in the course of his long and distinguished career as a journalist. Chamberlain, Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Whitelaw Reid, Morgan, Carnegie, William Waldorf Astor, Whistler, Sir Henry Irving, Sir William Shwenck, Gilbert, Roosevelt, and Count Witte—to mention only a few—stand forth as living personalities in his pages. There is many an anecdote in this entertaining volume that will be eagerly seized upon and repeated as typical of one or another of the men of whom it is told. This is what he says about Free Trade in England and Mr. Chamberlain: "He was the first Englishman to free his mind thoroughly from the worn-out fetish of Free Trade and to force on the Unionist party a policy of Tariff Reform. The superstitions of Free Trade have a strong hold on the English mind, and great effort will be required to free the multitude from their slavery to the economic fallacies which Cobden taught. But in that world-wide war of Tariffs, which is the greatest of modern wars; England is not forever to stand, alone of all great powers, defenseless; and when she arms herself with the weapons by which only a great economic battle can be fought, she will owe them to Mr. Chamberlain. Alone among great Englishmen, for a long time, he looked across the Atlantic, learned the lesson of Protection and Prosperity, the child of Protection in America, and taught it to his countrymen." Here is a comparison of Mr. Balfour with Mr. Chamberlain: "Mr. Balfour is a man with a high order of political genius. Like Lord Rosebery, he is a diplomatist, skilled in every art of evading or compromising great issues; a great debater and much else. But he is not a man whom men follow instinctively, inevitably, because they must. There is no must. He asks you to choose. He appeals to reason; he philosophizes; he thinks men are led by the subtleties of a metaphysical argument. What they are led by is a trumpet note, such as used to be heard from Mr. Chamberlain, and before him from Lord Palmerston. Mr. Balfour understands logic, Mr. Chamberlain understands men." Goldwin Smith said in his Reminiscences that Chamberlain brought on the Boer War. On this Smalley comments: "Goldwin Smith was incapable of saying, even in his frequent hours of bitterness, what he did not believe; but, like Gladstone, he could convince himself of anything." Lord Hartington, denying that Chamberlain was responsible for the Boer War, said: "In a sense it is not our war at all. It was forced upon us. We are fighting in South Africa for the Empire. If we lose South Africa, who can say what we shall keep?" Lord Hartington had an inveterate habit of reading in bed at all hours of the night. Warned by his doctor that it would injure his eyes, he replied: "Yes, but I can't lie awake and do nothing." Being asked

if his eyes did not pain him, he said: "Yes, but it is a choice of evils"; a stubborn, self-willed man, impatient of advice even from his physician. Of Balfour, Smalley writes: "He shares with Pascal the distinction of being a devout believer, yet possessed by an invincible longing to apply scientific methods of inquiry to matters of faith. He is a saint in the skin of an agnostic. There is intellectual and spiritual kinship between him and the great Frenchman. In a way he is a child of Pascal; he has the Port Royalist's habit of seeing both sides and stating both; a useful habit in realms of speculation, but almost fatal in party politics. A Minister, or a leader of the Opposition, who states both sides only perplexes and dispirits his followers. Balfour at times qualified his statements till they ceased to be statements and became hypothetical suggestions." (There is a warning just here for the preacher stating the case for faith.) Taine said that the result and root of all true philosophy is "Take things as they come." Balfour seems to have mastered that attainment of the philosophic mind. Years ago it was reported that he was financially ruined, and it looked so for a time. This is what he said: "They tell me I am ruined. It may be so, but I do not find that it makes any difference in my daily life. I still have all I care for, all that I really require for existence. I eat and sleep as usual. Best of all, I still have my friends. How can I be ruined?" This is the calm and patient temper of the philosopher, as of the soldier, for example of General Wolseley, of whom it is written: "He accepted things quietly as they came; bullets, fever, and all the rest. He was a soldier, and these things were in the day's work. He was a born leader of men; men follow a man who will lead them unflinchingly to their death and his; and him only do they follow. Into the rush of battle and of life, in age and youth alike, 'the fervor of the heart sends men raging.'" It was General Wolseley who fastened on Gladstone the blame for Chinese Gordon's death. Smalley says Gladstone, then Prime Minister, "was ever a lukewarm friend to Gordon, if not his enemy." It was Gladstone who held back the relief force during that summer of 1885, while an overwhelming savage force was besieging Khartoum. General Wolseley says: "I put every military argument before Gladstone. I showed him the urgent necessity of haste. I besought him to act. He would not. I was on my knees to him for months, entreating him to let us go to Khartoum to rescue Gordon. He steadfastly refused." So Gordon's doom was sealed in Downing Street, and he was left to be hacked in pieces by Mahdist spears in besieged and betrayed Khartoum. It is said that on the news of Gordon's death, Gladstone, for the first time in his life, could not sleep. General Wolseley was in a position to know the facts, and if what he says is true, Gladstone ought never to have slept again. Of the movement for Home Rule in Ireland, which attempts to break up the United Kingdom, General Wolseley's comment was, "Home Rule will be the end of the English army. English soldiers will refuse to fire on Ulstermen whose crime is loyalty to England; and an army that mutinies is no longer an army." So thinks this Irish soldier. Writing of orators, Mr. Smalley says of Disraeli's description of Gladstone as "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own ver-

bosity" that there was truth in the unfriendly fling, for his fluent facility of speech and unrestrained copiousness of diction often brought Gladstone to disaster. Our author says: "If I were to choose among all the speeches I have ever heard the one which had every quality of great oratory in the least compass, I would name Lord Peel's at the farewell dinner given to M. Waddington on his retirement from the French Embassy to London. Peel said everything that needed to be said, said it with finish, with distinction, with rhetorical power, with a vibratory emotion which held a brilliant company breathless, and his speech *was just six minutes long!*" Mr. Smalley calls Lord Pauncefote the greatest Ambassador England has sent to the United States. He was the first Ambassador from any nation who ever had audience of a President of the United States. The honors paid him on his death in Washington were unprecedented. The President, who, by rule, calls on nobody, flung etiquette and rules to the winds and went in person to Mrs. Pauncefote to offer condolences and pay tribute to the dead. The President (it was Roosevelt) personally ordered the flags half-masted on every public building in Washington; personally ordered a state funeral; and, again disregarding an unbroken rule of official etiquette, attended the funeral service; gave orders to his Secretary of War to parade fifteen hundred American troops as military escort of honor to the body of this British subject. When the coffin, after the services, was carried out of the church, the President of the United States stood with head uncovered, with his cabinet ministers and other great officers of state, judges, generals, admirals, and foremost citizens. This action of an American greatly impressed England and all Europe; especially Germany, perhaps, whose policy, our author says, has been and is to disturb the friendship between Great Britain and the United States. This is called the policy of the Kaiser, "an emperor-journalist, with a journalist's love of the sensational; the Hearst of Berlin." Those are the words of George W. Smalley, the famous correspondent of the London Times and the New York Tribune, who knows journalism and journalists, and nations, and rulers, and international relations. Mr. Smalley wants us to remember in these days, when President Taft and Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Balfour, stand so nobly for Arbitration, that the first treaty of general arbitration between England and the United States was the work of Lord Pauncefote and Mr. Olney, both of whom had legal minds, learned and full, from which the spirit of contention was absent. "No two men were more competent to frame such an agreement. If it was not an agreement for unlimited arbitration, it went as far as the public opinion of that day would follow; and further, it was built on recognized principles of international jurisprudence; a science which both Pauncefote and Olney had mastered. The Senate wrecked it (as also it has wrecked a later treaty)—a body of legislators ever more jealous of its usurped prerogative than careful of those international relations with which America is more than ever bound up. The final blow struck by the Senate, a blow below the belt, shattered Lord Pauncefote's most cherished ideals and shortened his life. The treacherous hostility of the Senate to the peace of nations intensifies the prayer that the Senate may hereafter abandon its role of obstruction and destruction

and earn a better name than the graveyard of treaties." Mr. Smalley bears high testimony to Whitelaw Reid, our Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, who has just received honors at his death in England recalling those given to Pauncefote in this country. When it was to be decided whether we should retain the Philippines, cast into our hands by the fortunes of war, President McKinley appointed as a commission on terms of peace Judge Day, of Ohio, then Secretary of State; Senators Frye, of Maine; and Davis, of Minnesota; and Gray, of Delaware; and Whitelaw Reid. Day and Gray favored surrendering the islands, leaving them to the mercy of the power that might want them most—probably Japan. Davis, Frye, and Reid favored our keeping the islands; and Mr. Smalley tells us that it was Whitelaw Reid's strong convictions and force of argument that gained a majority of the commission to his views. Mr. Smalley thinks Thomas B. Reed the greatest of all Speakers of the House of Representatives, and that he had the finest mind among politicians or statesmen of his day; also that he could have occupied the White House by making concessions which he refused to make. This correspondent says: "If I wanted an original view I used to go to Speaker Reed. I would find him in his poor, dingy little room at the Shoreham Hotel. The space which his bulk did not fill was occupied by a writing desk, two chairs, and a tumbled mass of House bills and other official papers, all apparently in disgraceful confusion as of a busy man's work shop. It was not a cell to which the Speaker should ever have been condemned; but Mr. Reed had no fortune, and was stingily paid. He was not the sort of man who puts emphasis on money, and he lived as he could in meager plainness and bare simplicity. To him life meant work, not luxury." Mr. Smalley, noting that J. P. Morgan has been criticized for leaving so many of his art treasures in England, tells us that Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, once said to Mr. Morgan: "Why don't you bring your pictures, miniatures, and the rest to America, where the American people can have a look at them?" "I can't afford to," was the reply. "Well, I knew you were a poor man," said Shaw, "but I didn't know you were so poor as all that." "Well, Secretary Shaw, how much would your duties on my collection amount to if they passed through your New York Custom House?" "I don't know, perhaps two or three hundred thousand," answered the Secretary. "At least six million dollars," said Morgan. Mr. Smalley says no President was better posted as to public opinion in all directions than Roosevelt, and tells of one occasion when he was warned that he was alienating the big financiers and enraging Wall Street; and Roosevelt replied: "The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are with me and, that being so, I don't care who is against me." What he meant was that those Bishops were representatives; that traveling over the whole country, they knew public sentiment; and that they were speaking for the millions of their coreligionists. He cared more for the support of the people than for Wall Street. The sayings of many notable people enliven Mr. Smalley's Anglo-American Memories: Emerson's saying that "the influence of an idea is mathematically measurable by its depth of thought"; Huxley's saying, "Death as an everlasting extinction of one's energies and faculties is

horrible and *incredible*"; also Huxley's reply when asked if Science owes as much to Germany as the Germans claim: "In accumulation of facts, yes. In use of them, no. They are ahead in methods and completeness of investigation, but in constructive processes the French and English are their superiors; and it is by the French and English that the fabric of Science has been built up"; Lord Lyndhurst's saying that if Lord Brougham only knew a little law he would know a little of everything; Lord Spencer's saying when he surrendered in a conflict of views with the Prime Minister, "If you had ever spent half an hour alone in a room with Gladstone, you would know why I gave in." Grover Cleveland, when President, had to deal several times with acute financial crises, in one of which, it is said, the government was within twenty-four hours of bankruptcy. One of his friends and ablest financial advisers (not J. P. Morgan) described Cleveland as ignorant of finance and all fiscal matters, saying: "All he knows I taught him, and it seems impossible for him to learn. He would seem to understand a particular financial situation, and would adopt the remedies suggested, and so pull through. But at the next difficulty he was as helpless as ever, and everything had to be gone over with him again. To the day of his death he could not understand either money or business." A certain great French actress says that at times she loathes her art as being a mere hypocrisy: "You feign convictions wholly artificial, you force the appearance of passions which you do not feel, you declaim things you do not believe—in a word, you make a business of pretending and lying, to deceive the eyes and ears of people in order to amuse them a few hours. . . . Applause does not make me happy or content. I care nothing for it all. I may yet end under a nun's cap. I don't wish to kill myself, but I would gladly die. In a convent I should adore my Christ, and he, perhaps, would give me back what I give to him." About hard work as the secret and condition of success, many confirmatory examples are given. Joseph Chamberlain, in public life, worked fifteen hours a day, full steam ahead; and, adds Mr. Smalley, "If he had not smoked so many cigars a day, he might be working still." Lord Rosebery, when at the head of the Foreign Office, described his work as "Penal servitude for fourteen hours a day." What do the so-called "working classes," who think eight hours a day too much, say to that? Many men in high positions or at the head of great affairs work ten, twelve, and more hours a day. Mr. Smalley saw Lord Rosebery late one night at his desk with boxes full of fresh dispatches relating to the Foreign Affairs of his government piled on the floor as high as his desk on three sides of him. At one o'clock in the morning Smalley, leaving, asked Rosebery, "When are you going through all those?" "Now," was the reply. "But that may mean the rest of the night," said Smalley. "I can't tell how long it will take, but it must be done to-night. The only way to handle the business of this office is to start with a clean slate every morning." James Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons, reared as a "country gentleman," regarded by some of his neighbors as one of the "idle rich," has the habit of studying and working ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day. Sarah Bernhardt, after acting one play for six weeks in Paris, was told by an admirer, "You do much better than you

did the first week of this play, and you improve all the time." She answered: "It ought to be better, and I'll tell you the reason why. It is because I have worked on it six hours a day for six weeks. That is why." All of which is to certify that whoever, in any sphere, attains excellence and commands high success must pay a high price of hard, persistent, never-ceasing work. Also it is noted that nothing but hard work will ever develop a man and enable him to make the most of the contents and resources of his own nature so as to be able to give a creditable and satisfactory report of himself in the final accounting. Crammed full of varied interest is George W. Smalley's second volume of Anglo-American Memories.

The Religious Forces of the United States. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D. Crown 8vo, pp. lxxxviii+ 488. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.00 net.

Doubtless there was never a time when the many exceedingly diverse denominations of the United States were so genuinely interested in one another as in this second decade of the twentieth century. We can easily go back in memory to the days when every district church was absorbed in its own affairs, intent upon the enlargement of its own particular kingdom, and confident that the future of the church of Christ was in its hands. Such a thing as a great church trust, to adopt an industrial term, was not dreamed of. Now with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, embracing the flower of evangelical Christianity, every denomination looketh not upon its own things, but also upon the things of other denominations. The period of isolation gives place to the period of unification. A great communion, claiming a large and ancient heritage and exclusive in its splendid complacency, now dreams of corporeal unity and shows a neighborly interest in the affairs of other bodies, realizing the truth of Phillips Brooks's observation that the brethren on the same street are nearer than the Copts of Egypt. All this is simply a prelude to the main purpose of this article and points to the present demand for concise and comprehensive information concerning the denominations, big and little, old and new, orthodox and heterodox, episcopal, presbyterial, and congregational, Calvinistic and Arminian, ritualistic and nonritualistic. No book, or series of books, will better serve the purpose of those drawn to the study of the denominations for their points of agreement and points of difference, for their peculiarities of belief, polity, discipline, method; for their spirit and purpose; for their history, development, failures, and successes, than The Religious Forces of the United States, by Dr. H. K. Carroll. This book has been for nearly twenty years the one authority on this subject. Its author, having successfully threaded for the United States Government in 1890 the maze of denominational titles and entities and identified with infinite pains every particular entity and title, and so charted the intricate way that others may confidently follow, has given new and clearer clues in a revised edition just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. That which pertains to the census of 1890—the tables of statistics, showing for each denomination the number of ordained ministers, churches, communicants, church edifices, seating capacity, and value, its distribution by States and conferences or dioceses, etc.; the

comprehensive historical sketch of each denomination; the grouping of branches according to family relation as Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, etc.—is retained unchanged in the revised volume and is, indeed, unique in its completeness and arrangement, and of permanent value. We may mention here, as a tribute to the absolute impartiality of the author, that when the Census Office sought for the census returns for 1906, a new sketch of the Protestant Episcopal Church and asked a bishop of that communion to prepare it, sending him as a model that of 1890, he wrote advising that Dr. Carroll's article be reprinted, saying he knew not how to improve it. The portions of the volume which are new are (1) some sixty pages of statistical tables, giving the returns of all denominations for 1900 and 1910 and the gains in each of the two decades and of both in ministers, churches, and communicants, with diagrams for the several States, showing the proportion of Methodists, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and the like in each; and (2) some ninety pages at the beginning descriptive of the "convictions and characteristics of Christianity in the United States." Some of this matter is from the previous edition, but the whole is recast, largely rewritten, and greatly enlarged. It is explanatory of the pages which follow, indicating the meaning of the terms used; it is analytical, showing the tendencies of the present age, the elements of strength, the dominant characteristics of the religious forces which are aggressive; it is illuminative, pointing out the causes of radical changes in the rates of increase, and the results of migration and immigration. There are two or three things which Dr. Carroll's book, with its orderly arrays of facts and figures, results and tendencies, makes very clear even to the casual reader. (1) The dominant type of Christianity in the United States is the evangelical, whether the comparison be made on the basis of communicants or of "population." Evangelical Protestantism is well in advance. Liberal and nonorthodox Christianity is not great in influence, numbers, or power of increase. In communicants evangelical Protestantism is relatively to nonorthodox Protestantism as 27 to 1, and as to Roman Catholic and Oriental orthodox churches, it is as 21 to 12. In population the ascendency of evangelical Protestantism is much greater. It is, in round numbers, 64,000,000 to the 15,000,000 of the Roman Catholic and Eastern orthodox churches. (2) The Roman Catholic Church is gaining very rapidly. In fifteen of the States, including every one in New England, with New York and New Jersey, it has more communicants than all other denominations combined, and in fifteen other States it has more than any other denomination. It almost doubled the number of its communicants between 1890 and 1910. Of course the streams of immigration have contributed to this result. Where foreign populations are densest there the Church of Rome is strongest. (3) The Christian church is gaining more rapidly than the population. The gains for the past twenty years indicate that the aggregate membership of all Christian denominations will in twenty-five years, or 1915, be twice as large as it was in 1890. Of course there are many elements in the problem of Christianity in the United States to be considered—some favorable and some rather discouraging. They need to be

studied with great particularity, and Dr. Carroll's book gives large opportunity to those who would do service to the common cause of the churches.

Studies in the History of Religions: Presented to Crawford Howell Toy by Pupils, Colleagues, and Friends. Edited by David Gordon Lyon and George Foot Moore. Pp. viii + 373. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912. Price, $2.50, net.

It has long been the custom in Germany to celebrate the birthday of some distinguished scholar or the turning point in the history of a school by the dedication of a book specially written by pupils or professors in honor of that scholar or school. This is an admirable custom, not only as recognizing merit or services, but because it affords an opportunity for the publication of essays whose technical character might debar them from the reviews and magazines. This custom has fortunately invaded America, of which we have had recent instances in the volume presented to Briggs, and that in honor of the one hundredth year after the founding of Princeton Theological Seminary. Toy, who is one of the ablest Oriental scholars in America, is one of the many gifts of the Baptist Church to learning. He is a Virginian by birth and a graduate of the old University of Virginia, in which Jefferson took such profound interest (it was planted only four miles from his home in Monticello). After two years in Berlin he was made professor of the Old Testament in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, then at Greenville, S. C., now at Louisville, Ky., which we understand to be the largest school of the kind in the country, perhaps in the world. Apparently the influence of the rationalist professors in Berlin made him too liberal for our Baptist brethren, and after only ten years service there (1869-79) he was glad to remove to the chilly atmosphere of Harvard, where in the Hebrew or related department he has been a distinguished ornament since 1880. He may well feel proud of this noble sheaf of essays. Kittredge leads off with an intensive study of witchcraft under James I. The veteran Unitarian, J. Etlin Carpenter, of Manchester New College, Oxford, follows with a study of Buddhist and Christian parallels, in which he can in the nature of the case come to no decisive conclusions. There are fascinating parallels in all religions, but when you come to the question of deliberate borrowing, you meet a difficult problem. In this case most Buddhist experts deny the connection. Fred Norris Robinson has an essay on Satirists and Enchanters in Early Irish Literature, and Edward Stevens Sheldon a translation from the French of a mediæval poem six hundred years old, Saint Peter and the Minstrel, which was well worth doing. Jastrow treats the Liver as the Seat of the Soul, and makes out quite a case for the psychical influence of that vital part of our organism in the history of religions. He thinks that "liver" and "life" are practically synonymous in Prov. 7. 23, and that we should read liver (kabed) instead of honor (kabod) in Psa. 7. 5; 30. 13 ("that my liver may sing praise to thee and not be silent"); 16. 9 ("My liver exulteth"); 108. 2 ("My heart is steadfast, O God! I will chant and I will sing—aye, my liver" [shall sing]. This sounds strange to us, but it is really no more difficult than the idea of the bowels as the seat of mercy.

This reviewer has no right to speak of the rightfulness of the substitution of "liver" for "honor" above, but he asked his neighbor, an eminent Hebrew scholar, and the latter replied that he believed that liver was the right word. Jastrow makes the point that whereas among us white-livered is a term of reproach, in Babylonia "it might have been the phrase to convey all that is implied in the colloquial expression, a 'white' man—pure, virtuous, of superior intellect—in short, a noble and rare soul, as among the Arabs a 'white heart' is a pure heart." Bloomfield (Johns Hopkins) presents us with an essay on The Sikh Religion, and Barton (Bryn Mawr) on Yahweh before Moses, both exceedingly interesting to those working in those fields. The latter thinks we should look for the origin of the name of Yahweh in some early home of the northern Semites in Arabia, whence migrations occurred to Babylonia, Palestine, Sinai, and Hamath. He was a deity of fertility. Barton rejects the view that he was the moon god, and thinks there is very little truth in the idea that he was the volcano god. Budde has a discussion in German at the close of the book of Hosea, Hopkins of the religious significance of the sacred rivers of India, Peters of the Two Great Nature Shrines of Israel, Bethel and Dan, Ward of the interesting subject of the Asianic Influence in Greek Mythology, and G. F. Moore on the Theological School at Nisibis. Torrey tries to show that our Gospels are translations from Aramaic originals (50 pp.), a very important essay. C. H. Moore: Oriental Cults in Spain; D. G. Lyon: The Consecrated Women of the Hammurabi Code; R. J. Gottheil: Figurines of Syro-Hittite Art. The book closes with a Toy bibliography. There is no index—a lamentable deficiency. Is it not a crime against learning to send forth a scientific book of any importance whatever without an index? There is a mistake on p. 255. Athanasius did *not* "express himself similarly" to Arius as to Christ having a body without a truly human soul. Exactly the opposite was held by Athanasius. It was fundamental with him that Christ, while essentially he had the same nature with God, took actual human nature in its fullness. Not only so, it was essential to Athanasius's philosophy of religion that the humanity of Christ should be as real as his divinity. Only thus could man be deified and united with God. See Athanasius, Discourses ag. the Arians, Disc. II, § 70; iii, § 32 ("he had a body not in appearance, but in truth"), § 41, etc. The learned author should have submitted this part of his paper to the Andover or Harvard professor of Church History. Mention should be made of the generosity of the Hon. Jacob Henry Schiff, who made the publication of this book possible—a noble method of doing distinguished service to mankind.

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1913

Art. I.—THE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST

The most urgent question of religion to-day is the question of religious certainty. Increasing numbers of the Roman Catholic Church are unable to accept the voice of the church as supreme. The Protestant claim for the Bible as the final authority in religion and the Rationalist's claim for the Reason as the ultimate court of appeal to many are alike untenable in theory and unsatisfactory in experience. But if the gospel is to command a hearing it must come to men with the note of authority. The absence of the great "verities" of Jesus is the weakness of much of the Christian teaching of to-day. With popular confidence shaken in the supreme authority of the church, or of the Book, or of pure reason, the religious mind is asking, never so anxiously as to-day, "To whom shall we go for the words of eternal life?" The truth of Christianity must have a living test. The effort in recent years to reconstruct theology around Christ as the center is the recognition of the mastery of Jesus in the field of morals and religion. The popular and much misunderstood cry "Back to Christ" for theology and for conduct is profoundly significant as a recognition of the centrality and mastership of Jesus. Further, it is interesting to note that all schools of thought, radical and conservative, socialistic and evangelical, ritualist and non-conformist, represented by men differing as widely as Tolstoi and Peabody, Harnack and Stevens, Fairbairn and Bousset, all alike turn to Jesus, saying, "One is our Master, even Christ." And what is

this but a recognition of the New Testament impression of Jesus? The note of authority in Jesus's teaching made a mighty impression upon the disciples' minds. "Verily, verily, I say unto you" has been recorded by the evangelists more than seventy times, and the first distinguishing feature which the people noticed in Jesus's teaching was the authority with which he spoke. But the very fact that men representing the most extreme views of the personality of Christ recognize his spiritual Mastership indicates the need of some clear idea as to the sphere of religious authority, and how it is to be understood.

Fundamental to any intelligent discussion of this subject is our conception of the person of Jesus. If the claim is to be made that Jesus is the Supreme Teacher of truth, that he has given to the world the final moral ethic, it is tenable only on the ground of the genuine historic incarnation of the Son of God. If Jesus has spoken the final word for belief and duty and destiny, it is because of his unique character as the Redeemer. We may rightly claim that Christ's teaching surpasses by infinite distances all other teaching of spiritual things, we may justly hold with John Stuart Mill that there is no higher law of conduct to be found than is given in the life of Jesus, but in the strict sense there can be no such thing as an external authoritative truth-test in the realm of theology. There can be no such thing as authoritative, inflexible rules which are adequate for the guidance of life. The seat of Christ's authority is to be found not in his teaching nor in his ethic alone, but in his redemption. Jesus's unique authority rests, not on the ground of his encyclopedic range of knowledge, bordering even on omniscience, nor on the ground of his superiority as an intellectual genius in comparison with the philosophers and poets of the race, but on the fact that he is so bound up with the highest and best in us that he claims our allegiance. The authority of Christ is the authority of the divine man who becomes to men the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It is not the standard of a truth or a system of truths. It is not a law embodied or expressed in some historic institution as its custodian. It is the voice of the living, holy God, manifesting himself at one supreme point on Calvary, but throbbing

at every other point in human history with the compassion of an eternal cross. To what, then, does religion make its appeal as it turns to the Christ of the New Testament for the words of eternal life? Not alone to the supreme intellectual genius of the ages, not alone to a masterful teacher of ethics, but to the God-man; to One whose human life received and manifested the divine as fully as human life can receive and manifest the divine life; not a double-headed person in a dual personality, acting now as man and again as God, but one conscious personality, human in all his divineness and divine in all his humanness. This view of Jesus, as the incarnation of God restrained within the limits of the human, is fundamental to a rational conception of his authority. And this at once guides us in determining the sphere of Christ's authority. The revelation of Jesus has to do then, primarily, with the character of God and the needs and possibilities of the human soul.

The supremacy of Jesus thus interpreted has important bearing upon some vital problems. First let us consider the problem of Religious Belief. What was the character of Christ's teaching concerning God? We turn to him in vain for proofs of the divine existence. In his teachings there is an utter absence of arguments such as Kant or Hegel used. He never deals with the metaphysical side of divine things. While his whole mission was to reveal and attest the reality of God, he always approaches it ethically and vitally, and never speculatively. He reveals God by moral illumination, not by intellectual demonstration. His utterances concerning the Father have the accent of absolute assurance, but it is not merely an intellectual certainty. His conviction of God's being and character rises out of his profound communion and spiritual oneness with God. The inspiration of the great "verities" of Jesus is not an intellectual act so much as personal experience. "Whatsoever the Father hath said unto me I speak," is the testimony of One whose knowledge of God comes not from reasoning, but from fellowship; is not a deduction, but a vision. Do we wonder at the moral penetration and the spiritual wisdom of Jesus? Great tracts of divine knowledge which are veiled to us seem to lie open to his eyes. He did

not reason about truth, he saw it. "I do always the things which are pleasing to the Father." His unbroken devotion to the doing of righteousness gave to him a clearness of spiritual vision and a mastery of spiritual forces which seem utterly beyond us. Christ sets forth God as a power illuminating, restraining, and transforming man, not as an idea. Instead of an intellectual conception of God we are given a conscious fellowship; we become sure of him, not chiefly because the mind is convinced, but because of the place which he has in our life—ruling, rebuking, uplifting, sanctifying. Christ reveals God to men neither by definitions nor by logical arguments, but by quickening men's spiritual perceptions, by disclosing the spiritual realities of their own lives; the deeps in man answering to the infinite deeps in God until in adoring wonder and filial trust we cry, "My Lord and my God."

The impression we get of Christ in the Gospels is not as a lecturer giving formal instruction for notebook preservation. Here is the Great Teacher, with a perfect vision of God, trying, by epigram and parable, by miracle and conversation, by every means in his power, to make men see God. His teaching lacks bulk, but Jesus so packed his words with a few vast ideas that they became first luminous, then germinant. They are authoritative because they are vital; and the mark of the authority of the gospel in the field of truth is that its utterances still throb with a dynamic force not unlike the power of Christ in Galilee and Jerusalem. Here, then, is an authority in the field of religious truth which is not chiefly intellectual, but vital and experimental. His matchless sayings caused men to wonder, but it was the whiteness of his imperial spirit, the perfect poise of his character, and the vitalizing and transforming power of his life, which satisfied their longings. His imperatives were reinforced by his own perfect doing of the will of God. "Men saw in him a flawless purity, a steadfast purpose of good which never wavered, gentleness, and a charity which knew no limit." His disciples saw that to him God was the one vital reality, that he lived in the abiding consciousness of the Father, that he wrought no work without seeking his guidance, that he taught no truth without claiming him as its source, that he met no temptation without seeking strength

from him, that he looked upon every disaster as having a place in God's wise ordering, that he found in prayer relief and exaltation, and that his matchless life drew from a divine communion its beauty and glory. The supremacy of Christ's teaching, therefore, is to be tested by moral experience. Jesus's appeal to every man is primarily to the moral sense through personal obedience, not to the intellectual judgment. "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching whether it be of God." He rests his Gospel upon the satisfaction which it gives to the mind of man who obeys its truth. He never seems anxious to fortify his teaching by intellectual bulwarks or miraculous wonders. "If any man come unto me, the water that I shall give shall be in him a well of water springing up into eternal life." If the gospel stands, it will be because it satisfies, and satisfies forever, the men who will to do the will of God. If the gospel ceases to satisfy the lives of men by its discovery to them of spiritual peace and power, no defense of argument or régime of miracles could preserve it in the confidence of mankind for a single generation. But while man's own nature remains what it is, with its deeply imbedded moral instinct, with its longing to see the Father which is awakened by Jesus's presence, Christ, and Christ alone, is eternally the Way to the Father.

Another vital question upon which the authority of Christ sheds important light is the problem of Personal Conduct. More and more men are seeking practical guidance in duty by asking, "What would Jesus do?" The authority of Jesus's teaching is being invoked in support of Tolstoi's theory of nonresistance and the latest socialistic and communistic scheme as well as the most ascetic ideals of personal living. Are Jesus's commands general in their form and universal in their application? Are they to be interpreted literally, as absolute commands for the regulation of the details of personal conduct, or is the application of his teachings affected by changing conditions of life? Take, for example, his instruction concerning almsgiving: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." Now this teaching was given before there was any organized system of philanthropy or charity. Urgent

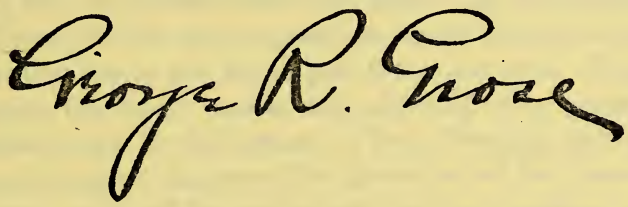
cases of human need must be relieved, and in order to provide, in any degree, this relief, Jesus sought to inculcate the spirit of charity and of brotherly sympathy. But under the different social conditions of the present day, with our great number of philanthropies thoroughly organized, with an entirely different economic system from that which existed in Jesus's day, the carrying out of the spirit of Jesus's commands requires a very different course of action from that required in his time. In other words, the pithy, epigrammatic sayings of Jesus cannot be converted into articulated and complete systems or final laws for human society. His teachings are like a great searchlight, revealing here and there distinct glimpses of the landscape, but unrelated and disconnected. They must be interpreted always from the standpoint of the great, loving heart, and not used as the measurement of a social system or of a hard-and-fast scheme of life. His strong and sparkling utterances were designed to be a vitalizing power in moral experience, not a contribution either to a sociological scheme or a theological system of doctrine. "He was not drawing up a code of moral instructions, but arousing men to a diviner life." The commandments of Jesus, taken as positive rules or legal injunctions to do this or to do that, are in no sense an adequate solution of the problem of conduct. Life is too vast, duties are too complex, for rules in hard-and-fast forms. The vital point is this: What did contact with Christ make men think they must do? What impulses did he arouse? In what direction did he set them? With what spirit did he fire them? The mark of his supreme authority in the field of conduct is that he made men feel that they should and can be like him. It is, then, absurd to raise the question, "What would Jesus do?" as an infallible guide for the purpose of securing authoritative guidance in the particular forms of our duty. To be sure, the very asking of that question brings one into the presence of the Lord, confronts him with the supreme revelation of God in man, and "recalls to him the forgotten ideal of his life." To imagine Jesus in the midst of the experiences of our human life at once presents to us an image of all that is divinest in humanity whether in work or in suffering. "It hushes the turmoil of contending passions. It

brings into the ear the accents of a higher world and points out the way to the highest." But the question, "What would Jesus do?" has no significance for us as a practical guide except as it means, What is Christ's will for me? And what his will for me may be depends upon my personal conditions. We are not, then, to hope to solve the perplexing problem of personal conduct by projecting imaginatively Christ into our experience with his different surroundings and his unique religious mission in the world; but rather by asking what loyalty to Christ requires of us—being what we are, with our specific work and condition. The possibility of Christian discipleship is not slavishly to imitate Jesus, but to be loyal to him in spirit in the untrodden paths of life. "The one necessity is that we should be conscious of fidelity at every step to the authority of the Christ-life, which reveals itself to us ever more fully as we follow on to obey it." And this mighty impulse to obey Christ, impossible though it seems at times, goes hand in hand with increasing accomplishment of the impossible, until in adoring wonder we cry with Paul: "Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask, or even think, unto him be glory."

Another important inquiry is concerning the application of the authority of Jesus to the larger Social Problems. As civilization becomes more complex in its forms, the questions of social duty grow more perplexing. What does the Kingship of Christ in society demand? Of course, it demands of the ruler or office-holder that he shall be controlled always in his official duties by the spirit of loyalty to the will of Christ. To submit to the authority of Christ in the state means simply to bring political action to the test of the ethical standard which grows up out of the Christian faith. We cannot claim the authority of Christ for any particular form of government or for any political policy. We may insist, under all forms of government and in all policies, upon the fundamental demands of Christ for justice, purity, and kindness. We can neither rule out nor establish the right of the labor union by an appeal to the authority of Christ. The question is in no wise illuminated by speculating as to whether Jesus would be a labor unionist. The only pertinent question is: Does this

organization promote the welfare of men and foster the spirit of Christ in men's relations under the existing industrial conditions? The appeal, then, to the supreme authority of Jesus in society, if rational, is nothing more or less than a serious effort to bring every political action and every social organization to the ethical test of Christian faith, and to embody, wherever possible, the highest conception of justice and mercy. We cannot make a nation Christian by putting the Golden Rule into the constitution, nor by stamping the nation's coin with "In God We Trust." If we should christen a political party "The Christian Prohibition Party" and put the sermon on the mount into its platform, we should make no worthy recognition of the supreme headship of Jesus Christ. The authority of Christ must be invoked in the sphere of motive and ideal, and not in the sphere of policy and method. These must be adapted to meet intelligently the ever-changing conditions of human society. Now, exactly the same principle applies to all matters of ecclesiastical government and polity. How utterly barren the endless discussion concerning divine authority for various orders of the ministry and for various modes of church administration when we discover that Christ is not a divider of ecclesiastical honors, but that he came that we might have life more abundantly. Any form of church government—congregational, presbyterial or episcopal—that intelligently serves the ends of the spiritual kingdom in any age has upon it the seal of the supreme Christ. But unless we have some infallible external authority, giving an unchanging standard of belief and duty, what is to safeguard the Christian faith? It must be remembered that the voice of the church and even the "thou shalt" of Holy Scripture gives no sure guarantee of the future of the Christian faith except as these holy voices are vindicated in the living experience of men. This is the living test of Christianity: that it approves itself from generation to generation to the highest and best in men. Humanity continues to bow before Jesus Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords, because the eternal truth which he revealed in an historic life is perpetually undergoing reinterpretation, and with every fresh interpretation proving itself to be spirit and life.

In a word, then, the authority of Christ is not mechanical or external, it is vital. Life is the final source of all authority—Christian life, the life begotten and inspired by and completed in Christ. Beliefs and doctrines, rules and laws, in so far as they help to produce Christian experience, may be said to bear the authority of Christ. The one unescapable and irrefutable fact is the living Christ, the ultimate authority both for truth and conduct. And the test of the authority is the life which he produces. He comes, and men have life, and have it more abundantly.



Art. II.—THE POSITION OF WOMAN AS SEEN ACROSS THE AGES

In these days, when there is so much being said about the rights of women in the political world, it may not be without interest, and perhaps profit, to cast a glance at the position they have held in the various periods of the history of western Europe. It will surprise many, no doubt, to see how marvelous a change has come over the attitude men have assumed toward the other sex since the days of ancient Greece and Rome. As we read the works of Homer and the great dramatists, many attractive pictures of womanly beauty and virtue pass before our eyes. There is Andromache, the happy mother and solicitous wife, plunged in irremediable sorrow by the fortunes of war; Penelope, patient, firm, hoping throughout the years for the return of her beloved husband; Arete, whom all the people look upon as a goddess and greet with reverent speech when she goes about the town; Alcestis, willing to sacrifice her life for her husband; Antigone, who devotes her days to taking care of her blind father, and who dies to save her brother's corpse from dishonor and pollution; Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, who leads Ulysses to her father's house, playful, yet thoughtful, girl and woman at the same time. And yet, in spite of these attractive pictures, the position of woman among the Greeks was infinitely lower than that of modern times. She was not looked upon as his companion, but as his housekeeper and the mother of his children. Even Plato, who in his Republic wanted men and women educated on equal terms, was as far away as could be from conceiving the poetic, romantic element of the relations of the sexes that is so marked a feature of our own civilization. No Greek of the age of Pericles would have thought of having his wife sit down with his friends at table; and Pericles himself, in his famous funeral oration, declares that the Athenian women had but one glory to hope for, that no one should ever speak of them for good or ill.

In Rome the position of woman was somewhat improved. She was surrounded with honors, venerated by her slaves, clients,

and children. She was mistress in her own house, the companion, almost the equal, of her husband. "When I married you," says Portia to Brutus, "it was not only to be your mistress, to share your bed and table, but to take my share of weal and woe which might come to you." Yet here, too, the cases cited are exceptional; for the influence of woman did not extend beyond the narrow circle of her family. There was no such thing as the social life of modern times, where men and women meet on terms of equality. Especially do we find lacking in Rome, as well as in Greece, the reverential, poetic feeling for the "Eternal Feminine" which fills the spirit of all the higher poetry of modern Europe. Nay, the regular attitude of the ancients toward woman in the abstract was one of contempt, oftentimes almost of fear, and she was frequently regarded as a curse, a baleful thing, "dangerous, delusive, fraught with pains innumerable." "To spare a long harangue," cries Polymnestor, blinded by Hecuba and her women in Euripides' play,

> The whole of what 'gainst woman hath been said
> By those of ancient times, is saying now
> Or shall be said hereafter, in few words
> Will I comprise: Not Ocean's waves nor Earth
> Nurture so vile a race; as he who most
> Hath with the sex conversed but knows too well.

And these sentiments find frequent repetition in the works of the poets and philosophers of Greece and Rome—most brutal of all being Seneca, who calls her an *"animal imprudens, ferum, cupiditatium patiens."*

This attitude toward woman is summed up in various mythological and semi-historical characters: Circe, weaving her magic spell at her immortal loom and singing sweet and low; Media, the deserted wife, lashed to unnatural fury in her desire for revenge; Phædra the adultress, the source of death to Hippolytus; and above all, Helen of Troy, whose beauty

> Launched a thousand ships
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium,

and whose name has come floating down the centuries as a symbol of the subtle and fatal charm of female beauty.

Two great elements united to give a higher place to woman after the downfall of the Roman Empire: Christianity, and the conquest of the various Roman provinces by the German races, with the resultant formation of the modern nations. Tacitus tells us that the Germans honored their women because they saw something in them holy and divine; and this feeling, united to the influence of Christianity, resulted in the peculiar position assigned to woman in the chivalry of the later Middle Ages, when she was "regarded as an ideal being to be approached with worship bordering on adoration." This apotheosis was peculiarly the work of the Troubadour poets, such as Bernart de Ventadour and Jacopo do Lentini, who declared themselves "ready to forego Paradise unless they might see their lady's face before the throne of God."

This whole spirit is largely due to the worship of the Virgin Mary. As Michelet says, "God changed sex in the thirteenth century." She became the type of all that was holy and innocent; she represented the divine in woman, as Christ represented the divine in man. Even the cynical poet Rutebeuf, who is elsewhere so bitter against women in general, in one poem declares that men ought to love all women for the sake of the blessed Virgin; while to Saint Bernard, who did more than anyone else to place her on the throne of divinity, she is

> Cunctarum
> Feminarum
> Decus atque gloria.

This almost sacred character attributed to woman was carried to its highest point by Dante. The early Italian poets had added an element of spirituality to the love of the Troubadours; and this new form of spiritualized love especially found expression in the "New Life" and "Divine Comedy." The soul and the whole motive of Dante's poem, as well as the inspiration of his life, was Beatrice. His apotheosis of the fair young Florentine maiden has been called by Shelley the most glorious imagination in all literature.

When Beatrice died, she became to the poet a tender reminiscent affection and a lofty symbol, "who dwells in heaven with

the angels and on earth with my soul." He caught a vision of her glory, and, inflamed with holy zeal, he determined to build about her beloved personality the mighty structure of the "Divine Comedy." She appears to Virgil for a moment in Limbo to arrange for the escape of Dante. She comes to him and reveals her glory in the Earthly Paradise; and it is by looking into her eyes that he receives the power to rise from star to star on the steps of the celestial stairway that leads him even to the throne of God. The spirits he meets in his upward flight are disembodied and appear to him as lights and flashes. But Beatrice retains her earthly form, only now infinitely more beautiful; and she smiles upon him with loving eyes, combining in one earthly and celestial beauty. It is only in the Empyrean, in the presence of God himself, that the twin stars of Dante's earthly and mystical love are blended with the light that fills the world.

Yet the old idea of the curse attached to woman, as seen in the literature of Greece and Rome, persisted even in the Middle Ages, and, strangely enough, received an added impetus from Christianity itself. Eve became the type of the sinful woman, inducing others to sin, and every woman, as the mother of all ills, should be ashamed at the very thought that she is a woman, and should live in continual penance on account of the curses she has brought upon the world. The church fathers were not much behind the ancients in ascribing such baleful influence to woman. Saint Anthony's fear of the female sex is well known, and even Saint Augustine was not free from it; while Tertullian says in cruel words, "The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age; the guilt must of necessity live too. You are the devil's gateway; you are the unsealer of the forbidden tree; you are the first deserter of the divine law; you are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed so easily God's image. On account of your desert, that is, death, even the Son of man had to die."

Even Petrarch, who in his poetry describes the beauty and virtue of Laura, who was to him

> A sweet light
> That points the way that leads to heaven,

declares in his prose works woman to be a true demon, and that she "blights with her presence, nay, with her very shadow"; that she is most often the devil incarnate, enemy of all peace, the inexhaustible source of discords and disputations, and that man must keep away from her if he wishes to live in peace.

With the Renaissance a striking change takes place in the condition of woman, not only in literature, but in social life. During the Middle Ages she was shut up in the family, was never allowed to go out on the streets alone or to enter the shops, or show herself at the window; she was not allowed to touch business, or see the papers or share the cares of her husband.

In the fifteenth century a wonderful change occurs, fraught with great consequences for modern society. The world now rediscovered the charm and beauty of woman; she was called out of the narrow circle of the family to the brilliantly lighted stage of social life; away from the spinning-wheel and cradle to the *salon*. All men sought to adorn her, to exalt and to worship her.

Filippo Foresti, of Ferrara, writes the biography of famous women, in which he endeavors to refute the various reproaches made against them. Woman now receives a careful education and oftentimes becomes an accomplished scholar in Greek and Latin. She reigns in society, is beautiful, and knows it; sits as a model for the pictures of Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, and Lorenzo di Credi. She adorns herself with strings of pearls, chaplets of gold, diadems and crowns; her dress is of damask, or cloth of silver and gold, heavy with jewels; she wears fine muslins, lace, and scarlet stockings; she becomes the center of society, is bright and witty; men crowd around her. Castiglione sums up her influence by saying "there is no cavalier who can have grace, agreement, or boldness without the frequentation, love, and favor of ladies."

As in so many other respects, so in this apotheosis of women, Petrarch is the great initiator, the first modern man. The poetry of the Troubadours, to which he owed so much, had been conventional, lifeless, and cold. The early Italian poets had introduced a philosophical element and, as we have seen in the case of Dante's "Beatrice," it had become a symbol of divine wisdom. We find, likewise, traces of this treatment in Petrarch. Yet Laura is, after

all, a real woman of flesh and blood, beautiful and virtuous, "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." In his poems Petrarch describes real things: the beauty of Laura in all its details; her coldness and his suffering; and especially the conflicting feelings which tormented his soul.

In all these respects, if Petrarch is the first modern man, Laura is the first modern woman. She became the type of all lyrical celebration of female beauty, not only in Italy, but in Spain, France, and England. In the latter country Petrarch's influence is especially strong. The sonnets of Sir Thomas Wyatt and Sir Philip Sidney are full of reminiscences of Laura; Spenser speaks of "faire Dames" as

> The world's dear ornaments,
> And lively images of heaven's light;

and in his "Epithalámium" gives a detailed enumeration of all the qualities—physical, mental, and spiritual—of the lovely bride who stands as a symbol of all that is noble and beautiful on earth.

The high and even dominating position taken in society by the women of the courts of Italy during the Renaissance was transplanted to France through Madame de Rambouillet, who, in a certain sense, may be looked upon as the founder of all so-called "society" in modern life. The system of *salons,* founded by her, was continued through the following centuries by such famous women as Mlle. de Scudéry, Mlle. de Lespinasse, Mme. Récamier, and others. It was especially during the eighteenth century that women occupied a commanding position, not only in private but public life. Says Goncourt: "The soul of this time, the center of this world, the point from which everything radiates, the summit whence all descends, is woman. She is the principle that governs, the reason that directs, the voice that commands. She is the universal cause, the origin of events, the source of things. The peace, war, literature, arts, fashions of the eighteenth century, as well as its destinies—woman bears them all in the folds of her dress."

It would take volumes to discuss the place of woman to-day in the business, social, and political world. Everywhere she reigns supreme; no home is complete, no social life is possible without her; her indirect influence in politics, diplomacy, and professional

life cannot be overestimated. And yet the fairest crown that woman wears to-day is the respect, admiration—at times almost worship—which men have manifested for the ideal woman, with all her nameless charm.

Not, indeed, that there are no discordant voices in this lofty tribute to woman to-day. One has only to read the poetry of De Vigny and De Musset, and the novels of Zola and Daudet, to see that there still exists the old pagan and medieval attitude toward women as a source of woe to mankind. But in spite of this darker view, it is beyond all doubt that the attitude toward women to-day is infinitely higher and nobler than ever before. And no one has summed up this nobler attitude more completely than Robert Browning. What a beautiful gallery of portraits rise before us as we read his poetry: "Pippa the light, life and love of the day, the town and the people; who passes like an angel by and touches with her wing events and persons and changes them to good." Colombe, "innocent, frank, and brave, simple and constant among a group of false and worldly courtiers"; and above all, Pompilia, who "has captured the conscience and the sentiment of all who love womanhood and poetry; whose character has ennobled and healed mankind. Born of a harlot, she is a star of purity; always noble, generous, careless of wealth, and of a high sense of honor, nothing purer, tenderer, sweeter, more natural, womanly, and saintly was ever made than Pompilia, the daughter of a vagrant impurity, child of crime, the girl who grew to womanhood in mean and vulgar circumstances," and yet remains "an enskied and saintly child."

A final step has been taken, however, in this triumphant onward march of woman. Strange as it may seem, in these days of vast business enterprises, of telegraphs and railroads, and all the multiplied machinery of a so-called commercial age, woman has come, for certain minds, to be invested with a certain kind of divinity. A mystical influence has been ascribed to her by modern poets. The same attitude assumed toward Nature by Wordsworth has been taken toward women by such men as Rossetti, Richard Garnett, Richard Jeffries, Walt Whitman, and Fiona MacLeod (William Sharpe), in whose stories we see how the passion of love between man and woman evokes the supersensual, and how "the

passionate quest of the lover, the vision of the predestined woman, leads on to the romantic vision of nature, and then transcending all common experience to a spiritual vision."

The existence of this transcendental sense of womanly beauty cannot be doubted; all art and poetry, and even religion, is suffused with it; and it has become in many religions the type of divine love. This was the teaching of Plato in the "Symposium," the teaching, says Emerson, "familiar now to all poetry and to all the sermons of the world, that the love of the sexes is initial and symbolizes at a distance the passion of the soul for that immense lake of beauty it exists to seek."

Thus we see as we cast our eyes over the centuries that have gone that the attitude of men toward woman has become more and more one of respect, love, and reverence, and her position to-day is higher than it ever was before. Chivalry has passed away with the disappearance of the feudal society which gave it birth; yet the knightly courtesy of men toward woman which it inculcated has persisted in a modified form down to the present. To-day she is regarded as the equal of man; she is treated with deference and respect at home and abroad; she rules society and affects the tone thereof; she is the companion, friend, help-meet of man. Whatever other changes may occur in the political and business status of woman, she will never have a fairer crown than that of serving as a symbol of the highest ideal in the realm of the beautiful, the true, the good; an ideal that always has been and always will be the mother of arts and of the higher social, intellectual, and spiritual life, which has the power to

> Turn life's tasteless waters into wine
> And flush them through with purple tints,

and from the contemplation of which shall come fair thoughts, courtesy, tenderness, family love, and household virtues, honor and service, and joy unspeakable.

Oscar Kuhns.

Art. III.—TENNYSON'S "ULYSSES"

Great memories have their rise in great moments when fancy leaps to some gorgeous imagery, when induction discovers some new principle or a great hope is stirred. A nightingale in the thicket, a flash of sheet lightning shows a night landscape, a faded leaf in an old book, a hymn dear to the heart, the sun on some far mountain peak, sets the soul into subtle yearning and ecstasy. So once we saw the sun on the Muir Glacier and through all the strange propinquity of sea and shore it rises yet; so once we heard Madame Nilsson's voice, and above all crash of orchestra or bird note of tumultuous soprano it forever sings. "Tale of a Wayside Inn," "Marpessa," "Ode to a Waterfowl"—each haunts you with question music and Eternal Hope. Once having heard, you are

> On your way attended,
> By a vision splendid.

The Book of Job has that fascinating thrill for every age and race. It is a special duty for the educated, and has made its way by a thousand channels into the knowledge of men and women of ordinary intelligence. So has the Odyssey. Whether the work of one brain or many, no matter how badly translated, its surging billowy hexameters, the legends isolated and detached which it contains, its pleasurable variety—these make it the most wonderful single poem and the greatest epic in all literature. Disregarding the fact that it is verse, and not prose, its adventure, character-sketches, and dramatic culmination make it the first, the finest, and most stirring romance yet written. No incident in any modern novel parallels in intensity the blinding of the huge one-eyed giant Cyclops; the great enchantresses of literature, Dido, Cleopatra, Acrasia, are inferior to Circe, who changes sailors into swine. Vergil borrowed his descent into hell from the Odyssey, and Dante took it from Vergil; Æolus, with his bag of winds, Scylla and Charybdis are fearsome fables from the mists of time; no women stronger, more beautiful and more stately than Penelope and Nausicaa were ever sketched; Andrew Carnegie, who has imagination as well as business sagacity, read the Iliad and pro-

nounced it monotonous; the world would rather have his opinion of the Odyssey.

So Ulysses reaches me, sets me to vibrating, and brings an elevating excitement of the soul. John Milton wrote: "It is of great concernment in the church and commonwealth how books demean themselves, as well as men, and therefore confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice upon them as malefactors." The converse of the Milton statement must also be obligatory upon us: if we are to suppress books that demean themselves ill, we are under bonds to commend books that furnish initial impulse and give outlook for high thinking. This gladly is undertaken. Besides, who does not love to introduce his friends to other friends, and perhaps boast of the great men he has met? If you climbed upon the rear of a Pennsylvania coach and shook hands with General Grant, your father meanwhile commanding you to take off your hat, of course you may tell it; likewise if you asked President McKinley to appoint your father postmaster, which he did, or in company with a bishop dined with Edison, you will tell of it—how the great wizard talked, looked, and seemed to you. So, though never having had speech with Tennyson, but having read "Ulysses," we have had speech with him and may somewhat parade our friendship and admiration. It has all of Tennyson's keen observation of nature, scientific knowledge in poetical form, and complete triumph over doubt and discouragement. Tennyson for a glance seems Aryan and frontiersman. Back of him you can almost see Pelasgian with his huge two-wheeled cart, woman yoked with the bull, or in wooden ship with cormorant or wolf's head carved upon its beak. Anything that can thus stir memory and passion for men and things long since turned to dust is art at its highest and, mayhap, revelation:

> And when the stream
> Which overflowed the soul was passed away
> A consciousness remained that it had left
> Deposited upon the silent shore
> Of memory images and precious thoughts
> That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

Homer, too, grows human, comes out of the myth and carries us back to the dim twilight of history. It is *juventus mundi*. There

are no iron ships; few wooden ones, for the race has scarcely progressed beyond lashing logs together as rafts. Only a few planks, adze-hewn, keep out the sea. Horse and dog are scarcely domesticated. The world is not far removed from reckoning its years by the revolving moons, whereby the antediluvians attained the great ages credited to them in Genesis. The seasons for a year of 365 days fitted about the year B. C. 146; 1,440 years earlier the year again coincided with the seasons, and then back of that another cycle they probably began to count time by the annus. Tubal Cain has hammered out in the first forge the first metal weapon and the song of the sword begins to pierce the sky and make its moan. The sea beach is lined with sirens and harpies; each waterfall has a god; every grove a divinity. Circe and Calypso, not gowned with Worth or Paquin, but near to nature's heart, smite on the senses and heat their madness in the veins. There is a glow and fancy in the world, for it is young, rich with imagination not yet chilled, and pulsing with a freedom not yet fettered by civilization. So, having read this poem, I have seen Ulysses. He stands forth the hero of our migratory and exuding race, a man who has been to the wars, perhaps to the end of the world and looked over the wall, and come home again. The finest pictures are often painted in words and the finest statues chiseled in language. So here the exquisite art of Tennyson has put before us an old king, gray with honors, walking about Ithaca. He has a face that women turn to look at a second time, tall like King Saul, brawny, athletic, and, though an old man, even yet agile. Some of Tennyson's men seem overbred and lack the virility which Browning has caught in Hervé Riel or Saul. Not so with Ulysses. He is drawn here puissant, quick, shifty with his spear, not given to blubbering like Æneas, nor sulking like Achilles, but veritably he of the Wooden Horse, wily as only himself, councilor with Nestor. As you read you can imagine Frederick the Great walking about Sans Souci, sending a sword to Washington, living Rossbach and Leuthen over again; or Washington at Mount Vernon, shield off, lance at rest, overseeing his estate, or riding over to Alexandria, sitting in the Masons' lodge, and with hat on, perhaps, as we are told, even in the Master's

chair. There is added to the picture a touch of Abraham migrating to the land of promise, Balboa overlooking the Pacific, Stanley lean and breathless from the vast interior of Africa, Peary hooded and deep-chested from the frozen pole. Each and all of these are figured in this king of Ithaca, and who knows but in some dim century yet to come this which Tennyson has written shall be expanded and grafted into the epic as the twenty-fifth book of the Odyssey!

Because of its brevity, "Ulysses" is classed as one of Tennyson's minor poems. Nevertheless, it is one of his greatest lyrics. That the length of a poem measures its merit is a heresy no longer tolerated. In these times of literary and editorial compression no long poem can be popular. The impression a poem produces is the proof of its quality, not the "sustained effort" as indicated by the number of the lines. The Iliad, because of its intent, may be classed as an epic, but in fact it is a series of lyrics. It is the "minor poems" scattered through Paradise Lost that command enthusiasm during reading. On the other hand, it is clear that a poem may be improperly brief. The lines beginning "Break, break, break," will serve for an illustration of undue brevity. The three stanzas keep the reader from full appreciation of the delicacy, energy, and sincerity of the sentiment. Now "Ulysses" is long enough to produce an enduring effect and yet short enough to be free from passages of platitude. Every line is poetry, the genius is constant, and the verses continually declare the power, not the perseverance, of Tennyson. It is major in theme and result, is a pipe-organ as well as a poem; music, the most enchanting of all poetries, not speech, revealing the loves, ideals, and soul-hungerings of a poet easily the laureate of the Victorian age. The sea is plainly a great object of his love:

> There gloom the dark broad seas.

You feel its infinite seduction, catch its lure of wave, boat, and sail, watch the gulls wheel in their screaming flight, hear the sea "Moan round with many voices," and watch

> The white waves kneeling on the strand,
> The priesthood of the sea.

You can hear "the surf complaining to the shore," and we are awed by the grandeur, the terror, the mystery of the gray old sea. Voluptuous odors and suggestive perfumes come to Ulysses from far-distant islands over the illimitable unexplored ocean, and we are ready for the command,

> Push off, and sitting well in order smite
> The sounding furrows.

Many poets have celebrated the capricious moods, the inviolate vastness, the perennial sublimity of the sea. Tennyson, who always regarded the ocean from the shore, sets about it waving grain fields, tall trees, slanting mountains, all peopled with passionate human hearts, who, like the gleaming silver brooks that love the sea and rush toward it, yearn for what lies beyond the swelling surge and seek it ever.

The ocean is the easiest highway for a smooth journey between zones and about the planet, and because Ulysses loved the sea he loved travel and could not rest from it. He must follow his own gleam, "drink life to the lees"; the *wanderlust* was upon him. Wherever the ocean reached he would go.

> For always roaming with a hungry heart,
> Much have I seen and known; cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments.

He would

> Sail beyond the sunset and the baths
> Of all the western stars.

His life, like that of the human race, consisted in longing for a goal, in enthusiastic dreams of having come in sight of it, and in the long labor of traveling toward it. Travel is a large factor in the equation of progress and has greatly contributed to push knowledge about the earth. Nothing so broadens life as when some Ulysses climbs beyond the familiar boundaries of an isolated people and reports the boundless human life beyond. He computes latitude and longitude, calculates the altitude of some unmeasured mountain, crosses unknown rivers, notes the disconnected syllabic sounds of pagan tribes, records their customs and social usages, and thus serves geography, philology, and ethnic knowledge. The traveler himself becomes observant, self-reliant, reverent, and solitude impresses him with the folly of insolence

and the strength of faith. So Ulysses had been enlarged by travel, was a bigger man for his journeyings, and could say with truth,

> I am a part of all that I have met;

and then, shading off insensibly to mind and spirit, he yearns

> To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
> Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.

He has another object of love, his family. Home and wife drew him back to Ithaca. He mentions his son with all the pride of fatherhood:

> This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
> To whom I leave the scepter and the isle;
> Well-loved of me.

Love is the intensest poetical theme, and his love is for family, for nature, and friends, and entirely free from degradation. Here is no lubricity requiring suppression or that must be barred from the mails, but the high, luminous, white-souled devotion that makes Tennyson the laureate for the pure in heart.

Then for a paragraph regard this poem of Ulysses as Tennyson's Confession—not in the sense that it is a story of personal sins, but rather as a creed, some Nicene, Tridentine, or Westminster formula, some Declaration of Independence, in which men stated what they knew, or what they thought they knew. Like all vital creeds, it is an outgrowth of his experience. Creeds do not give rise to experiences, they record them:

> Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
> Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
> Forever and forever when I move.

It is bracing to get as the exuberant testimony of his experience that Life is Good. He is no Cassius, green with envy, nor a Byron, jaundiced with skepticism. There are hopes and sanctities in his life. It is like healing to hear Ulysses say,

> All times have I enjoyed
> Greatly.

He is happy-souled; here is no querulous challenge to shipwreck, nor moan at the cruelty of Cyclops. There was even zest in the recapitulation of his wanderings and optimism in every corner of his memory. It was a friendly constellation, the rainy Hyades, that vexed the dim sea; if he had fought with monster Polyphemus he had likewise drunk delight of battle with his peers. The

attitude of his life was toward joy and success. He makes no whimpering protest to the gods, "You did it." Like a man who has accomplished his enterprise, made his wicket, gained his objective, he does not discount himself, but in abounding confidence says, "I did it." The line,

> Myself not least, but honored of them all,

rings with it. And in quick succession to this joy of living there is another article in his creed which certifies that Men Are Loyal. Other men, as the pessimists aver, may have their price, but his son, his mariners, even his rivals do not barter themselves. He does not libel human nature and steep the inborn beauty of the soul in bitterness. His son is "decent, not to fail in offices of tenderness," nor will he neglect to pay

> Meet adoration to my household gods
> When I am gone.

His mariners, too, were constant and loyal. Contrary to the Odyssey, he assumes that they returned with him to Ithaca, and, summoning them for a new enterprise, celebrates their former devotion:

> Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
> That ever with a frolic welcome took
> The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
> Free hearts, free foreheads.

He has suffered, that is plain, and suffered "both with those that loved me and alone." It is self-revelation. The philosophy of Plato, Plotinus, and Hegel is that every man makes his own world, and the world is what we are. If it glooms dark, is full of deceit and shame, it is the reflection of your own soul through your own eyes. If you say that world, church, movement, is petty, small, ignoble, that is but saying that you are petty, small, ignoble. Ulysses declares that men are good, his son dutiful, his comrades loyal, his rivals gentlemen, and in the saying declares the integrity and high quality of his own soul.

Added to this exhilarating optimism of life and men there is predicated the individuality of work. His son is centered in the sphere of common duties,

> He works his work, I mine.

He commits the round of kingly duties to Telemachus. Let him

> Mete and dole
> Unequal laws unto a savage race,
> That hoard, and sleep, and feed,

but for Ulysses himself, adventure, the sea, travel, a "bringer of new things," keeping some small events and some three rounds of the sun

> From that eternal silence.

Some one thing each can do well. Unhappily it is often the thing we desire not to do, and only when by gradual recognition or when in some luminous hour we are led to accept our true mission do we harness the strong impelling forces within ourselves to our task, enter upon the footpaths of peace, and attain eminency of service. Nothing is more narrowing than to strive for conformity in experience unless it be to attempt to parallel duty. Shakespeare grew famous in a profession he did not honor, struggled to accomplish other aims than those his talents and popular feeling pointed out for him, but in submission to it became the poetic revelation of the English people. Richard is at heart crusader and must go on crusade. Livingstone is not physician, but geographer and explorer with help to heal the open sore of the world. There are many paths to opportunity, and, granted that a man desires that his deed have actuality and become a power in the world, either by inspiration, misfortune, or persecution, he will find his work. By birth Ulysses is king of Ithaca and leads his contingent to the Trojan war. It has the rallying cry we still sound, "For family, home, and country," therefore he goes. But by travel he has "become a name," pitched the keynote for all couriers of sea and shore, and Polo, Da Gama, Columbus, and Drake will all be graded by the standard he has set. He is First Lord in the aristocracy of adventure. These and other lessons of truth the poem introduces to us. They contribute to its attitude and essence and do much to reveal its beauty of spirit. Platform, pulpit, and press all parade the duty of hopefulness, but Tennyson's art displays the heart and faith in men with such engaging charms that we realize the deformity of doubt and discouragement and surrender to its great magnetism.

The poem not only sets forth his verities of experience; it proclaims some precepts of expediency. It is a mistake to judge a poem by the teaching it inculcates or the moral it sets forth. That is palpably an incorrect standard of judgment. True poetry requires that the poem be written for the poem's sake, just as true work is done for the work's sake. But in poetry, like in music, we catch now and then brief, but indeterminate glimpses of the fitting and the politic. Ulysses puts great emphasis on industry. It grows out of the brevity of life.

> Life piled on life
> Were all too little, and of one to me
> Little remains.

It is not a question of pay. Little of the best work in the world is ever paid for. Homer barely got his dinners for his songs; Dante had little but his pains for the Paradise. Jefferson, Lincoln, and their fellow immortals were so busy doing their work that they had not time to collect the wages. But there was no grudging in their toil, and so long as it was honest, useful, and cheerful, they kept bravely at it. Ulysses's life had been crowded full for him and spent in a fever of activity, therefore he would not waste labor by quitting work and "retiring." He wanted life to keep its effervescence, and must sharpen the edge of zest by activity. King Lear's fatal mistake was that he quitted the king business and turned the divided crown over to others. Not so did Victoria, nor Ulysses.

> How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
> To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
> As though to breathe were life.

Like Ecclesiastes, he spurs himself to enterprise, for

> The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,
> The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs.

He determines that there shall be persistence and perseverance to the end, thus exemplifying the "perseverance" of one saint.

> Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
> Death closes all; but something ere the end,
> Some work of noble note, may yet be done;
> . . . . . .
> Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

He sounds here also a true note in political philosophy worthy of consideration by all pioneers in law and government, worth thinking about by all who bear the white man's burden and fight the savage wars of peace, in alien countries or for alien causes of reform at home. The age was rude, the people were primitive, the customs barbarous. There was little law, and what there was needed the "big stick" and often must have smacked of the inhumanity from which it is not yet altogether separate. Reform there must be, but not reform in a flood nor with the blare of trumpets. The great forces of the universe are silent and exceeding slow. The jungle will wake when the sun rises, and the molecules of the meal will be lifted if you put in yeast. And here a poet turned prophet compresses into two or three verses the profoundest political maxims:

> By slow prudence to make mild
> A rugged people, and through soft degrees
> Subdue them to the useful and the good.

As spring glides into summer, as the tide rises on the land, by slow movements, silent and unobserved, great changes still occur. God is busy making the world up in Yellowstone Park in our day, and by those long processes of selection and causation rounding chaos to order in many an island. These maxims have application in Egypt, where the English are damming out famine and rimming the Soudan with drill sergeants and Gordon College, and in Algiers, where the French, with pick and shovel, are digging long trenches with which to let out the desert; in Tripoli, where new Italy has undertaken to make mild a rugged people, and in the Philippines, where our own sons and daughters, having had an empire thrust upon them, by the patient processes of education, labor, thrift, sure, but century-long, are aiding to

> Subdue them to the useful and the good.

There is much that must remain unsolved in the poem. Bishop Butler said that the best book which could be written would consist only of premises from which readers would draw conclusions for themselves. The greatest teachings of any literature are those that rise in us as we read, or of life, those that clutch at us as we hear the event. The philosopher cannot fully

appropriate what the artist gives. This makes poetry superlative in value, addressing itself, as it does, less to the intellect than to the sensibilities and the will. The appeal of Ulysses is to the immortal instincts deep within the spirit of man. Some things we may know, while others, such as our unknown origin and destiny, we are utterly powerless to explain. Something we have been unable to attain waves us forward. The impression is primordial, a part of what we are, ineffaceable as reason itself. It may be only gravitation to source, a consequence of immortality or an indication of it, but a wild effort surges in us to reach the beauty and purity above and, as we hope, ahead. Perhaps they lie as far above and ahead as the shadowy beginnings of our race lie distant and behind. But Ulysses calmly makes the assumption that there is a *plus ultra* and finds his destiny in attempting to attain it.

> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
> Though much is taken, much abides.

We feel the mystery of our immortal existence, seem to share companionship with the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world, and feel ourselves included in his epigram,

> One equal temper of heroic hearts,
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The Odyssey has for its heart the home toward which the hero is striving. In Ulysses he is still faring forward. He is at home at Ithaca, but home, the home of his soul and hope, still lies beyond. Saint Paul said, "The time of my departure is at hand." Ulysses, too, is launching, sailing for a voyage beyond the sunset. It was the prelude to the hymn which, later, Tennyson struck in "Crossing the Bar." "Ulysses" has all the mystery and fascination of the ocean, yet underneath thunders and surges the mortal as it beats upon the coasts of immortality.

Edwin A. Schell.

Art. IV.—A SOCIALIZED SUNDAY SCHOOL

"A socialized church!" Mr. Smith, Sunday school superintendent, heard the words one evening from the lips of a very wide-awake lecturer on social service, and straightway they became a slogan beating insistent on his brain after the fashion of catchy phrases and strains of music. The speaker had pictured a church whose every member was actively engaged in some form of social betterment, and had pleaded in burning words that the church of Jesus Christ should launch out boldly in such work as this. Mr. Smith, good man, had responded mildly. He found himself really wishing that Dr. Goodwin, the pastor of the great, rich church of which he was a member, would try some of the plans so earnestly urged. And when, lifting his arms in an impassioned gesture, the speaker had cried, "O, for a socialized church!" the words had struck some fiber of his being and set it to vibrating with long pulses. "A socialized church!" "A socialized church!" It pounded in his brain two whole days. He grew sick and tired of its iteration. Of course it was desirable. Of course it would be wonderful. But what could *he* do? His great Sunday school—it numbered near to five hundred—that was surely all one man could do. But the words kept on saying themselves ceaselessly and almost senselessly—thumping, throbbing in the back of his head like the beat of an engine. Then, on the morning of the third day, he sprang to his feet out of a sound sleep with a tremendous feeling that something was about to happen. For all subconsciously a variation had formed itself in his brain. And now began another knocking against the windows of his soul. This time it was: "A socialized Sunday school!"

Ah, this was vital! Anything pertaining to the Sunday school Mr. Smith took with tremendous seriousness, for he was an enthusiast of the most virulent type over the Sunday school and everything that concerned it. He respected the preaching service, of course. He thought well of the prayer meeting and usually attended—more, if the truth must be told, because his conscience told him that the ideal Sunday school superintendent should go to prayer

meetings than for any enjoyment he got out of them. But the Sunday school! Mr. Smith believed frankly that the Sunday school was the real, vital heart of the church. It was a pity that the prayer meetings were languishing, but it didn't matter much after all, since the Sunday school flourished. And did the prayed-for revival fail to come? Even that did not daunt Mr. Smith, for he knew there would be a large class ready to join the church when Decision Day came around in the dear Sunday school. Progress must be looked for there. Hope for the church centered there. Indeed, everything centered there. And now, "A socialized Sunday school!" The idea was tapping insistently at the windows of his soul. He opened the window and, like Noah, drew the little wanderer in. Then, as he reflected on the matter, it slowly came to him that if the church was ever to be socialized the Sunday school must begin it. Those older men and women—they'd never wake up to grapple with social service. Why, it would take years for the idea even to seep through to their brains. With Mr. Smith, to think about anything connected with his beloved Sunday school was to act. The mail that day carried a letter to the Sunday school headquarters nearest him urgently requesting what in architectural language would be called "plans and specifications" for a socialized Sunday school. Back came the reply by return mail. "We are not quite sure that we understand what you mean," ran the letter. "There is no book issued by that name, so far as we have been able to discover. Neither is there any Sunday school in existence, to our best knowledge, to which the adjective 'socialized' could apply, Awaiting further advices, we are yours in the work."

Nothing like it in existence! Nothing in the whole world like this beautiful ideal which, while Mr. Smith had been impatiently waiting for a reply to his letter, had been slowly forming itself in his mind! But there surely ought to be something like it. There ought to be a model school somewhere in which these new and wonderful ideas were being worked out. Or perhaps—perhaps—Mr. Smith gasped! Perhaps *his* Sunday school was to be the model. Perhaps God was calling him to take the lead. Perhaps that was the meaning of the insistent pounding in his soul —"A socialized Sunday school!" Mr. Smith suddenly took to

buying books on social service. Then he opened up a lively correspondence with leaders in such work in the city near him. Quite accidentally (?) speakers on social service topics began to visit him at Wheatland and were always invited to address the Sunday school. Then slowly, slowly, as he could win assent and coöperation from the teachers of the various classes, Mr. Smith began to socialize his Sunday school. Miss Blaine's class was the very first. It was easy to enlist both the teacher—the trusted stenographer in a downtown office with very short hours of work—and her class of seventeen girls of varied occupations, in the idea of taking upon themselves the entire responsibility for the railroad station in town. Wheatland was a city of some 6,000 people, and two railroads crossed there, one of them being a main line. Nine passenger trains a day stopped at Wheatland. The two stations were three blocks apart, a short walk, indeed, but confusing to inexperienced girls traveling alone and hard for bewildered old people or mothers with little children. And sometimes there were long waits for the travelers, and the waiting-rooms were unsanitary and the benches were hard. The first resolve of the girls was to meet every train with offers of assistance to any who might need it. The work was carefully portioned out, the day trains being assigned to one and another of the girls as they found it most convenient; Miss Blaine herself taking the late evening train. Cordial coöperation of the railroad managers was easily secured—Mr. Smith happened to be well acquainted with one of them—but it was a big undertaking, and complications arose quite unforeseen until the actual work brought them to light. What to do with stranded girls, how, in the long hours of waiting, to comfort those traveling in frantic haste and anxiety to dying friends, how to detect the impostor, how to meet the terrific life problems that, all unforeseen, were thrust upon the girls—these were things that taxed heart and brain to the utmost. The days brought wisdom. The time devoted to Bible study was not allowed to be shortened, but the girls stayed a few minutes after the Sunday school sessions to compare experiences and devise plans. Books were bought and eagerly read. A broad blue ribbon badge with "Travelers' Aid" conspicuously stamped upon it gave them needed recognition and

authority. Courteously worded complaints to the general managers of the roads resulted in a complete sanitation of the rooms and comfortable chairs, while magazines and papers from the over-supply of friends made the waiting hours of the travelers less wearisome. The girls learned of the safe hotels and lodging houses to which in emergency they could send or take a young girl for a night. And they learned of other places with open doors for the unwary to cross the threshold of which was moral death. They had the exquisite joy of knowing that through their efforts more than one young girl was saved from thus innocently stumbling into ruin. They secured allies among the trainmen and the policemen—one of whom especially, an earnest Christian, was of invaluable assistance. More than once in some desperate extremity advice was sought from the more experienced workers of the great city near. The girls enjoyed the work immensely, and the education they themselves gained was invaluable. Their sympathies broadened and their vision widened. It is simply, literally, true that there is no such pure joy on earth as just helping some one, and nothing that results in such rich culture of character. So for eighteen months this work has been going on in Wheatland, and Miss Blaine's class vows that it shall never be stopped.

Then early in the spring Mrs. Smith had a surprise social for the "Married Women's Class," of which she was teacher. Not a word of the "surprise" was allowed to leak out until after lunch had been served and the ladies were comfortably chatting over their teacups—Mrs. Smith's afternoon teas were famous. With an eloquence born of her own enthusiasm the teacher then outlined to her listeners a carefully worked-out plan for "A City Beautiful"—beginning with that part of the city around the church. "We can do it," said Mrs. Smith. "First of all we must stir up the City Hall to do its share—police protection—a little better. Your husband knows the mayor so well, Mrs. Nash, don't you think his influence would help us?" Mrs. Nash flushed with pleasure at the thought of really doing something and said she would speak to Robert that very night.

"And your husband is proprietor of that big greenhouse, Mrs. Richardson. O, we shall be asking his advice and help often. We

want to make little flower beds in some of those dirty vacant corners. At Twelfth and A Streets, for instance, there is a real little triangle of land."

"I'll agree to be responsible entirely for that corner," said Mrs. Richardson, responding instantly. "It's near our place, you know, and we can do it easily."

"But the children; won't they destroy all we can do?" doubtfully put in Mrs. Lee.

"O, we'll take them into partnership with us," replied Mrs. Smith. "We can do anything once we get the right sentiment aroused. The police will help us in this, too. But we'll have a little badge or button for a children's auxiliary and we can get the whole primary department to help us, so many of our own children are in it."

"I wish Mrs. Creighton was in the class," put in Mrs. Nash; "my neighbor, you know. She has four little children. I heard her complaining only yesterday about the litter in the streets."

"Why, ask her to join our class," said Mrs. Smith, delightedly. This was something she had not thought of.

"She won't come. Her husband's an atheist; says he sees no use in the church. She's trying to be one too, but it's pretty hard for a woman."

"O, tell her we've become a City Beautiful Club—meet her right on her own ground," flashed back Mrs. Smith. "We needn't say much about the Bible study at first." And then, when everybody laughed, "Well, didn't Paul say once he caught folks by guile? And he said he became all things to all men—that would include street-cleaning—that he might win some! But I really think a great, strong organization like our class would study the Bible all the better if we were exemplifying its spirit in some such way as this."

The Beautiful City plan was heartily adopted as the social service of Mrs. Smith's class. Mrs. Creighton came in, and others, till the class has doubled its size, and the propaganda is still going on. The whole Primary Department is an active and invaluable aid. Waste-boxes have been placed on the corners, and not a scrap of waste paper on the streets escapes the keen eyes and the nimble

feet and fingers of the little people. And that summer—these statistics are typical of cold facts—there was less typhoid fever and diphtheria by one half in Trinity parish of Wheatland, as there had been less of the disease-laden dust flying unchecked about the streets. The Primary Department has formed itself, however, as its special department of social service, into a "Band of Mercy." There's no more shying stones at birds or tormenting stray kittens in Trinity parish. One Saturday afternoon the little folks gave a "bird social," with little pieces spoken and bird choruses sung and whistled and an illustrated talk by a bird specialist of the town. It was astonishing how many of the mothers, and even of the fathers, were in the audience.

But the boys' classes! These were Mr. Smith's most serious problem. Some of them were already weakening—Class 22, for instance. The boys were dropping out in spite of the utmost efforts of teachers and parents. It had always been so. Boys always dropped out of Sunday school as they reached a certain age. Mr. Smith weakly tried to comfort himself with this thought, but the comfort would not come, for the boys were just at the age when the steadying influences of the Sunday school meant everything to some of them. Mr. Smith talked with some of the parents about it, imploring assistance, but with little satisfaction. "Willie says he just hates Sunday school," Mrs. Hopper had replied. "I kept him there just as long as I could. He says there's nothing doing there—that he wants to go where there's 'something doin'.' Indeed, I can't help it, Mr. Smith. I wish I could, for I don't like the gang he's going with now." Tears came to Mrs. Hopper's eyes.

"Something doing!" "Gang!" Mr. Smith remembered his own boyhood. The years fled away backward as he sat there in Mrs. Hopper's stiff little parlor, and a vision rose before him of the little group of boys—not bad boys, but just boys—that constituted the "gang" to which it had been the pride and delight of his boyish life to belong. He heard again the entrancing rustle of the dry cornstalks in his farmer father's barn—their chosen rendezvous—and the sweet odor of the stored-up hay came to his nostrils.

"I'm afraid we've been to blame, Mrs. Hopper. Or, rather, I've been to blame," he said, humbly. "There's a time in every boy's life, you know, when he wants to belong to a 'gang.' It's a perfectly natural instinct. I ought to have made some provision for it in the Sunday school. But maybe it isn't too late now."

The teacher of the class to which Willie Hopper belonged was a Mr. Jameson, a young fellow, salesman in a piano store downtown. He had been chosen as teacher partly because he was one of the very few young men willing to take classes at all and partly because—his own boyhood being not so very far behind him—Mr. Smith hoped he would be able to hold the boys. But he was manifestly failing—getting discouraged himself as one and another of the boys dropped out—and was begging to be allowed to "quit." That evening Mr. Smith spent close closeted with young Jameson. The young man knew nothing whatever about the psychology of boy life. And the next evening, and the next; the older man explaining, illustrating, loading up the younger with printed matter. Then, two Sundays later, Class 22 gathered in the lobby half an hour before the time for Sunday school opening—all the recalcitrants, including Willie Hopper, among them—a snickering group, full of good-natured punchings and "Aw, g'longs!" and "Quit, now, will ye?" till, just as the superintendent's bell rang, they marched, portentously solemn, down the aisle to their seats and their waiting teacher, bearing aloft a proud red banner on which were inscribed the mystic letters, "B. G. C."

Needless to tell of the sensation created, especially among the other boys' classes. Their teachers came to Mr. Smith in mild remonstrance.

"Why, I really can't forbid a banner, you know," he replied, laughing so contagiously that they all laughed with him. "And did you see how large the class was? Willie Hopper hasn't been in Sunday school before for six weeks, to my certain knowledge. 'B. G. C.'? The C stands for class, perhaps. The B might stand for boys and the G for good. Boys' Good Class! What's the matter with that?"

Wily Mr. Smith! He knew all the while what the mystic letters really stood for—Barn Gang Club! "Good Boys' Class"

would never have brought back Willie Hopper. Mr. Smith and Mr. Jameson had privately worked out the whole scheme, name and all—though the boys will tell you to this day that the plan was original with them from the word go; that they had concocted it all at that bully barn supper that Mr. Jameson had given them one night in the unused barn back of the Drummond place. It had been a strictly secret affair, only their mothers being allowed to know about it, and even they being told only that their sons were to be with Mr. Jameson for the evening. There was a doorkeeper, and a password, and the boys, initiated, stole in, one by one, through a broken place in the fence. (The owner had offered to nail on those palings, but Mr. Jameson had earnestly vetoed it.) The boys never dreamed that Mr. Jameson had rented the barn of its owner for a year for ten dollars, or that Mr. Smith had paid a farmer two dollars more to bring in the two great loads of dry corn stalks that were lying around and piled up in the corners and made the place so delightfully like a country barn. It would have been a little chilly, that October evening, only that Mr. Jameson "just happened" to think to bring along his little kerosene stove. They kept it going "some." It smoked like a young volcano and it smelled to heaven, but the boys were all the happier for that. It was jolly convenient, too, for warming up the chocolate—that wonderful stove was a combined heater and cooker—and for sizzling over the sausages. And then after supper they gathered round it and popped the corn—or tried to do so; it was half burned, but rather better for it—and told stories and planned the permanent organization. They thought up the name—with a carefully disguised hint from Mr. Jameson—decided on their color and banner. But the motto—Mr. Jameson reserved the discussion of this till the second meeting, and approached it finally with real genius and with trembling. For it was to contain the very heart of the organization. But there's a whole world of generosity in a boy's heart if one can only find it, and at the close of an hour's earnest discussion the matter was summed up by Tom Seers, the leader among the boys, as follows:

"You see, fellers, it's this way: We're the B. G. C. all right, but we're Class 22 of the Sunday school, too; and we want to make

our class the very biggest and best in the school. I don't see no objection to lettin' the other guys in, one by one, but they've got to sign up. No swearin', and no squealin' on the club. They'll do it, though."

"You bet! You bet they will!" came in chorus from the boys.

"They'll be only too glad to do it," Tom Seers continued. "There's Billy Grant, he'll fall over himself to get inside."

"We'll vote on every candidate," suggested Mr. Jameson. "We'll not let in more than one a week. Just think, by Christmas we'll have nine new boys!"

"Hi-yi! We'll make Mr. Smith's eyes stick out!" the boys exclaimed in chorus.

The motto of the class was adopted by acclamation: "Biggest and best!"

The barn was adopted as the headquarters of the club with wild enthusiasm. It rapidly accumulated treasures—a few odd chairs, an old wooden settee, which, with a corn-husk cushion and a discarded fur rug for cover, made a capital lounging place, and books and games. For a few weeks in the coldest weather the Club changed its meeting place to Mr. Jameson's room, but the barn and its cornstalks, which were sometimes used as a bed and sometimes built into a wigwam in one corner, had amazing attractions. Hardly a week passed without a recruit. In the spring the boys, while still retaining their B. G. C. organization, joined with other boys and became a company of Boy Scouts.

"It has been a good deal of trouble, but hasn't it paid well?" asked Mr. Smith of young Jameson, as they chanced to meet and clasp hands one day.

"Paid? A thousand times over! It's the joy of my life! We've actually broken up that dangerous gang of boys—won them one by one to the Sunday school. We've saved them and our own boys at the same time. They're growing up into men."

The superintendent smiled, but he did not say what very distinctly formed itself in his mind: "It's saved you too, young fellow. You're growing up into a man!"

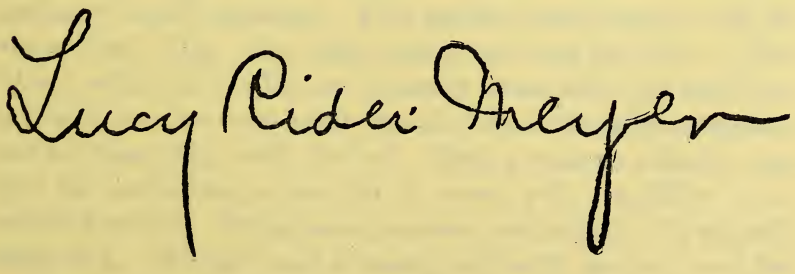
Other social interests were taken up by other classes. A men's class took for its first work the closing of a certain saloon carrying

on its horrid business in outrageous proximity to the church. Then, succeeding in that, and having accumulated a fund of temperance information and enthusiasm, they went right on in a warfare against saloons in general. A class of young girls became their allies very directly in that. Under the leadership of their teacher, who was the wife of the editor of the leading daily paper in town, they began an agitation to place drinking fountains for man and beast in accessible places—first, one near the church, then all over the city. It is astonishing how much can be done when a bevy of unforgetting and unremitting girls begin to think and work, and especially to talk, and, especially again, if they have a newspaper behind them. It was not long before half of the town was talking about the inconsistency of a town of six thousand without a single public water fountain, while beer was being poured over thirty saloon bars. One little "bubble fountain" was soon erected by private subscription immediately in front of the church, impressive dedicatory services being held, and the city council did the rest. Another class of girls took up visitation of the shut-ins and aged, the work being most carefully and systematically planned. Flowers in season and the singing by sweet childish voices gave the visitors eager welcome. Another class of girls took the poorhouse for its special object and carried papers and sang and read on Sunday afternoons to the bed-ridden inmates. Good reading was needed in several of these undertakings, and the old Classmates and Youth's Companions and magazines that had formerly been ruthlessly destroyed were now put to excellent use. Other interests, too numerous to mention in detail, were taken up by other classes. A class of little girls was organized into "Little Sisters" for such assistance as children could give for the Deaconess Home in the city near. At Christmas time they dressed dolls and collected toys and more substantial things for the deaconesses to give to little unfortunates, and during the summer they sent flowers for the children of the streets who never in all their lives had seen a flower growing.

Mr. Smith began to work out his ideal eighteen months ago—two winters and a summer. Not all the Sunday school is yet socialized—Mr. Smith would tell you very definitely that about two

thirds of the classes have adopted special interests—but the entire school has felt the beneficent impulse to "love thy neighbor as thyself," and the end is not yet. Mistakes have been made—some ludicrous, some very serious—for there was very little to go by. Some opposition has been aroused, the most bitter coming from two members of the official board itself who became at first greatly exercised, declaring that the spirit of Bible study would be quite killed out by the "new-fangled notions." These doubts were disseminated so diligently that at one time Mr. Smith nearly lost the possibility of realizing his beautiful ideal and his office together. But it was demonstrated that the time devoted to Bible study had not been shortened by the fraction of a second, and somebody astutely brought to bear on the question the curious fact that those opposing never themselves attended Sunday school, anyway. (It was not Mr. Smith who pressed this argument, though he was not unaware of the fact. *Sub rosa,* it *was* a third cousin of his wife.) And no one could gainsay the convincing argument that the school was growing astonishingly in numbers—it has nearly doubled in the eighteen months—and also in enthusiasm. So the day was won.

That was six months ago. There is no questioning now. Only a regretful wonder that "we didn't begin it long ago," and a remorseful thought of all the girls at the railroad station and the boys who had dropped out of the Sunday school "that we might have saved if we'd only known!"



Art. V.—"PSYCHE'S TASK"

Some time ago, in a pulpit comment upon modern apologies for certain long anathematized and supposedly damned historic figures, such as Catherine de' Medici and Lucretia Borgia, I suggested that perhaps Nero would be the next. Wasted the sarcasm, for as he passed out of church one of my hearers, a Columbia professor, remarked dryly, "There's a panegyric of Nero on the press now." No, I didn't know it. Yet I ought to have known that with the apologist "nothing is impossible." The harder the task, the greater the test of his skill. To prove that black is white, and always has been; that bottom and top are merely interchangeable terms; that the villain in the play is really the hero, is at least an interesting vocation—far more engaging than the reaffirmation of "things that have been everywhere and always believed." Henry VIII as England's patriot king (with Froude), Shylock as a much abused Hebrew saint, "Standard Oil" as the sworn friend of the people—why not? Why permit a few facts to interfere? Moreover, there is play for a certain sort of quixotic chivalry in thus taking the part of the damned. Mark Antony was doubtless a good actor; still we enjoy his defense of a dead chief when there was none other "so poor to do him reverence." When the sinner happens to be the under dog, all the more reason for some modern knight (sacrificing the analogy) to break a lance for him. It is only too easy and popular to join the hue and cry against a blacklisted cause. That ancient crowd merely said the conventional thing when they cried concerning the Son of God, "Away with him!" We are intensely conservative of traditions and need some one occasionally to exhume our "horrible examples" and ask what they really died of. Even a quixotic chivalry may give the condemned a new day in court, with possibility of reversal of verdict. Furthermore, no man, no institution, is unqualifiedly bad. The *last* word is never said until the *best* word has been said. Slavery *did* have its bright, its redeeming features. Bartenders and hangmen are not unrelieved brutes. Jacob Riis tells of a hardened criminal who, on his way from the courthouse,

broke away from his guards to jeopard his life in the rescue of a child. In blackest soil are sprouts of loyalty and high devotion. The horrors of the Inquisition were relieved by flashes of real piety and human pity. And the complete Annals of Tammany Hall will never be written until they include a long list of fine charities and stout fidelities. When "little Tim Sullivan" died, more children cried in the streets than would have shed tears at the death of any pastor in Manhattan. Finally, one cannot afford to forget that what the Pharisee and Puritan in us too promptly pronounce evil may indeed be good in the making, virtue adolescent, a "coming beautiful." There's an old saw which declares that "love-children," offspring of illicit passion, are better favored than those begotten in domesticity. "Born in sin," doubtless, but born with Nature's smile in face and limb! May it not be oftener true than our ethic cares to admit of many a rich life, many a precious moral advance, many a shining institution? If there be "necessary evil" this may be it—the dark fetal stage during which some surpassing blessing is preparing to be born. War is not always hell; it may be the hard road to heaven. Better Cuba free at cost of smoke and blood than Cuba crushed by her ancient overlord! Henry's behavior toward Catherine was intolerable, yet his lust served England and Christendom well. Had we Wesley without the Anglicanism of the seventeenth century? or John B. Gough's evangel apart from his pitiful past? or Lincoln except in response to the challenge of a great evil? Languidly admit or eagerly declare our faith in an overruling Providence which makes even the wrath of man to praise him; adopt Augustine or Socinus, *or both*, as intellectual father; admit that man "fell," or claim that he has been ever climbing from the brute—there remains this significant and inescapable fact, that some of the highest human experiences, most shining truths, most worthy institutions have nevertheless sprung from base parentage.

Pardon. This much was merely the cranking of the engine—always an unromantic and frequently an exasperating performance. With such thoughts I read Frazer's latest volume on The Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions. The bare suggestion that superstition could have served mankind was like

naming Nero for piety, or Algerian pirates as model citizens. As Beecher once observed, "Every man has to have something to damn, some chimney through which to blow his smoke." Superstition for mine! I never could resist the temptation to hit at it—any more than Tipple could when the spirit of Romanism recently reared itself provokingly. To lambaste old foes is like scaring up the martyrs—useful when other homiletic material runs scarce—and sure to bring a curtain call from the audience. Many a paragraph have I turned with scornful or raging reference to that inveterate enemy of humankind—superstition. And now to be told that he was not altogether foe!—I felt my sword turn soft in my hand. O, Frazer! To lose an old enemy, to discover that he is not the enemy one thought him, is only less tragic than to lose a friend. But the damage was done; the reputation of my old foe was being undermined—*in his own favor.* And then, as my gorge subsided, I began to see that there were things to be said for him, quixotically at least, by a champion like Frazer; and that, as he says, "without posing as the Devil's Advocate." And I ended by laying away in camphor, for overhauling before further use, a whole wardrobe of long and proudly, not to say piously, worn opinions. Perhaps "the case of superstition, like that of Mr. Pickwick after the revelations of poor Mr. Winkle in the witness box, can afford to be placed in a better light." Even a dubious client has right to be defended. And this, in summary, is what his clever counsel, Mr. Frazer, has to say for him:

First, that superstition was practically serviceable in the establishment and maintenance of primitive government. The chief, whether self-elected or chosen by some sort of barbaric suffrage, was reckoned a superior order of being. His person was sacred, his powers supernatural. Whatever he touched became *taboo.* Thus, among the Maoris, he was a veritable *atua,* or god: speaking in an unnatural tone, a sort of celestial court language—like the "holy tone" of the preacher; eating alone, holding mysterious communication with higher agencies and wielding powers conferred by them. So sacred was his person that none dared approach him, even to save the sovereign's life. One of our missionaries tells of having extracted a bone from the throat of a

Maori chief and, so soon as the injured sanctity could speak, being ordered to give over the surgical instruments with which such saving sacrilege had been committed. A considerate chief would throw away his worn garment or mat, lest some unsuspecting subject should touch it and be struck dead by its inherent divinity. For the same reason he would never blow a fire with his mouth, for the fire would communicate sanctity to food cooked therein, and thence to the stomach of the eater, with death as the result. Control of rain and harvest is invested by the Africans in their king. In Loango, for example, every December the natives come to court begging rain; nor neglecting to bring substantial gifts to encourage answer to their prayers. And when harvests fail the modern Negro, like the ancient Egyptian, heaps the blame on the reigning monarch.

Nor are such superstitions confined to savages and alien races. When crops failed the Burgundians used to blame the reigning monarch and depose him. What use a sovereign who failed to serve? The Swedes always charged the quality of harvest to the morals of their king—a most practical means of conserving good royal behavior. Saint Patrick, according to a canon popularly ascribed to him, tells of the temporal blessings which always attend the reign of a just king. And Dr. Johnson records that the return of the chief Macleod to Dunregan was said to be accompanied with a fine run of herring. What is known to this day as "King's evil," and was for centuries supposed to be *cured* by the king's touch, was originally *caused* by the king's touch, as in Africa to-day certain forms of skin disease, as well as hardening of the liver, are superinduced by physical *lèse majesté*. Boswell says that Johnson himself was touched in his childhood by Queen Anne for scrofula. Thus by many a practice, to us absurd, has royalty been hedged about with veneration, protected with wondering awe, lavishly, if sometimes jealously, maintained in pomp and aloofness—until man was ready for democracy. And if, even to-day, we democrats prefer our President frock-coated and just a trifle reserved, rather than, suspenderless, chasing a tennis ball or throwing his hat at a ball game, we might as well confess that we have not so far outgrown the traditions of the Incas and ancient Celts

as to be warranted in shouting. There are those who say that McKinley's life was sacrificed to an unnecessary intimacy with the throng. Certain it is that anarchy thrives best in the loss of a certain kind of reverence.

But to pass to Frazer's second proposition, namely, that respect for private property was originally secured, and subsequently strengthened, by superstition. A modern policeman is a rather impotent substitute for the ancient taboo, as a modern jail sentence pales by comparison with the old-fashioned consequences of theft. Originally "taboo" was the communication to a material possession of some mysterious quality of its owner. It was a kind of birthright—unique and as personal as the body odor by which a dog recognizes his master. Being thus personalized—if I may use the word—a man's possessions, particularly a chief's or warrior's, became sacred, taboo. For another than the owner to touch such property meant death. As a consequence, the most valuable articles might be left otherwise unprotected. Later the taboo came into use by people generally as a sort of token of ownership. To show that a thing was tabooed the owner put his mark upon it. Thus, "if he wished to use a particular tree in the forest to make a canoe, he tied a wisp of grass to the trunk; if he desired to appropriate a patch of bulrush in a swamp, he stuck up a pole in it with a bunch of grass at the top; if he left his house with all its valuables to take care of itself, he secured the door with a bit of flax, and the place straightway became inviolable." Among the Samoans, in Melanesia, in Ceylon, among the Indians of South America, in Africa, with curious variations and adaptations and under diverse names, the taboo is found. For example, Livingstone observes that the African natives seldom rob each other—the surrounding of a plantation with a single cotton thread or the tying of a medicine charm around the trunk of a tree sufficing to protect the property from covetous thieving hands. Similarly the Ceram Laut Islander reserves to his own use the cocoanuts in his trees by planting the effigy of a fish at the foot of his trees, saying, "Grandfather fish, cause the person who steals my cocoanuts to be sick and vomit." Or he places a pig's jaw in the branches of his trees, thus threatening the thief with death by the jaws of a wild boar. By

the side of roads in West Africa may be seen food and palm wine for sale, yet with no salesman—merely a charm to insure that the buyer will deposit the price before taking the goods. Fancy a Christian merchant, in a Christian nation, in this latter day, taking such chances with his wares! Indeed, when one considers the precariousness of property rights in anything not literally nailed down—from a hat to a metropolitan traction system—he thinks rather admiringly of the primitive taboo, concerning which Dr. Turner says that "its practical results in securing honesty and order among heathen people can readily be imagined."

As with government and property, so with morality. We are accustomed to talk about the sanctities with which civilization has invested the marriage bed, and the increasing emphasis on chastity. And doubtless there are great gains to allege as against the days of Augustus or Clovis, or even George III. But, carrying our quest far enough back, we find an astonishing sexual purity among the aborigines of many countries—and all secured by superstition. No Reno or Sioux City for discontented heathen! No spectacle of a prominent society leader beguiling the time of her self-imposed exile in Nevada by organizing a new charity among the citizens of her temporarily adopted city! In Burma, for example, adultery or fornication is supposed to have a ruinous influence upon the crops; in Bengal the same sin undetected and unexpiated invites plague; in Sumatra it brings ravages by tiger or crocodile. In Borneo every countryside traversed by an adulterer is accursed until proper propitiation has been made. Among the Dyaks unchastity in a young woman causes misfortune to the entire tribe, while the violation of a child brings drought and famine. Nor is the punishment of such offenses left complacently, by a sort of "laissez faire," to the avenging gods. Drowning, strangling, death in the crater of a volcano, stoning—as among the Hebrews—are the humanly exercised deterrents of wanton and illicit passion. "Apparently the ancient Greeks entertained a similar view of the wasting effect of incest, for according to Sophocles the land of Thebes suffered from blight, pestilence, and the sterility both of women and cattle under the reign of Œdipus, who had married his mother." One recalls, too, the passionate protest of Job as to

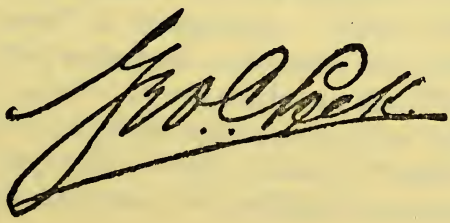
adultery: "That," he says, "were an heinous crime—for it is a fire that consumeth unto destruction and would root out all the produce of the earth" (mine increase); also the punishment which Jehovah was supposed to have visited upon Pharaoh's household for his unwitting adultery with Sarah. Or, to come nearer home, there's a tradition that Münster was once robbed of its crops and plagued with other misfortunes as penalty for the incest of her king with his sister. An old writer says that the women of Madagascar, though intensely voluptuous, will not permit themselves to be drawn into any intrigue during the absence of their husbands at the wars, lest infidelity at such a time should cause detriment or death to the absent spouse. "If only David had held this belief he might have contented himself with a single instead of a double crime, and need not have sent his Machiavellian order to put the injured husband in the forefront of the battle." Thus in diverse ways has superstition—first the superstition of magic and later the superstition of religion—served the public morals, holding men in leash against the play of their own imperious instincts, lighting, if with fitful uncertain ray, the path to a consummated manhood which, according to Jesus's teaching, shall not even *think* unchastely.

One further service of superstition remains to be noted: its salutary effect in lending sanctity to human life. The ancient Greeks believed that even an involuntary homicide was hag-ridden by the ghost of his victim; not only so, but his community suffered with him the visitations of such uncanny company. (Take the legend of Orestes as an example.) After the North American Indians had tortured and burned a prisoner they would run through the village, beating the walls, furniture, and roofs of the huts and yelling at the top of their voices to frighten off the ghost of their victim. Some of the Malaysians express their fear of the dead by sowing graves with knives in order to make resurrection difficult, while the Tungoses bury their dead (pardon the paradox) in trees and then cut off all such lower branches as might facilitate the descent of the ghost. Widows and widowers are particularly liable to infestation by the spirits of deceased partners, thus finding check upon the ardors of premature or unworthy consolations. For instance, a widow in German Togoland must remain six weeks in

the hut where her husband lies buried. She may not eat beans or flesh or fish, though she may smoke. And she sits up most of the night throwing powdered peppermint and red pepper on the fire as defense against a malevolent return of her husband.

So, following the enticing lead of Frazer, I might extend our exploration indefinitely, pausing at China, where respect for the departed is the *sine qua non* of religion; in India, where the Bhotias possess an elaborate ritual for driving the spirit of the deceased into an animal; in South America, where the natives live in constant fear that some ghost will incarnate itself afresh in the body of an innocent sleeper; in British Columbia, where the restrictions placed upon the bereaved are so grievous as to make them wish they were the dead and their enemies were the living. But the conclusion of the matter is this, that fear of the dead has "laid disrespect for human life under great restraint." Not only does the ghost-ridden murderer live in terror of his victim, but the whole community shares his fear and partakes of the evil consequences of his violence. And "criminal justice was probably based in large measure upon a crude form of superstition long before the subtle brains of jurists and philosophers deduced it logically."

So Frazer—omitting his occasional flings at the survival of superstition in modern religion and his acerb gusts of contempt for our modern ethic. For myself, I should not like to underwrite his views, nor yet to decry them, without the benefit of such passionate study as he has devoted to the theme. Enough for me that He who "spake in time past at sundry times and in diverse manners"—more sundry and diverse than perhaps we have been willing to admit—may have been building his kingdom through the crude inarticulate groping of primitive minds after the eternal truth of things.



Art. VI.—THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTIC OF CREEDS

The development of thought has always been by means of fixed statements of belief. Men have found it necessary to formulate the results of their thinking and to hold fast to certain premises and conclusions. Doctrine, dogma, and creed have been the result. Doctrine has reference, primarily, to the teaching of truth and only secondarily to the formulation of fixed beliefs. Doctrine is truth from the point of view of a teacher. Its tenets are not set hard and fast, and may be assented to or rejected at will. Dogma is the fixed or formulated faith of a religious body which must be accepted as such and from which there can be no dissent. Creed is more especially a statement of religious belief, but in its common acceptation it means a statement of belief concerning any subject, be it religious, political, scientific, or otherwise. A creed is, in its best sense, merely the result of clear thinking. It is a natural and necessary outcome of all careful thought. Men must formulate the results of their mental activities for their own use, primarily, and then for the sake of others. Civilization has progressed, science, art, religion have been furthered, because men have declared the results of their investigation and thought in the orderly form of a creed. A creed can be a summation of either doctrine or dogma. In its best sense, however, and more in keeping with the demands of intellectual awareness and toleration, a creed is the orderly setting forth of the articles of faith to which doctrine, as such, leads. Men fix their doctrine, or teaching, in orderly and consequential procedure, and a creed results.

This fact is frequently overlooked and much thoughtless depreciation of the word "creed" is indulged in. "Away with creeds" is the shibboleth. "Let us dedicate ourselves to the truth, but denounce doctrine and creed." As well might one say, "Let us have the heart of the tree and its fruit, but let us dispense with the wood and the bark." Especially is the warfare on "creed" waged by men who would get away from the established doctrines

of religious belief and fixed forms of worship. "Let our church," says the pastor of a so-called independent church, "be a church of the people, dedicated not to any creed or dogma, but to the truth." Then he unconsciously proceeds to foist upon his people the following creed: "The first thing for which the church should aim is the divineness of human life, and that each man and woman should be a temple in which God is to dwell." Follow these words out to their logical conclusion and you have a fast-bound creed. Another clergyman, running away from creed as from his shadow, says: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his Son." There he stops and congratulates his congregation that it has a pastor without a creed. And yet what a specific creed he has formulated! He believes in God, hence he denies atheism; he believes in one God, hence he discards polytheism; he believes in God the Father, hence he believes in God as a personality and refutes impersonal pantheism; he believes in the Father Almighty, hence he places the infinite over against the finite; he believes in God the Creator, hence he imputes wisdom and power and skill to God; he believes that God created "heaven and earth," hence he believes in two realms, whether both are to be enjoyed here or one in some region beyond; he believes in Jesus Christ, hence he believes in Jesus the Saviour of mankind, for Christ is only another name for Saviour; he believes in Jesus Christ the Son of God, hence he acknowledges a relationship between Christ and God which has been and is the deepest mystery as well as the profoundest hope and joy of men.

Any confession of faith, whether made by a liberal or an orthodox church, if it means anything at all, sets forth a definite and pronounced creed. A preacher who proclaims that his church has no creed and that he preaches neither doctrine nor dogma is either a man untutored and thoughtless or one who has an amazing facility for self-deception. Every branch of the Christian church is based upon a creed. And it has been thus from the beginning. Furthermore, every political organization, every social club, every assembly of men and women gathered for mutual benefit, has a creed. On examination the articles of that creed stand forth clearly designated.

When we unite with a church, therefore, or join a political organization, or become a member of a mutual benefit association, we subscribe to some creed. The same is true when we enter the realm of science. It has been and is held that the scientific spirit cannot tolerate a creed. Mr. Huxley said: "Men of science do not pledge themselves to creeds." The facts, however, speak otherwise. No man of science has ever left an impress upon the world who has not had a sharply defined creed. Science is as dogmatic as the church ever was. She has her creed, and its articles are forced upon whomsoever would enter her laboratorical temple and join himself to her devotees. Some of these articles are the universality of law, the inevitable consequences of gravitation, the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, the evolution of species, the survival of the fittest, the undulations of water or air. This creed is repeated, not once a week, or once in six months, or on some great occasion when special confession is to be made, but every day, every hour, every moment the scientist thinks and works. Because of her creed, and only because of her creed, science discovers the wonders of the earth. In science, as well as in religion or politics, we must have a creed.

There is a popular fallacy about creeds, however, which leads to a great deal of error. This is the fallacy that a creed can contain all the truth. A creed is necessarily only a statement of belief in the truth, it is not the truth itself. Because the truth has been confounded with a statement of belief, or, to put it in another way, because a creed has been accepted as the truth, there has been much misconception as to creeds. A church may regard a creed as the absolute truth and demand as a condition of admission into its fold subscription and perfect loyalty to the creed. This has happened in the past and has been the source of persecution and bloodshed. The faggots which were laid at the stake of many a martyr were merely the formulated articles of some creed, and the flame that set them to burning was the incendiary torch of bigotry and prejudice. The historic creeds of Christendom, being man-made, are all only partial statements of the truth. Some of their articles, as far as they go, we believe are of the very essence of truth. But as we may know only in part, we dare not say that the part we

know is equivalent to the whole. In the period before the Reformation, and during the schisms which grew out of the Reformation, the different branches of the church held tenaciously to their creeds. In our day, fortunately, there is a spirit of universal peace and brotherhood abroad, and, if we cannot unite with every other denomination on the platform of metaphysical and theological premise, we lose sight of our differences when we gather around the altar and in our pews to pray to and praise God. Logic gives way to love, and we emphasize our points of agreement in the work of building up God's kingdom. But because of this very attitude of peace and good will in our day has the cry to do away with creed been emphasized, as though a creed were an unnecessary thing, an excrescence. To that point we can never come as long as the faculties and operations of our mind remain sound and normal. A creed is necessary, but it must be subject to growth and adaptation. Here is where wise men meet, be it in the laboratory, the lecture room, the divinity hall, or the church. A scientist is not without a creed, but he will be very careful to state that his belief is only a summary of the truth as he understands truth. He will set forth what is generally believed to-day by scientific men, but he will not presume to say this belief is final, that the temple of truth has been closed and no more oracles are to be had therefrom, or that the knowledge of to-day may not demand different interpretation of the truth as accepted yesterday. His eyes are turned outward and upward, he is still a devotee at the mystic shrine, he looks for fuller and wider revelation. His creed is not rolled up, tied with a ribbon, put away as a keepsake. It is spread open before him, he is ever ready to pencil in the results of his newer knowledge and conviction, to write a new creed, if need be, leaving wider spaces and margin for future amendment and correction. The religious thinker surely can be as certain of his premises as the scientist. If he formulates a creed, however, and says, "This is final," and then forces subscription to it as a condition of peace and fellowship with God, treating as enemies all those who dissent from him, he puts the ban on thinking and would rule by human authority rather than be led and lead by divine revelation. This is not the method of open-mindedness, it is not

the course the early apostles pursued. They had a creed, and they preached dogma, but they were ever open to the light and warned their hearers and disciples not to lose themselves in man-made theologies or close their hearts and minds to a fuller revelation. "We know only in part, we see as in a glass, darkly," said the greatest of the apostles. How, then, can we formulate a creed and close it as a finality? Another of the followers of Jesus gave us a rule that should underlie the making of all creeds: "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you"—the sentence does not stop here, as it is often quoted; it proceeds: "Be ready always to give an answer . . . *with meekness and fear, having a good conscience.*" Not with a loud noise, claiming too much, but with meekness setting forth our certainties; not with bold assurance, as though we had grasped the last truth, but with fear lest a further revelation be withheld us; not flippantly, emphasizing the prowess of the mind, but with a good conscience, so that the heart can control the head.

And this leads to the real point concerning creeds. They are necessary, they must be subject to a growing revelation, but, above all, they must issue in life. If a man's thinking has no influence upon his life it is in vain. It often happens that a man's life is better than his creed. There are preachers who hold to fast rigid doctrines in their preaching, some who have harsh ideas as to the disposition of Almighty God, but whose lives and characters are so beautiful as completely to belie the unlovely features of their theology. There are men who choose to call themselves agnostics or unbelievers who unconsciously live lives of truly unselfish and Christian endeavor. They have creeds of which they are not aware; they have become crystallized, incarnated in their lives. But the opposite is too often the result. Men believe and profess one way and live in an entirely different way. Phillips Brooks very forcibly said to the Yale divinity students: "Preach doctrine, preach all the doctrine that you know, and learn forever more and more; but preach it always, not that men may believe it, but that men may be saved by believing it." If our beliefs are not a saving power in our lives they are detrimental to us.

In our study of the great creeds of religion we find the evidence of God in them. The tendency in every creed has been for more and broader life. The fact that creeds are interpreted according to their spirit and not according to their letter is one of the most satisfying indications of God in the world. As he is life, and makes for life, so every attempt to express faith and belief in terms of life is a drawing closer to the heart of the Eternal.

In its last estate a creed is a law. Articles of faith are a code of rules to guide and control man. The development of creed in the emotional and religious affairs of men has been of a kind with the development of law in the social, political, and commercial affairs of men. But law has always been a development toward liberty because of the life principle inherent in mankind. Paul, who at one time was a stickler for the letter of the law, wrote at a later time: "The commandment which was ordained to life I have found unto death." These words refer to the Mosaic code of laws, which was enacted, as Paul declared, for the sole purpose of furthering life, but which in the course of the changing years was being enforced so as to lead to death. Paul's thought is that law is necessary, but that it must lead to liberty, and not restraint, and make for the largest life. Law placed over against liberty would seem to be a restraint rather than a setting free. Here we have another of the many paradoxes which find their truth in the practical working out of life. We live by dying, we receive by giving away, we find our lives by losing them, we increase in stature and power by diminishing our size and strength. So also we become free by putting ourselves under restraint. James speaks of the perfect law of liberty, and Jesus tells us he came to make us free by fulfilling the law. If we would have life, therefore, our liberty must have reference to law and not to caprice. Liberty can never be another word for license; it must always bear a close relation to law. Law and liberty, as it were, form the circle whose beginning or end cannot be distinguished. When they are joined we are unable to tell where law begins and merges into liberty or where liberty begins and ends in law. If we would try to complete the circle with either alone, our line would not be long enough to go all the way around. It would be as though

we tried to cover the rim of a wheel with only a part of the tire. We might heat the tire and hammer it out and make it thin, so as to stretch all the way around. But it would not hold the wheel together. Instead of being a tire for that particular wheel, it would be a mere film that would break as soon as any weight was placed upon it. So we might stretch out and overemphasize liberty and try to make it form a complete circle without law, but our attempt would fail. The commandment which was ordained to life would be found unto death.

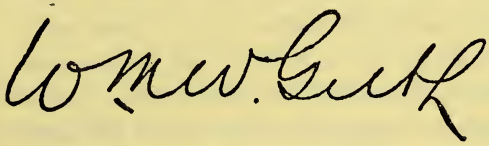
In the progress of civilization the peoples of the Western nations, some in a less, others in a greater degree, have obtained their liberty. Freedom of thought and action has been practically secured. But it has been only the result of growth, a growth accentuated and accelerated by political upheaval, war, and bloodshed. And if we turn ever so far back in history and follow the course of events onward we shall find that freedom came through law. The stronger oppressed the weaker, first by the law of might and afterward by the enacted law of the state. But the weaker always rebelled against the law until they came into power. Then they repealed the objectionable statutes and enacted others, which in turn were found not to fit the needs of the growing times and the rights of individual men and were repealed to give way to other and more acceptable laws. In a general way this has been the progress. Law has been used not so much as a prison to shut people in, but as a highway to lead people out. The laws of every generation are found to be an attempt to approximate the public opinion of that generation. They perhaps always have failed and always will fail as a perfect expression of the best opinion of any one age. They were real attempts, nevertheless, to set forth the best thought and conduct of that age. Through law, such as it was, have we come to liberty.

So in regard to truth and religion. Hard-and-fast creeds have been formulated, the letter, rather than the spirit, has been insisted upon, new wine has been put into old bottles with direful results; but in the main creeds have been the best attempts of men at particular times to formulate truth so that its essence could be grasped and its life-giving power secured. And the fundamental

beliefs concerning God and providence have not changed in any essential degree because of adaptation to changing life and growing demands.

> Despise not thou thy father's ancient creed;
> Of his pure life it was the golden thread
> Whereon bright days were gathered, bead by bead,
> Till death laid low that dear and reverent head.
> From olden faith how many a glorious deed
> Hath lit the world; its blood-stained banner led
> The martyrs heavenward; yea it was the seed
> Of knowledge, whence our modern freedom spread.
> Not always has man's *credo* proved a snare—
> But a deliverance, a sign, a flame
> To purify the dense and pestilent air,
> Writing on pitiless heavens one pitying name;
> And 'neath the shadow of the dread eclipse
> It shines on dying eyes and pallid lips.

Liberty must conform to law, or it will run riot in license. And Christian liberty must be under the Christ-code, or it will have neither potency nor direction. The formulation of religious thought is a condition precedent of all clear thinking and right living. Creeds are necessary, but they must be subject to a growing revelation and issue in the life abundant.



Art. VII.—A PROPHETIC MINISTRY

Man is created in the image of God. Which means, among other things, that he possesses a capacity for knowing God and holding spiritual communion with him. God, having created man with this faculty and power, desires him to use this endowment; and throughout the centuries God has sought to assist man toward a realization of the divine ideal. This he has done chiefly by revealing himself clearly and definitely in the eyes of men. The chief task of man has been, and now is, to understand these divine revelations, to know God, his nature, character, will, and purpose, and to draw near to him in obedience and love. In his attempt to make himself known, God has used and is using a variety of methods and means. He shows himself in the beauty and splendor of nature; he reveals his hand in the events of history; the ritual and ceremonies of worship have been and are a means of reaching the human heart and conscience. But in addition to these and other methods God has used in all ages what may be called the *Prophetic Method.* In "divers manners" he makes himself known to individuals who are especially well qualified to hear his voice. These he commissions to declare him and his will to their contemporaries. The belief in this method of divine revelation is the philosophy underlying the institution of prophecy. The prophets were men who represented Jehovah before and among his people—men who declared the divine will and purpose to their day and generation. The belief in this method of divine revelation is also the philosophical basis of the modern ministry. The minister of the gospel to-day is appointed a prophet just as truly as were Amos and Isaiah and Jeremiah of old. Whatever else, therefore, may be expected of the modern minister, as an administrator, a pastor, a church-builder, a money-raiser, or anything else, he must always remember that, primarily and preëminently, he is a prophet of the living God. Surely it is not unreasonable to suppose that a prophet of God in one period of the world's history may learn from a prophet of God in another age. Indeed, the more intimately I know the Hebrew prophets of old, the stronger

grows my conviction that in his attempts to grapple with the peculiar problems of our own age the modern prophet may learn much from these ancient men of God.

What, then, are some of the lessons which the modern prophet may learn?

In the first place, the prophets of old teach by their own personality and character what must be the character and personality of the efficient prophet of God in all ages. For example, it is perfectly evident that these ancient prophets were men of a vital religious experience. They had more than an intellectual grasp of the truth they proclaimed. They saw God and lived in close personal fellowship with him. As a result they understood the divine ideals of righteousness and were in a position to estimate rightly the condition of their contemporaries. The truth took hold of their hearts and lives, and only because they saw and felt and experienced and lived did they burn with a divine enthusiasm to make their contemporaries see the same visions, experience the same life, and realize the same ideals. Again, the prophets were holy men—holy in both senses in which the word is used in the Old Testament. On the one hand, morally pure: their lives were clean and in accord with the highest ideals they proclaimed. They sought to reflect in thought, word, and deed the character of Jehovah as apprehended by them. On the other hand, they were holy in the sense that they were entirely devoted to Jehovah and his service. He and his cause had first claim at all times; everything else had to retire into the background.

Moreover, the prophets were men with a deep consciousness of a divine call. "The lion hath roared," says Amos; "who will not fear? The Lord Jehovah hath spoken, who can but prophesy?" Isaiah is conscious of the command, "Go!" Jeremiah has heard the divine voice, "I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations." A similar conviction is implied or expressed in the other prophetic books. Conscious of the nature of the prophetic office and of a divine call to the office, they proved loyal to the call and to their convictions. Hardship could not dim their consciousness, opposition could not quench their ardor, and danger of death itself could not swerve them from their purpose. The power of the

certainty of the divine call is indicated in this pathetic cry of Jeremiah, "And if I say, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name, then there is in my heart as it were a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I am weary with forbearing, and I cannot contain." No wonder Moses defied the power of the mighty Pharaoh, Elijah the scheming Jezebel, Amos the apostate chief priest, Isaiah the weak and vacillating Ahaz, Jeremiah the treacherous Jehoiakim. No wonder these men continued to declare, with no uncertain sound, the counsel of Jehovah, though at times they must have realized the apparent hopelessness of the situation.

Once more, the prophets felt a profound conviction that they had a definite responsibility regarding the problems of the age and their proper solution. They were conscious of being free and independent moral beings while they were engaged in their prophetic work. They knew that their own faculties and powers were not superseded by faculties and powers from without, and that they must make diligent use of these their own powers. At the same time, they were deeply convinced that they could achieve results only through real divine coöperation. Finally, they were men of sanity, of tact, of common sense. They did not lose their heads, nor did they injure the cause of Jehovah through lack of skill and soberness. Without compromising any principle at stake, they were wise and tactful in the presentation of their message. Note the tact with which the prophet Amos opens the message of denunciation against Israel; or the matchless skill of Isaiah, illustrated, for example, in the parable of the vineyard.

Such were the prophets of Jehovah who led his people through the crises of the past, and such must be the modern prophets of God who would lead his people through the crises of the present or future. No one can doubt the importance of the vision and living experience to the modern prophet. He who has not a sublime spiritual vision of God, and a living experimental hold on the truth he proclaims and urges others to apply and to live, is not the person to grapple successfully with the perplexing problems that confront the church and the ministry to-day. And how can a man hope to impress his vision of God and truth upon

an individual, or a church, or a community, if he lacks an intelligent acquaintance with their lives and needs? Fundamental is the vision of God, for it alone can enable a man to have a right perception and true estimate of his environment. Neither can be had in its fullness without earnest spiritual, mental, and physical effort. By prayer and meditation alone no prophet ever did, or ever will, acquire a knowledge of the people to whom he is sent; nor can it be had from a study of literature, even of the Bible, alone; but only by moving among the people, as did the prophets of old, with eyes and minds and hearts quickened by the vision of God. And how great the need of holiness in the two-fold Old Testament sense of the word! First, moral purity and integrity—purity in body, mind, and spirit. A crushing blow is struck to the cause of God whenever one who is looked upon as a prophet of God swerves from the way of purity and integrity. Nor is the need of a whole-hearted devotion to the prophetic work any less pronounced: the consecration of all time, all thought, all strength of the whole being to the cause of him whose coworker the modern prophet is.

And surely the certainty of a call is not to be despised; for only he who is called is a prophet indeed. More important still, perhaps, is loyalty to the call. None of the ancient prophets took supernumerary relations, or entered the insurance business, or left the pulpit to mount the lecture platform, simply because things did not move smoothly in the prophetic office and other lines of activity appeared to offer a more comfortable living. But continuation in the office is not the only kind of loyalty demanded of the modern prophet. Loyalty in the office, loyalty to the tasks and responsibilities and ideals of the office, is equally important. Others besides F. B. Meyer may know something of the temptation to cut and trim the prophetic message for fear of offending some wealthy and influential pew holder. It requires much more loyalty to the divine call to deliver a message of rebuke to one who has influence and resources than to one who is without these things. The true prophets of old never failed on this point. But there may be even to-day, as there were in the days of Micah, prophets who cause the people to err because they practice, perhaps more

or less unconsciously, the saying, "Whose bread I eat his song I sing," or, as Micah expresses it, "Who bite with their teeth and cry, Peace; and who putteth not into their mouths they even sanctify war against him."

There are those who seem to think that the mercenary spirit is widespread, and that there is a desire on the part of many to muzzle the courageous preacher. In a letter written some time ago to a church paper occurs this statement: "The preachers are muzzled in city and country and village, and the muzzlers are not confined to the 'rich,' but some of as bad cases as we find are among those that pay little or nothing to the support of the church. I asked a member of an official board, of a church that had kept their pastor for eight years, what was the secret of his success, and he said he was a public-spirited man, not meddling with other people's business, was the best authority on Milton, Shakespeare, etc., and generally the best-talented man that they had ever had." If this was the situation, the writer was undoubtedly right in asking, "But, instead of a series of sermons on great literary celebrities, would not a series be better on Repentance, Restitution, the Golden Rule, Sabbath Breaking, Theatergoing, etc.?" However, this is hardly a fair description of general conditions. Men are much more willing than is here implied to listen to one who is a prophet indeed. The editor of the Saint Louis Republican is nearer the truth when he says: "The fact of the matter is, just between ourselves, that the wealthy man, instead of planning how he can muzzle the preacher, often goes home from church wondering why the man in the pulpit talked so feebly and generally of psychology, the 'modern spirit,' and the beauties of good nature, instead of telling him he was lax and cowardly and ease-loving in the field of his higher duties, and warning him to quit his meanness and remember there is a God in Israel." An attitude of cowardice is impossible with a prophet who is conscious of a divine call and is loyal to it. One of the speakers at the convention of the National City Evangelization Union held in Chicago a few winters ago stated that one of the methods of solving the city problem was to preach the same gospel—though perhaps in a different manner—to the men living along the boulevards as is preached to

the people in the slums. To do this is one of the things implied in loyalty to the divine call.

Sometimes modern prophets comfort themselves with the thought that they are not responsible for the results of their labors. In a certain sense that may be true; nevertheless, any prophet of God should be deeply concerned about the results of his efforts. He should labor as if everything depended upon him, relying at the same time, with sublime faith, upon the divine co-operation as if everything depended upon God. Only he who recognizes, like the prophet of old, the necessity of straining his own powers to the utmost, and at the same time is deeply conscious of the need of the divine presence and aid in all he undertakes, will accomplish the greatest results. Tact, sanity, common sense, possessed in so rich a measure by the Hebrew prophets, are other qualities needed by the modern prophet in the present time of unrest, agitation, and sensationalism, in order that he may diagnose correctly the ills of the age and apply with a steady heart and hand the remedies best calculated to heal the diseases.

In addition to the suggestions which the prophet to-day may gather from the personality and character of the ancient prophets, he may learn several lessons of great practical value from the character and contents of the messages they delivered. The first characteristic that impresses the student is the comprehensiveness of the prophetic message. The prophets were not merely, or even chiefly, predicters of future events. They believed themselves to be the representatives of Jehovah, commissioned to make known the divine will and purpose, whether it concerned the past, the present, or the future; the individual, society, or the state. They believed that Jehovah had a vital interest in every department of life, whether people called it political, or social, or industrial, or moral, or religious. With their sublime vision of God they knew no sphere of life where the presence of Jehovah might not be felt, or where the battle for righteousness might not be fought; and it was the sole ambition of these prophet-preachers to fight this battle until the entire national life should be regenerated; until worship should be so pure, commerce so clean, and politics so unselfish and honest that all might be offered as a holy and acceptable service

to Jehovah. The prophets believed that they had a right to interfere in all things, and they freely exercised this right. But, and this is a fact too frequently overlooked, they approached every situation not simply as statesmen, or as reformers, or as teachers of ethics, but primarily as prophets of Jehovah, seeking to realize their sublime vision of God and the divine ideals of righteousness burning in their souls. The modern prophet has a right—nay, it is his duty—to represent his God in every sphere of human activity, and to make known the divine will concerning all relations of life; but he must learn from his predecessors of ages gone by that he approaches these conditions not as an essayist or a lecturer, not as a politician or a professional reformer, but as a prophet of the living God. "The Church," says Shailer Mathews, "will never succeed in being merely a new organ of social reform." This is equally true of the minister. Only if he is first of all a prophet, with a prophetic message and vision, can he hope to succeed in his work for men.

Noticeable is also, in the second place, the pointedness and definiteness of the prophetic message. True, the principles underlying the prophetic utterances are few and easily discerned, but the prophets were not content with preaching principles in a vague and general way. In word, as in deed, they applied these principles to the needs of their day and generation and to the needs of every sphere of life and activity. There is no obscurity or vagueness in this denunciation of the popular conception of religion by the prince of prophets, Isaiah: "What care I for the number of sacrifices? says Jehovah: I am sated with burnt-offerings of rams and fat of fed beasts; and in the blood of bullocks, and lambs and he-goats I have no delight. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to trample my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me. New moon and sabbath, the calling of assemblies,—I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn assembly. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my very soul hateth; they are an encumbrance to me; I am weary of bearing them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you. Even if ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of

blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil. Be anxious about right doing; set aright the oppressor; secure justice for the fatherless; take the part of the widow."

Equally direct is the condemnation of the moral and social conditions confronting the same prophet. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field. . . . Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that tarry late into the night till wine inflame them. . . . Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of recklessness and sin as it were with a cart rope. . . . Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil. . . . Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight. . . . Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink; that justify the wicked for a bribe, and take away the innocence of the innocent from him. . . . Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and to writers that write perverseness." Amos is not afraid to condemn to their faces the greedy merchants who took advantage of the buyers by the use of the small measures and doctored scales; by charging exorbitant prices and mixing chaff with the wheat. Nor were the prophets afraid of the wealthy and powerful who misused their resources for the oppression of the weak and helpless. Indeed, against these are directed their severest condemnations. Micah describes those high in authority as cannibals who tear the flesh of the people from their bones and devour it. Nor does his contemporary, Isaiah, spare them: "They that lead Judah cause it to err. . . . The spoil of the poor is in your houses. . . . What mean ye that ye crush my people, and grind the faces of the poor. . . . The princes are companions of thieves, every one loveth bribes and chaseth after fees, but hath no regard for the cause of the fatherless or the widow." The pointedness and definiteness of the messages of the ancient prophets may not be without suggestion to the prophet of this day and generation.

In the next place, while the prophets condemned most severely and specifically the crimes, vices, and abuses of their day, while they denounced most persistently and emphatically the

hypocritical practices of their contemporaries and constantly exhorted them to practice specific virtues, they were not content with treating the symptoms. They knew very well that in order to bring about a real moral and spiritual transformation they must go behind the external acts to deal with the influences and motives responsible for the actions. What was back of the sins of the people, and how might new life be implanted? Generally speaking, the prophets saw the cause of the moral and religious apostasy in the lack of a proper knowledge of Jehovah. Not an intellectual knowledge alone, but a vital experimental knowledge, which would find expression in conduct. They believed that the possession of such knowledge of Jehovah in his true nature and character would drive away the awful wickedness and result in a complete transformation within and without. Hence, all the prophets, each in his way, sought to impress upon the people a more adequate knowledge of the nature and character of the God of Israel. Again we may ask whether the prophetic message, by its emphasis of the true conception of God as a regenerating influence, may not teach a lesson to the prophet of the twentieth century.

Some of the other elements in the teaching of the ancient prophets are equally suggestive to the minister of the gospel to-day. Such truths as these are especially applicable to conditions in our age: Material prosperity, if wrongly used, is likely to destroy moral purity and true spiritual religion; it leads to the deification of wealth, or power, or selfish pleasure, or reckless ambition; to an insolent defiance of the supreme majesty and holiness of God; it puts in the place of heart religion a formal and external ceremonial observance, and in the place of lofty ethical ideals low, utilitarian motives of action and conduct. Or this other truth: that God is not pleased with a cold, heartless formalism; it is an insult to him. He desires his people to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly in the sight of God. A third truth of permanent value is that justice between man and man is one of the divine foundations of society. No society resting upon the basis of selfishness or greed or oppression can endure. It is equally true that disregard of the religious and ethical demands of the all mighty and all pure God and failure to live up to our light,

to our opportunities and obligations, is sure to bring judgment. Are not these and similar truths, emphasized and reëmphasized by the prophets, the very truths of which the present age needs to be reminded?

In conclusion, attention may be called to one other consideration closely connected with some of the statements already made. Though we are living in the twentieth century A. D., a study of the ancient prophecies will soon show that, in essence at least, the problems confronting the prophets of Israel were not altogether unlike those of the present age. They had to face the problems of materialism and commercialism, the evils resulting from the accumulation of wealth, power, and resources in the hands of a few; cruelty, oppression, and arrogance, corruption in government and in the administration of justice. They had to grapple with a cold, heartless formalism that threatened to destroy pure, spiritual religion. Against these evils and wrongs the prophets of old raised their hands and voices, and the truths proclaimed then are the truths needed to-day more than anything else. The similarities between present conditions and those in the days of the prophets make it possible in some instances to transport bodily a prophetic message and apply it to conditions now. However, the world has not stood still. In the course of the centuries the social, industrial, and political life has become more complex and complicated. Should Amos or Isaiah come to New York, Chicago, or Washington to-day he would find it difficult to adjust himself to the strange sights. They knew a monarchical form of government —in ideal at least a theocracy; ours is republican in form; in name at least a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. In the days of the prophets the people were chiefly agriculturalists and shepherds, industries were undeveloped, and commerce, though not unknown, was carried on on a comparatively small scale. City life was less complex, for even the largest of the cities of Israel would be considered to-day little more than country towns, and since agriculture was the principal means of subsistence, there was no rush to the city, with its consequent city problem. The evolution along these and other lines has produced its own peculiar problems and perplexities. To these the prophetic

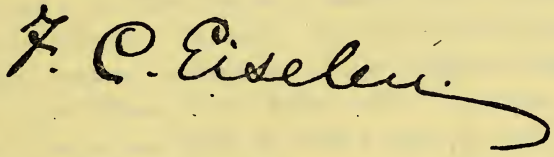
message cannot be applied in its present form. Nevertheless, with regard to these also it may be profitable for instruction. Surely it teaches, at least by implication, in the first place, that the modern problems are not outside the sphere of prophetic activity, and, in the second place, that their ultimate and permanent solution must be upon a religious basis—upon the basis of the great eternal principles enunciated by the Hebrew prophets. Who could imagine, for example, that the ancient prophets, were they to come to our country to-day, would contribute nothing to the solution of such vital present-day problems as the relation of capital and labor, the proper compensation of the worker, the protection of the worker while at work, and others of a similar nature? True, these are economic questions which, as has been suggested, cannot be settled by quoting texts in church; they must be determined by experts and in the light of economic facts and forces. But there is also a religious and ethical aspect to these questions. There is a religious and moral atmosphere in which the choicest personal advantage appears mean and contemptible if there is a shadow cast upon it by even the smallest injustice to a brother man. It is the business of the prophet of God to create this atmosphere, in which men show a Christlike consideration for their fellows, in which the general good is exalted above the private gain. When this atmosphere is once created, then, and not until then, these economic questions can and will be settled in a manner that will not be a reproach to our Christian civilization.

An article on "Methodism to Serve the Present Age," published some time since in a church paper, contains this statement: "A secretary of Home Missions in the Presbyterian Church has within a month caught here and there these articulate cries: Every year ten thousand men are killed in this country by machines, including railroads. . . . Eighty-five thousand are maimed each year. . . . One American city alone has above 300,000 dark interior rooms in tenement dwellings. . . . Two million children of school age in this country are badly underfed. . . . Some millions of families—not individuals, but families—live on less than $500 a year. . . . Here is a young man, stunted and anæmic because of bad air, poor food, and child labor. You

may convert him all you please, you can never make a man of him. . . . The differences in the rewards of toil are extreme and grotesque." Then follows the question: "Are these things necessary? Does the church care?" And the writer closes with the simple statement, "It is time to wake up." Were the prophets of old here to-day they would be wide-awake. Who can believe that these prophets would take no vital interest in the fact that in our country every year scores of thousands die of tuberculosis? "The problem of tuberculosis," it has been truly said, "is a social problem. It cannot be solved by medical men alone. . . . It comes to the poor who lack the means to live in proper surroundings. . . . One of the causes is the overcrowding in small rooms. . . . Lack of sufficient and nourishing food among the poor is the next great cause of the spread of the disease. Every rise in the price of food is reflected in the increasing number of deaths from tuberculosis. The conditions under which men and women and children are compelled to work are increasing the throng of the diseased. No child or young girl or boy should ever be allowed to go into a basement to work. It means that the sunlight and air that are absolutely necessary for the life of the young are denied them." Were the prophets here to-day they would not keep silent on the subject of child labor or the employment of women, with its blighting effects upon thousands of homes. The sweatshop, the tenement house with its evils, the Negro problem, the white slave traffic, the liquor traffic—indeed, every evil of the day would receive prophetic attention. Not in a cheap, sensational, and irrational manner, as is done too often, but these men of God would turn upon these problems their divinely quickened powers of vision, and, having assured themselves of the facts, and never before, they would apply to these facts their sublime spiritual and ethical ideals. And then they would battle against specific wrongs for specific rights until righteousness would triumph. Shall the prophet of God to-day, with the larger vision vouchsafed to him through the fuller revelation of God in the Christ, do less than they?

The prophets of God in the twentieth century cannot afford to neglect their predecessors in ages gone by, for they, too, have

words of wisdom and power and life. Let us strive to know God as the prophets knew him, in his majesty and sovereignty, in his righteousness and justice, in his holiness and purity, and, above all, in his mercy and lovingkindness. Let us add to the ancient message the revelation in Jesus the Christ with its life-giving power. Thus equipped, let us go forward to meet the crisis of to-day with the boldness and courage and wisdom of the prophets of old. Then we will do our proper share toward the solution of present-day questions and present-day problems in a way that will establish peace upon earth and good will among men.



Art. VIII.—H. G. WELLS: SOCIALISM AND THE GREAT FAITH

A reader experiences a delicious sense of uncertainty upon picking up a work of H. G. Wells. No calculation based upon the mathematical law of probabilities can tell him, before he has read well to the end, whether it is pure sociology, arrant moonshine, flamboyant imaginings, or a picture of commonplace English society. Nor is one book the same always to all readers. To one an early novel of his may read like errant and wandering fiction of the stimulating style of Jules Verne; to another like the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. Or again, one of his later efforts, to the tough-minded readers, brought up in the rough-and-ready social theories of Karl Marx, Herr Bebel, and Winninger, is such stuff as their dreams are made of, with a little of real life quite irrelevant to the course of the argument; to the tender-minded, whose literary pabulum has been the sweetened gruel of Mrs. Humphry Ward or the honest, homemade pudding of G. K. Chesterton, it is the devil's psalter, the *te diabolum,* with a diapason mingling the crash of ancient fairy tale, modern romance, and the seventh commandment. Clearly, In the Days of the Comet begins as a story of English middle class life, but it ends as a lecture on sociology, eugenics, and the Kneipp cure. The Modern Utopia begins as an answer to a problem in practical sociology and ends as a protesting romance. The New Machiavelli and Marriage are never quite able to decide whether they are practical sociology, realistic fiction, or treatises on house decoration. Truly the patient and painstaking librarian has as much difficulty in classifying Mr. Wells's best-known works as he has in accounting for the vagaries of Wilhelm Meister or the Wahlverwandtschaften. But there is a charm in all this mélange of uncertainty comparable only to that with which a child puts his hand into his Christmas stocking. He may draw out a mechanical aëroplane, a set of building blocks, or a golden-rule primer. This is due in part to the fact that Mr. Wells has been developing, developing wonderfully, since the days when he startled the

magazine-reading world with his stories of aërial visitors and the heat ray. Then we looked on him as something of a prestidigitator in fiction, an enthusiastic disciple of the brilliant Jules Verne. Few readers saw in him any more than a desire to amuse by taking the imagination captive. Few realized that behind in the brain of the performer who was pulling Martian fighting-machines out of the emptiness of intercometary space there lay serious thoughts, thoughts which should give pause to those who are wont to glory in the marvelous advances of our civilization. This seriousness of purpose has attended him in all his later works, ever growing, ever seeking new ways of attacking the problem which obsessed him in his earliest, almost in his schoolboy, thinking. But unfortunately the reputation he then gained as a wonderworker in fiction has been like a millstone about the neck of his subsequent fame.

Even though Mr. Wells has in his last few novels abandoned the higher altitudes of sheer imagination for the plain level of everyday life, on which he has sought to work out the problems that are ever crying for solution, yet an essential dualism of his genius remains; and this has added not a little to our difficulties. For he is both socialist and artist. Now the potentialities of human nature are almost infinite, and it may direct its activities now here, now there, and draw strength from its multifarious interests. Spinoza ground lenses, which perhaps gave him the medium through which he looked into the infinite; Keats compounded drugs between Endymion and the Ode to a Nightingale; Spenser chased Irish rebels, and was chased in turn, which gave a new zest to his Faerie Queene; Dante was a politician, revolutionist, Ghibelline; Milton a Latin secretary; Benvenuto Cellini a swashbuckler; Leonardo da Vinci a mathematician, mechanic, soldier, inventor, poet, architect, and artist—and the list might go on indefinitely. Even Socrates had a trade or two, which, for all we know, did not suffer, in addition to those of professional banqueter and irritating conversationalist and philosopher. But there are two things a man may not be at the same time: a theoretical socialist and an artist. Either the socialist will lay his deadly hand on the creative impulses of the artist, and they will

languish, or the artist will arise and call to naught the fine-spun logical scheme of things entire of the socialist. Their natures are contrary—too contrary to live at peace within the confines of one brain. This it is that has brought about the grand confusion in Mr. Wells's books. For the socialist demands order, perfect order in everything about him. To him the whole human universe is an office that has been left in the charge of an incompetent secretary, and as a result the card files, which should be neatly ticketed and in order; and the letter presses, which should be set forth, each with its dates and contents nicely indexed and alphabetized—all these in an ecstasy of disorder, valuable papers in the waste-basket, worthless scraps carefully preserved, the manager away on a vacation, and business being transacted or pressing for transaction. To rescue what so clearly needs to be rescued, the socialist confidently offers himself as a competent clerk who knows the symptoms of the disease and the exact nature of each remedy. This is the professional socialist in Mr. Wells. He knows the varieties of social ailments, and at times he also thinks he knows wherein may lie the cure. And, good socialist that he is, he will apply the cure by means of concrete object lessons drawn from little offices he will make to serve as models of administrative sanity and health. These are to show scientifically and artistically the true evils of human society and the means that may be taken to remedy them. For this purpose he calls in the aid of Mr. Wells the artist, whose hand is necessary in planning and furnishing the orderly models. But, unfortunately, the artist is not overly fond of order and nice ticketing, and indexing, and card files, and letter presses. He knows the use of the waste-basket, and perhaps of the feather duster, but in his artistic temperament he despises all else that goes into the equipment of a modern office. For, and here lies the great difference, to him order presupposes essential identities, while he can see only subtle differences. He knows that a leaf in a forest catches its significance because it is different from every other possible leaf; how, then, can he index these yet more subtle and significant human leaves, and, placing them in a beautiful mahogany file called socialism, proclaim the result a regeneration of the human

race and the ultimate goal of society? Thus the artist Mr. Wells comes to the aid of the socialist Mr. Wells, and the result—is the closing gloom of The New Machiavelli and of Marriage.

But, though his art is never entirely free, Mr. Wells remains all in all the most significant English author of to-day. There is a grasp of the essential significance of each of the situations he portrays, an understanding of the subtle complexity of each character, a perfect sense of the value of each tone in the background, that, in combination, we look for in vain in his contemporaries. He has painted with relentless hand the sordid ugliness of our rapidly growing industrial civilization—not the ugliness or callowness of youth, which, when one touch shall come, the touch that comes to every boy, shall fade insensibly into manly grace and vigor, but the driveling ugliness of miserly age. His pictures of twentieth-century London are comparable only to the pictures of the London of the forties and fifties in Dickens. Yet there is this difference: Dickens made his London full of the subtle charm of romance; Wells has his full of the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest when the breed calls to its aid the horrid forces of coal, electricity, iron, and filth. As mercilessly truthful are his pictures of London and English society. The characters he draws are taken from the class that is now in the ascendancy—the so-called middle and the lower middle, those acquiring wealth and those interested in politics; the class above all others that is moved by the relentless force of selfish egotism, greed, love of display, and the gospel of getting on in the world. Into this he throws his characters, who burn with a desire to cope with the mad, inconsequential whirl of civilization. At best they get this assurance from one that knows the force of the eternal conflict:

> Civilization's just a fight . . . just as savagery is a fight, and being a wild beast is a fight, only you have paddeder gloves on and there's more rules. We aren't out for everybody; we're out for ourselves—and a few friends, perhaps—within limits. It's no good hurrying ahead and pretending civilization's something else, when it isn't. That's where all these socialists and people come a howler. O, *I* know the socialists. I see 'em at my wife's At Homes. They come along with the literary people, and the artists' wives and the actors and actresses, and none of them take much account of me, because I'm just a business man and rather

dark and short, and so I get a chance of looking at them from the side that isn't on show while the other's turned to the women, and they're just as fighting as the rest of us, only they humbug more and they don't seem to me to have a decent respect for any of the common rules.

Nor is the successful business man blind to his own essential worthlessness to the cause of humanity. He is rather cynically alert to the whole truth:

I tell you I don't believe that the majority of people who make money help civilization forward any more than the smoke that comes from the engine helps the train forward. . . . They're about as much help as—fat.

To the one who would by patient research and unselfish service devote his life to help humanity he can give only this meed of remuneration: a hard life, economy, deprivation, and in the end a doubtful appreciation and almost certain failure. To the enthusiastic Remington, who burns to convert England to love and clear thinking, the cynical, but practical and worldly wise Oxford don retorts that the world is better ruled by hate and coarse thinking. What has this pachydermatous monster in common with a propaganda of unselfish and sentient intellectuality? Besides, each struggler against this resistless egotism carries in his heart an unknown ally of the enemy. Man, be he never so devoted, is not made in a piece, to throw his whole force unhampered against the foe. For the best instincts of unselfishness are close akin to his instincts of selfishness. His personal interests and his public interests, though they may seem for years to be almost identical, will at times turn and rend each other. And where can be found a will so cold, so impersonal, that it can affirm the claims of the one and uproot the pretensions of the other? It is this tragic inability of man to be all beast or all god that gives the melancholy conclusions to all of Mr. Wells's novels of the unceasing social conflict. For at the end of the months in the wilderness Trafford and Marjorie, in Marriage, are not much nearer to a common realization of their life's purpose:

I want to get into contact with men who are thinking. . . . Every writer who has anything to say, every artist who matters, is the stronger for every man or woman who responds to him.

And now Marjorie's mind was teeming with thoughts of this new conception of a life lived for understanding. As she went about the prepa-

ration of the tea, her vividly concrete imagination was active with the realization of the life they would lead on their return. She could not see it otherwise than framed in a tall fine room, a study in somber tones. . . . There should be a fireplace of white marble . . . with furnishings of solid brass. And she wanted some touch of the wilderness about it, a skin perhaps.

Running through all his novels, then, is this essential dualism of human nature: the one side godlike, orderly, constructive, longing to create beauty, yearning to make of earth a heritage worthy of the sons of God; the other ingratiatingly demoniacal, suavely destructive, politely seeking to raise itself at the expense of others, insinuatingly ugly. It is because he sees clearly this eternal conflict, because he pictures as clearly the essential Manichæism in our modern civilization, Mr. Wells is our most significant novelist to-day.

But though Mr. Wells the artist sees thus clearly that an individual is made up of orderly and unorderly traits, that it is impossible to classify him in any system or organization without destroying his individuality or ignoring his individual eccentricities; in a word, though he sees that a perfect social order is, owing to the exigencies of individual human nature, impossible, yet the socialist Mr. Wells cannot despair. He wills to see, beyond present conflict, disorder, and ugliness, a state of society that shall be peaceful, orderly, and beautiful. For "indeed Will is stronger than Fact; it can mold and overcome Fact. But this world has still to discover its will; it is a world that slumbers inertly, and all this roar and pulsation of life is no more than its heavy breathing." Now the socialist, as well as the sociologist, desires by painstaking research into the nature of human activities to arrive at some general conclusions respecting their nature and their end. The origin of society, the explanation of social phenomena, the aim of society, how this aim may most expeditiously be achieved—these and the like are the questions that constructive sociologists are striving to answer. And the methods they employ are those of modern inductive science. So Mr. Wells, in his desire to reduce our social chaos into system, finds his best weapon to be the one which has been used with such unexpectedly successful results in the conquest of the physical world.

> When the intellectual history of this time comes to be written, nothing, I think, will stand out more strikingly than the empty gulf in quality between the superb and richly fruitful scientific investigations that are going on and the general thought of other educated sections of the community . . . this new thoroughness of intellectual treatment which has always distinguished the great, and which to-day is also the essential quality of the scientific method.

Or again,

> The plain message physical science has for the world at large is this, that were our political and social and moral devices only as well contrived to their ends as a linotype machine, an antiseptic operating plant, or an electric tram car, there need now at the present moment be no appreciable toil in the world, and only the smallest fraction of the pain, the fear, and the anxiety that now makes human life so doubtful in its value.

Given, then, a complete understanding of all social phenomena by patient scientific research, and a full application of the laws thus discovered, and all lies open, orderly, and beautiful, a human universe rational to the core. The chief virtue of a society thus rationally and organically constituted will be unselfish discipline.

> Such an order means discipline. It means triumph over the petty egotisms and vanities that keep men in our earth apart; it means devotion to a nobler hope; it cannot exist without a gigantic process of inquiry, trial, forethought, and patience in an atmosphere of mutual trust and concession. Such a world as this Utopia is not made by chance occasional coöperation of self-indulgent men, by autocratic rulers, or by the brawling wisdom of the democratic leader.

Such a society, which must be world-wide in its scope, he has termed The Great State. And he feels its future certainty; for the more primitive life of the past, based on agriculture and owing its long continuance to the inertia of tradition, the so-called normal social life, has been rapidly crumbling under the abnormal conditions brought about by our scientific and concentrated industrialism. Nor, says he, should we desire a return to the past, for it, too, had its inherent conflicts, its pain, its anxieties, its physical and moral ugliness. No; the rational progressive, like Mr. Wells, looks forward to a millennium, to "the ideal of a social system no longer localized, no longer immediately tied to and conditioned by the cultivation of the land, world-wide in its interests and outlook and catholic in its tolerance and sympathy, a system of great individual freedom with a uni-

versal understanding among its citizens of a collective thought and purpose." This ideal is beautiful as he describes it in the Modern Utopia and in Socialism and The Great State. The latter might well be entitled Socialism and The Great Faith; for if scriptural faith has strength to remove mountains, we may hope some time—not our day—will see the dream come true. It is to be a servantless world, for will not science then have arrived at maturity? The curse of Labor will be no more, or will be shifted from the shoulders of men to machines. What menial duties must be performed will be done by conscript labor, and that for only a few hours each day. A standard system of values will be established in the place of our constantly fluctuating currency. The surplus of protection in such a gigantic coöperative system will be such that everyone may have a profit and live at his leisure, if he chooses not to work. As much freedom as is consistent with the welfare of the community will be allowed to each individual, and he may turn his energies to whatever direction he will. There will be directors and managers, to be sure, but no managing caste in permanent conspiracy to hold supreme power. All this has been heard before, many times before, but not always in the same words. Who are to be the governors? How are they to be chosen? If they are a voluntary nobility, like the Samurai of the New Utopia, how do they gain acceptance from the mass? If they are elected by the people, then we must expect a modicum of clear thinking in the mass that our present experiments with democracy hardly warrant. How shall we reconcile the much-vaunted individual freedom with careful direction, system, and coöperation? These are hard questions, as he himself recognizes, for he writes: "This still leaves the problem of systematic knowledge and research and all the associated problems of æsthetic, moral, and intellectual initiative to be worked out in detail." But leaving these, it leaves all. One is reminded of the answer the Empress Catherine made to the philosopher Diderot: "Monsieur Diderot, I have heard with great pleasure the inspirations of your brilliant mind, but all your fine principles, which I understand very well, would make very fine books, and yet would work out very badly. In all your plans of reform you forget the im-

mense difference between your position and mine. You work on paper, which submits to everything you say. It is supple in every part, offering no obstacle either to your imagination or to your pen. But I, poor empress! work on the human skin, which is quite otherwise, ticklish and irritable." But there are other and yet more fundamental difficulties. What shall we say if the much-vaunted science upon which he leans so heavily—and which is to give him the clear understanding that, like a sword of lightning, is to cleave the darkness of our ignorance and prejudice—what shall we say if this prove but a broken reed, and the clear understanding no better than a rushlight in a wind-blown darkness? In the mathematical sciences, where all right angles are ninety degrees and all straight lines the shortest distance between two points, and the circumference of a circle always at the distance of the same radius from the center, our generalizations always hold firm, be the geometer Euclid himself or the youngest freshman in a university. In the physical sciences, where the variations between individual atoms and molecules or lines of force in the same substance are so slight as to be negligible, we still have a science which for all practical purposes gives us what we call universal laws. But as we go higher into the biological realm individual variations occur in greater and greater numbers, here giving rise to new species, there apparently to lawless lapses. Even a generalization so valuable as the Mendelian law is shot through and through with exceptions. What biologist has dared to dream of drawing up a system of axioms and postulates for the theory of evolution which for universality of application and conciseness of expression might approach those of Euclidean geometry? And yet we have a science of biology—a limping science, a temporary makeshift, a rule of thumb. Can our microscopes and scalpels and patient investigators hope for more? And can we expect better results from the patient investigator in the field of sociology? Here we have individuals, but hardly any class generalizations. Our whole art depends upon these individual differences. Who ever dreamed of the romance of a molecule, or the tragedy of an atom, or the comedy of an acute angle? Who can accurately define a normal human being, or a typical

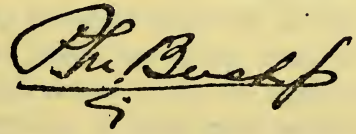
American, or a perfect Nebraskan, without fastening his attention upon one individual and excluding the thousands and millions of others? Who can answer the apparently simple question, What is the origin of society? A standard textbook, after pages of effort, comes forward with this: that we will have to look for the origin of society in man's social instinct. In another field such an answer would be humorous. The conclusion seems clear that, so long as human nature is as it is, strongly individualized, and our whole tradition is to exaggerate this individualizing process, we must look in vain for a science of sociology that will give generalizations strong enough to enable us to draw up a constitution for The Great State which shall at the same time maintain order and beauty and give free play to individual development.

But the desirability of order and freedom is the strongest contention that Mr. Wells makes in his Modern Utopia, in his Socialism and The Great State, and in his New Machiavelli. Yet he recognizes their incompatibility when he writes:

> Organizations and genius are antipathetic. The vivid and creative mind, by virtue of its qualities, is a spasmodic and adventurous mind; it resents blinkers, and the mere implication that it can be driven in harness to the unexpected. It demands freedom. It resents regular attendance from ten to four, and punctualities in general, and all these paralyzing minor tests of conduct that are vitally important to the imagination of the authoritative dull. Consequently it is being eliminated from its legitimate field.

This makes one fear that there is too much order with us already, that the card file in business, government, and education has played sad havoc with our inventive geniuses, and that we are fast degenerating into a nation of organizers and plodders. Nor does a study of history reassure us or make Mr. Wells's ideal seem any the more attainable. There has never been a time when organization was carried to a further or more benevolent extent than during the days of Hadrian and the Antonines in Rome. The surplus wealth of the state was expended in maintaining the poor in care-free leisure; there were free schools, free theaters, free art, free libraries that almost rivaled ours. Order was everywhere and perfect. Municipal, state, and national pride exalted itself in

beautiful buildings, baths, porticos, galleries, temples; universities and free lectureships were in all principal cities; the road to preferment in state lay open to every aspirant. Yet where we look for a flowering of individual genius we see nothing but poor mediocrity. The energies of men were drawn off in maintaining order. An excellent code of laws was devised to perpetuate this order, for the state had grown stronger than the individual, and we had The Great State, but no Great Individuals. For it seems to be the melancholy truth that the more nearly we come to having a perfect state the less reason there can be found for there being one. And freedom of individual development—does not this imply also freedom to make mistakes, and at times, perchance, serious mistakes? Is not a man's development due also to his failures as well as to his successes? It was this that prompted Goethe to write large the motto, "None of thy errors shalt thou repent." But where in an atmosphere of perfect order and co-operation can we place the busy-body who experiments freely with life, failing now here, now there, like Faust or Meister, only at last to find himself and his true mission? The freedom permitted in Wells's Great State is a pseudo-freedom like that of Rousseau's young Émile. And, last, it is not idle to object that in a state of perfect order there can be no beauty. For order is monotonous and beauty is unique. The only persons whose company we enjoy in the New Utopia are the protesting Botanist and the recalcitrant and unshorn and peripatetic advocate of the simple life. Mechanical precision we admire; a linotype machine, an antiseptic operating plant, an electric tram give us a sense of ease, luxury, or safety; but it is to the old handpress or the high-pooped Santa Maria that we turn for æsthetic delight. When all civilization shall have turned linotype machine and antiseptic operating plant, we shall have more comfort perhaps, but we also shall have made the supreme renunciation.



Art. IX.—LABOR AND THE COURTS

The title above challenges attention to an unpleasant but vital problem in social justice. Our political self-complacency would gladly assume the perfection of our legal tribunals. Nevertheless, sound sense forbids us to assume the perfection, or even the near-perfection, of anything human. Meanwhile the resentful voice of labor is demanding that the public conscience shall consider, and, if need be, reconsider, this entire subject of labor and the courts. It is only perilous folly to dismiss this controversy with the remark that the workingmen only are at fault, and that they are totally incompetent to discuss such subjects. There has already been too much of this getting rid of our ominous problems by an airy wave of the hand. At the same time there are reasons for the reluctance of thoughtful men to pose as critics of the courts and for their impatience with those who seem over-hasty to assume that role. The great wisdom and unimpeachable integrity of our judges as a class, the prestige accorded to precedent, the frequent complexity and obscurity of the facts and principles involved in judicature, the fundamental rule that courts can declare only what the law is, not what it ought to be—these and other considerations admonish all concerned to observe the most scrupulous respect toward our judicial tribunals. These considerations must, nevertheless, be qualified by others; such as, first, the usual social affiliations of the judges; second, the strategic disadvantages of laboring people in court contests; third, the adherence of courts to antiquated and inequitable precedents in labor cases. To discuss these latter considerations with full candor toward labor and equal respect toward the courts is the purpose here in view.

I. The social class to which the judges usually belong, either by birth or later association, is likely to impart some bias to their minds. As a rule, and rightly, our judges are chosen from the superior ranks of the legal profession, and as a rule the superior lawyers are in the service of corporations or other great capitalistic interests; hence it is inevitable that the same lawyers, when

they become judges, cannot entirely divest themselves of mental habitudes incident to class affiliations and professional relationships. This need ascribe to them nothing worse than those common limitations of human nature which are sure to prove incorrigible in spite of the best intentions. An authority so impartial as Professor Groat remarks: "It is at this point that the judge's attitude of mind and habit of thought, a result of legal training and legal practice, become of prime importance. Doubtless this is the cause that has led in so many cases . . . to the decision in favor of the employer." It is eminently true of litigation that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," for so long as the poor man cannot afford the expense of duly prosecuting, it is all in vain for the court to assure him of an impartial judgment at the end of the suit. If his claim is a trifling one, the rich adversary will probably regard concession as cheaper than contest, but in proportion to the importance of the poor man's claim his disadvantage increases. If a laboring man ventures to appear in court against a rich employer, it usually means that the former must be represented by an inferior attorney opposed to the superior legal expert hired by the employer. Beyond that it means that the multiplied fees, intolerable delays, and ingenious technicalities will so increase expenses and postpone judgment that even injustice shall be cheaper than justice to the poor. It was said by John Bascom that "justice that is unduly deferred can by no possibility be justice." There are, or recently were, pending in the courts of this country two cases of workingmen's claims against corporations still undetermined after ten years of litigation and another after eleven years. A decision of the courts awarding damages to a widow for the loss of her husband's life has been rendered after nine years of litigation, including four distinct trials and five hearings on appeal, and still later is an award of damages to a workingman after twenty-two years of litigation, the crowning disgrace of American judicature. In most of the civilized countries these poor folk would rarely have been obliged to go to law at all, but would have been promptly indemnified by the automatic operation of the workingmen's compensation laws. Surely President Taft has good occasion to say that "the one thing which disgraces our

civilization to-day is the delays of civil and criminal justice, and these always work in favor of the man with the longest purse."

II. Labor complains not only of tardy, but of inefficient administration of justice. Judicial and legal processes seem to act with celerity and certainty against laboring men, witness the many drastic injunctions against boycotting and picketing or the inexorable toils of law that closed about the wretched McNamaras. On the other hand, working people observe the contrasted futility of the law in dealing with the terrible crime of the "Triangle fire" in New York, when one hundred and forty-seven working girls perished in awful misery; a disaster for which there was no excuse save the business economy of such inhuman hazards. A great religious journal truly says "that such a crime—for crime it surely was, against all the laws of God, whether against the criminal statutes of New York or not—can go unpunished and can soon be forgotten, as it will be, is a fearful indictment of our courts and of our public conscience. The insurance protects the owners, the fire department protects the neighboring buildings, the police keep away looters, and the only unprotected ones are the workers who have ventured their lives as well as given their labor for enough to keep body and soul together." This unspeakable miscarriage of the laws is still further aggravated by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the same State setting aside the statute whereby the relatives of the slaughtered women were assured of civil damages. The public may forget such injustice, but it is too much for the public to expect that work people will forget it or fail to compare with it the efficacy with which the courts protect property and punish laboring men. Labor has a grievance until it is assured of "cheap, swift, and reliable justice." To this end labor may rightly demand that all such litigation shall be submitted here, as in France and Germany, and in Wisconsin under a recent statute, to special courts where the proceedings are summary and untechnical, the language plain, and the costs little or nothing at all. The traditional objection that cheap justice is likely to multiply litigation is old without being venerable. Litigation may be an evil, but injustice is a greater evil, and so are social discontent and class hatred. Nor is it clear that excessive litigation will en-

sue. For litigation is not to be measured by the number of suits alone, but by their duration, and free justice, with prompt adjudication, will be such a deterrent to injustice that many now familiar occasions for litigation would then no more arise.

III. Labor's practical inequality before the law is further due to certain antiquated traditions of the courts. The respect for precedent is rightly an essential principle of all judicature, and yet it often results that some precedents thus linger unduly beyond their time. "A great mass of law and methods in the administration of law, fitted primarily to past necessities, are present to make the decisions of our courts unduly conservative." It is no marvel that tendencies older than the principle of equality before the law should still in some measure modify the latter. There was a time when law and precedent frankly favored privilege, property, and rank. At a period not remoter than early court reports employers who kidnapped a laborer were fined one shilling, while the laborer who should steal an employer's coat would have been hanged for it. Two hundred years ago it was the usage of the courts to fix the rate of wages, and the fact that the justices who did so "were often employers, or of the class whose interests were most nearly akin to those of the employers, did not seem to strike anyone as incongruous except occasionally the laborers themselves." And Professor Groat records that in our courts no longer ago than the middle of the nineteenth century "the spirit of medievalism, with its antagonism to the working classes and its ingrained feeling that in some way the laborer must be controlled by his employers, somewhat after the manner of a serf by his lord or an apprentice by his master, survived." From such times and their precedents our modern precedents are lineally descended, and while the tendency has indeed been away from such origins, yet the fact that precedent is precedent, and not reform, makes inevitable in its present stage some trace and taint of its earlier stages. Justice Hornblower, a jurist of greatest distinction and conservatism, declares: "We find ourselves in this State [New York] at the beginning of the twentieth century substantially where we were at the beginning of the nineteenth century so far as the great body of our legal principles is concerned. The

same situation exists in the great majority of the other States." And it was not until the nineteenth century that labor was accorded such elementary justice as the modification of the anticonspiracy, the vagrancy laws, and the enactment of the factory acts. And labor complains that equality before the law is still incomplete until many surviving usages regarding injunctions, employers' liability, freedom of contract, and class legislation shall be radically reformed.

The writ of injunction has occasioned the most vexed and complicated of all these controversies. Many considerations are involved. Laboring men should not overlook the unanimous and well-grounded declaration of the judges that the authority and efficiency of the courts are vitally dependent on the prompt effectiveness of this writ. Workingmen, of all men, have most to lose through any sort of "reform" by which the courts may be reduced to imbecility. Whatever rights the law professedly guarantees to workingmen will have security and substance in the exact degree in which the processes of the courts are summary and effective. Nor, on the other hand, should courts or public overlook the consideration that court processes, which are but the means, should never supersede those constitutional rights where preservation is the end of the processes. It seems reasonable to maintain that the use of the injunction is an abuse, (1) when it is a subterfuge for depriving unconvicted men of jury trial or other constitutional guarantees; (2) when it penalizes men for doing in concert what they have right to do as individuals; (3) when it suspends rights without notice and then holds them in suspense pending a long-deferred hearing. All concerned should observe that labor's grievance does not depend entirely on whether the injunction-power has been abused in this or that particular case, but on the belief that present usages are such as to render abuses possible and yet leave labor without adequate legal recourse or remedy. In the end no probable modification of their writs could more seriously impair the efficiency of the courts than would the belief of a great social class that the courts are employing these writs to impair the principle of equality before the law and the solemn guarantees of the constitution. While it is true that popu-

lar rights have their last legal security in the courts, it is also true the courts have their last actual security in popular confidence. Therefore the great question regarding injunctions is not as to their use and abuse in specific instances, but whether—and how—their necessary and effective use can be fairly and plainly reconciled with the constitutional guarantees of jury trial, habeas corpus, free speech, and free press. Such a reconcilement is requisite as a protection not only to the rights of labor, but no less to the political independence and moral authority of the courts.

It is to be observed, again, that the theoretical distinction between legislation and adjudication cannot always be observed in practice. In determining what the law is the judge often has little light save the presumption that the law is what it ought to be. Three further factors there are which often enter into such cases as added complications. First, such judicial legislation not only supplies the absence of statutory enactments, but at times even sets them aside. Second, judicial decisions are often not only decisions of the law, but decisions of the facts to which the law is applied, or even decisions of social theory in whose light the law is interpreted; in which cases, granting that the judge is always the best judge of the law, it is often true that the sociologist, the economist, the charity expert, the sanitary expert, the legislator, the labor leader, or even the plain "man on the street," may be as good or a better judge of the social facts or theories involved. Thirdly, all such "judge-made law" immediately tends to harden into a fixed and governing precedent. It is evident that all this can be preserved from becoming an intolerable usurpation only on condition that it be subject to free discussion and popular determination in the end. And, naturally, the laboring classes, knowing such precedents to originate actually, though not theoretically, in the free exercise of the discretionary powers of judges, easily make the inference that the regularity with which such discretion has been exercised adversely to labor may be explained in part by an adverse bias of mind.

The court doctrines most vitally related to labor litigation are the "fellow-servant" doctrine, those relating to the assumption of risk, contributory negligence, class legislation, and freedom of

contract. The fact that these doctrines and usages have been gradually evolved gives some color to the belief of the laboring class that they manifest a partiality which would be incredible if supposed to be conscious, but not at all incredible if unconsciously manifested in the slow development of tendencies. For instance, courts hold that the "good-will" of a business is a vested right, but that the leisure time of labor is not. Further, the court at its own discretion confers upon capital the former right without any statute to sustain it, while courts have denied the latter right to labor in spite of statutes which confer it. Yet the good-will of business and the leisure of labor are both incorporeal values, both equally ideal. Even in the absence of statutes, why should not courts have been as solicitous for the workman's leisure and his standard of living as for the merchant's commercial popularity? Again, the courts, though tardily, are now upholding laws limiting the labor time of women on the ground that the human race is entitled to healthy motherhood. Why not healthy fatherhood? Why not the good citizenship which is largely dependent on "the time and spirit to think"? Whether the labor-time concerned be that of women or men, such questions are not so much judicial as sociological. Why do sociologists and judges usually render divergent answers? And when legislatures have already answered such questions by statutory enactments, why should courts so often undertake to reverse the answers thus given to questions primarily social, and therefore legislative, rather than juridical, and that despite the admonition of the national Supreme Court that "the legislature, being familiar with local conditions, is primarily the judge of the necessity of such enactments"?

There are many such apparent anomalies in the contrasted attitude of courts toward capital and labor. Although a combination of employers to enforce a "closed shop" against unionists seems to be perfectly lawful, yet a combination of employees to enforce a "closed shop" against nonunionists has been declared unlawful. Although courts have accorded to a corporation the right to "prescribe" the terms upon which the services of laborers will be accepted, yet they have denied to a labor union the right to "dictate" the terms on which laborers' services will be offered. Al-

though courts have held that statutes prohibiting the discharge of employees on account of union membership are in violation of freedom of contract, and hence unconstitutional, yet a contract to employ unionists only is held unlawful, even though no statute forbids it and in spite of the doctrine of freedom of contract. Although the laborers' boycott is generally discountenanced by the courts, yet the employers' boycott, known as the blacklist, has been held lawful. Although the courts are almost unanimous in utter abhorrence of the "secondary boycott" carried on by laborers, yet a plain case of "secondary boycott" carried on by a railroad corporation, forcing its employees to engage therein under threat of discharge, was judicially pronounced an illustration of the freedom of contract. Against these strange anomalies the protest of labor is strongly sanctioned in nearly every instance by individual judges in dissenting opinions or by contrary decisions rendered by other courts. Professor Groat seems well warranted in thus summarizing this matter: "It is not easy to avoid the impression that . . . the application is made in such a way as to favor one side only. . . . The right of the employer seems to pass challenge more easily than does the right of the employee."

In most instances of this sort it seems hardly too much to say that there was nothing to prevent the establishment of a precedent favorable to labor save the judge's own discretion. Says Dr. Lorenz, deputy Labor Commissioner of Wisconsin: "The courts were under no compulsion, for example, except that of their own inclination, to develop the fellow-servant doctrine and the doctrine of the assumption of risk, so far as these apply to dangerous industries. These doctrines give a clear illustration of legislation by the courts, and the trouble with this judicial legislation is that it has developed piecemeal, decision by decision, each step making it harder to retreat, in order to make the theory square with the facts. The courts have assumed that certain things were implied in the wage contract, assumptions which were reasonable in employments not of a dangerous character, but unreasonable in modern, complicated, dangerous occupations. If the courts had been open to progressive ideas they might have modified the law by

recognizing a trade risk and the fact that an employer incurred some responsibility when he engaged in an enterprise which, assuming that degree of care which may be expected of human nature, was bound to result in so many killed and injured per thousand. They might, if they had taken account of economic facts, and had not been so much under the spell of *stare decisis*, have assumed that a 'free and equal' workingman, before entering a dangerous employment, would contract with his employer that the employer was to assume part of the risks of the business." As Dr. Lorenz maintains, the legal presumption that the employee assumes all risks of hazardous employment, including the dangerous incompetence of other employees, was not the unavoidable application of an inflexible statute nor the logical implication of a juristic axiom; it was an exercise of discretion on the part of judges and involved economic facts and principles upon which others than the judges may sometimes pronounce with better understanding. And in these particulars the best authorities have declared "that wages do not cover risks, whatever the legal assumption to the contrary; that the doctrines of the assumption of risk and the responsibility of the fellow servant are nothing less than a legal and judicial maladjustment."

The same may be said of the doctrine of contributory negligence, according to which the courts assume that the workman, if he knows of a possible danger incident to his work, must take due care to avoid that danger, or else take the consequence. There is not a large factory nor a railroad that could operate a day if each workingman were to forsake his place of duty as often as it became a place of danger. Instead of assuming that the employee had contracted either to avoid or to suffer the risks of his employment, the courts could have assumed that in entering any hazardous employment he had waived the right to avoid its hazards. The latter assumption would be as logical as the former and nearer to the actual facts. It would then follow that, having surrendered the right to avoid, he would clearly be entitled to recover for injuries incident to performance of duty. Of course the employer would still be permitted to prove, in his own defense, any negligence on the part of the claimant amounting to willful culpability.

The essential justness of the alternative doctrine, for which labor has contended for fifty years, is now fairly vindicated by the increasing number of recent statutes which establish it, instead of the "judge-made law" of contributory negligence, as well as the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upholding the Federal statute of such purport.

When the court doctrine of freedom of contract combines with that of the assumption of risk, the resultant doctrine sometimes seems like a grim jest. For instance, a State supreme court has refused damages to a young girl who lost one of her arms through failure of her employers to provide certain safeguards required by statute. An analysis of this judgment discovers the following elements: first, the gratuitous assumption that the victim had contracted to take the risks incident to her job; second, the assumption that this contract, never made in fact, was yet made freely; third, that her employer's nonobservance of the statute could not sustain her claim for civil damages; and, finally, that the sacred rights of working girls to make such imaginary and dangerous contracts must be consistently defended by the courts. Such reasoning may be both logical and legal, and yet the strong resentment of the laboring classes with regard to this decision is not hard to understand. Says the Honorable Robert Stone of Kansas: "The doctrine of assumed risk gives an employee his choice between getting injured and losing his job. It puts a brand on cowardice, and says to the man whose blood is red and whose heart is true, 'When you risk your life for your employer, if you escape injury he gets the profit, but if you are killed your family must stand the loss.' "

Similar considerations apply to the New York bakers' case, in which the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the statute restricting the labor of bakers to ten hours a day was "not within any fair meaning of the term a health law" and that it did contravene the constitutional right of liberty of contract. Criticisms of this decision by laboring men and others might indeed be presumptuous were the decision based entirely on principles of law. But it is not. Of its two main bases, one is essentially a question of fact and the other of economic theory. The question of fact was simply whether the statute did or did not

serve as a security to the public health of the people of New York. On this point five elderly jurists at Washington may have been correct in their opinion, but it can hardly be maintained that they alone were qualified, or even best qualified, to form an opinion in the premises, especially in view of the fact that in the several courts of record which successively tried the case this view had been taken by only five other judges, while twelve other judges had upheld the statute. The other basis of this decision was a matter of economic theory, namely, the doctrine of industrial liberty as interpreted by the individualists of the eighteenth century. Mr. Justice Holmes, in delivering the dissenting opinion, in which four members of the court united, pointed out that the economic conception to which the majority of the court committed itself had long since been antiquated. As Dr. Ely has since said, "The same theory is generally repudiated by the economic thinkers of the present time." Again no disrespect to the legal acumen of the world's greatest court is here implied, but only the reasonable contention that in the economic interpretation of a legal principle the political economist may be a better judge than the jurist. Justice Holmes has elsewhere said: "In my opinion economists and sociologists are the people to whom we ought to turn more than we do for instruction in the grounds and foundations of all rational decisions." This kind of an issue could hardly be more nakedly apparent than it was when the New York Court of Appeals, declaring unconstitutional a law prohibiting the making of cigars in tenements, made its decision to turn on the question: "What possible relation can cigar-making in any building have to the health of the general public?" It is self-evident, first, that the court, on its own statement, is here deciding not a question of law, but of fact; secondly, that the court in thus deciding such a question of fact, already decided otherwise by the legislature, was exercising the power, not of judicial interpretation, but legislative discretion. And the protests of labor against this decision seem to be well warranted by the language of the Federal Supreme Court thus used in a more recent case: "If the law in controversy has a reasonable relation to the protection of the public health, safety, or welfare, it is not to be set aside because the judiciary may be

of the opinion that the act will fail of its purpose, or because it is thought to be an unwise exertion of the authority vested in the legislative branch of the government." The "cigar-makers' case" further takes on an element of unconscious humor when the court nullifies this statute on the ground that the cigar-maker must not thus be forced "from his home and its hallowed associations and beneficent influences to ply his trade elsewhere"—the "home" thus referred to being nothing else than the infamous tenement sweat-shop!

Courts are beginning to take the broader view that contractual liberty is not an end in itself, but only instrumental to the higher end of industrial liberty, and that the letter of the former must not be allowed to kill the spirit of the latter. The realities of modern industry exhibit the traditional doctrine in the unmistakable character of a mischievous fiction. Laborers in great industries have nothing to say about the terms of their contracts. They are employed by the wholesale and in an entirely impersonal manner. The contract is dictated by employers who are invisible and unapproachable, and the individual employee usually has no liberty save to accede to the terms, or else to lose his labor-time irrecoverably, perhaps even starve. Whatever freedom enters into such a contract is all on the side of the employer. The Supreme Court of the United States declares "that the proprietors of these establishments and their operatives do not stand upon an equality. . . . In other words, the proprietors lay down the rules and the laborers are practically constrained to obey them." It seems conclusively significant that it is always the employer, never the employee, who appeals to this doctrine in the courts. As the Supreme Court said in the decision just quoted: "The argument would certainly come with better grace and greater cogency from the latter." Why should not the courts have recognized generally, as one of our State supreme courts has done, that freedom of contract is "a myth, or rather a heartless mockery," if it grants to laborers the permission and withholds from them the power to obtain just and desirable terms of employment?

In the interests of equality before the law many State constitutions prohibit class legislation. Labor certainly has a griev-

ance if such prohibitions are so applied by the courts as to perpetuate class inequalities. For instance, when statutes regulating the hours and conditions of labor for women are set aside by the courts as "class legislation" the perversion of the constitution seems almost perverse. Courts in taking this standpoint have argued that such statutes involve a logic which, if carried to its conclusions, would validate arbitrary and capricious discriminations of the most intolerable character. On the other hand, it may be argued that such decisions involve a logic which, if carried to its conclusions, would invalidate any and all enactments by which weaker classes are protected against stronger classes, thus rendering fixed and irremediable the inequalities of society and giving constitutional sanction to something very like a caste system. The reasonableness of labor's protest is here again evidenced by the later tendencies of the courts, especially the Federal courts, to repudiate the earlier application of this doctrine.

The remedies proposed for the evils alleged may be summarized as follows: First, a general revision of court procedure with a view to assure the prompt and inexpensive determination of the poor man's rights. Second, the establishment of "labor courts" and like agencies, as described in an earlier paragraph of this article. Third, a Federal statute, as proposed by the Lenroot Bill, whereby all cases decided on grounds of the Federal Constitution by State courts of last resort may be appealed to the Federal courts, thus guaranteeing that our national Constitution shall mean the same thing in all parts of the nation, no longer as respects a workingmen's compensation act meaning, for instance, one thing in New York and the exact contrary in Oregon, or as respects an eight-hour law, one thing in Colorado and the opposite in Utah. Fourth, statutory remedies for inequitable precedents and practices such as the fellow-servant doctrine, misuse of injunctions, etc. Fifth, constitutional amendment or revision wherever such statutes are held unconstitutional. Sixth, more practicable and democratic processes for amendment of constitutions, State and national; it now being possible for thirteen States, with four million people, to resist successfully the eighty-eight millions in the other States in any attempt to amend the Federal Constitution. Seventh, pro-

vision "that no court shall decide an act of a legislative body to be unconstitutional unless the decision is reached by the unanimous action of the members of the court or by the action of any majority that might be determined upon." Eighth, the "recall" of judges, which, should it impair the independence of the judiciary, would in the end be an equal detriment to the rights of labor and the rights of the public. Ninth, the proposal that decisions of State courts nullifying statutes on constitutional grounds be subject to popular referendum. The last two proposals might prove quite superfluous if the others named could be given full and early effect.

Finally, the chief remedy for the disharmony between labor and the courts must be the more general prevalence of candor and patience in listening to labor's side of the controversy. At present there is a hue and cry from many influential quarters against any and all criticism of the courts. It may well be true that many, even most, criticisms of the courts are wrong, but it does not follow that to criticize is wrong. If so, then the courts themselves must be guilty of the same wrong, since they criticize one another, their conventional phraseology often implying strictures of no little severity. And every member of the national Supreme Court must be equally in the wrong, since each has often dissented from the majority. And Abraham Lincoln must have been wrong, for his criticisms of the Supreme Court make certain contemporary criticisms, much reprobated, seem tame indeed. And history must be wrong, for it now sanctions Lincoln's criticisms of the Dred Scott decision. Hence the laboring classes are not reprehensibly presumptuous when they make candid appeal from courts to public opinion. To claim anything like infallibility for the courts is no less than political superstition. The courts make no such claim for themselves. On the contrary, their fallibility and the propriety of popular discussion of such issues is fairly evidenced by the more liberal attitude which many courts are lately taking toward social interests in general and the interests of labor in particular. In other words, the courts, though sometimes tardily, have often come over to the grounds long held by the popular mind. To listen more constantly and more candidly to comment and criticism from the great world outside judicial chambers would seem

the most timely wisdom on the part of the courts. And thus, by the unconstrained and concurrent movement of judicial and popular opinion, to secure the needed reconciliation would seem the only way to avoid those drastic and dangerous experiments by which the people will otherwise enable themselves to overrule the courts at last.

Nor should this article be construed as "another attack on the courts." It is here contended merely that the department of government which is the most subject to precedent is naturally the least subject to progress; and, further, that the department of government which must necessarily be characterized by immense technical learning and protected from popular interference is therefore the one least likely to be duly popular in its sympathies. The fact that these tendencies are natural emphasizes the necessity of guarding against them. Nor is it here contended that labor's complaints against particular decisions are always, or even usually, well grounded. But it is argued that labor is competent to proffer and the public to consider a complaint against the courts, if not on the grounds of jurisprudence, at least on the common and more familiar grounds where "judge-made law" overlaps the popular prerogative of law-making, and again where the law, which judges know best, must be applied to facts or principles which other men may happen to know as well or better.

William M. Balch

Art. X.—THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

Two sentences of Paul, like windows opening on boundless vistas of glory, open outward to wide fields of speculation concerning the relation of spirit and matter and concerning immortality of the human personality:

> "Christ in you, the hope of glory." Col. 1. 27.
> "If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, he that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Rom. 8. 11.

In these sayings we catch a glimpse of tremendous possibilities for both soul and body. The doctrine of bodily resurrection is often conceived in crude and materialistic forms. It is probable that few thinking people to-day believe in the resurrection as a literal resuscitation of the buried body and its rising from the grave. Most of us, perhaps, say this item of the Apostles' Creed with mental reservations and secret qualifications. Rebounding from belief in a literal bodily resurrection from the tomb at some far-off judgment day, many have gone to the other extreme, belief in naked spiritual immortality without embodiment, whatever that might be.

Paul's words, quoted above, suggest an interesting line of speculation. Psychotherapy and modern psychology have made us more than ever aware of the mysterious influence of mind over body. We know by observation and experiment that the living matter of the body undergoes great changes as a result of thought, feeling, and purpose. Mental condition is often an important factor in the building up or in the degeneration of tissue and in the functioning of organs. When a man is cured of the disease of alcoholism at the moment of his conversion, a fact abundantly attested, there must be a tremendous change in the very cells of his nervous system. It is, therefore, a matter of observation that the spirit that dwelleth in us affects the substance of the body. Now what is it for Christ to be in us? A much more vital affair than we are accustomed to think. If Christ be in us then his thoughts, dispositions, and purposes determine these things in

us. The mind which was in Christ Jesus will also be in us. It follows that if Christ controls our psychical states, he must also control at least that portion of the body which is affected by volition. If one be a Christian, many natural impulses will be inhibited, and other impulses will be stimulated. These are familiar truths. But what is involved in these facts? For concrete instance, what occurs when, acting in the Spirit of Christ that dwelleth in me, I inhibit the impulse to say an unkind word, or some animal impulse in a sinful direction? Such an act implies that God's Spirit lays hold of certain brain cells and nerve centers and represses or directs their vital force. The divine Spirit actually lays hold of living matter and produces some mysterious change in its very substance, literally transforming the matter of brain and nerve cell, literally giving life to my mortal body through his Spirit that dwelleth in me. The indwelling life of God effects other well-recognized changes in the body. Who does not know the illumined face of a spiritual Christian? A Japanese woman asked if the mission teacher took only pretty girls to be educated. "No," said the missionary, "we take all girls who come to us." "But," said the woman, "all your girls seem to be pretty." "We teach them soul-culture," explained the teacher. "I do not wish my daughter to become a Christian," said the woman, "but I shall send her to your school to get that look in her face." In some parts of India the native Christians are called the "people of the shining face." Conversion makes almost as great a transformation in a depraved person's countenance as in his soul. The miracle of Moses' shining face has been often repeated. Spirit molds matter; and, to do so, spirit must lay hold of the very substance of matter and produce some kind of subtle change in its constitution.

The next step in our thought is concerning the nature of matter. What matter is has puzzled chemists and physicists from the beginning of philosophic thought. Many recent experiments, however, tend to establish the electrical theory of matter. It is not quite the stable and stubborn stuff it seems to be. Molecules and indivisible atoms speak not so loud in modern theories of the constitution of matter as ions and electrons. Herbert N.

McCoy, professor of chemistry in the University of Chicago, has recently said:

> Any adequate theory in explanation of the phenomena of radioactivity must naturally be based on an assumption regarding the nature of matter and the structure of the atoms. It has long been evident that we cannot consider the atoms to be solid, indivisible particles. It is now thought that an atom is made up of electrons and helium particles moving in concentric circles with enormous velocities, and that the atoms of one element differ from those of another element only in the number and arrangement of their component parts.

It seems evident, then, that for spirit to control the activities of matter we must postulate some kind of change in the forces inhabiting or constituting these ultimate particles of matter. If the Spirit of God controls my activities he must lay hold of the very deeps of my physical being. Paul's words quoted above would seem to imply that God, in the process of sanctifying the human spirit, lays hold of these physical, chemical, and vital forces for immortality. And when we realize what a tremendous change appears in radioactive matter from a very slight change in its atomic forces, it is not incredible that God should raise the dead, and that this mortal body should put on immortality. We know, of course, that regeneration does not result in immortality for the present visible bodily organism. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. "Thou sowest not the body that shall be." But "all flesh is not the same flesh." Even animal bodies are differently organized. "There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial." "There is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body." It is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the Spirit of the Living God, laying hold of the constitutional forces of our material organism, as he must, in order to dwell in us at all, quickens the deeper and invisible substance of our mortal bodies into immortality; and that, in reality, the spiritual body is part of the "new creation" which constitutes regeneration; for "if any man be in Christ he is a new creation." With this agrees Paul's teaching in Gal. 6. 8: "He that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life." In view of these speculations and these Scriptures it becomes easy to believe that

the spirit of man, quickened by the Spirit of God, never is completely "unclothed," but that it carries through death at least the nucleus of immortal material embodiment; and that in the invisible world the regenerate human spirit has the power of reorganizing its habitation in eternal forms on the basis of a physical immortality begun in the earthly life. With this agree Paul's words in 2 Cor. 5. 1-4.

Wonderful is the power of the human spirit to organize matter for its purposes. Our definition of the word "body" is usually too narrow. What is the real body of the human spirit? First, the living substance the soul gathers to itself in the processes of growth and nutrition. But that is not the end of its organizing power. Eyes of flesh cannot see what the mind wishes to see, consequently the mind organizes a microscope and a telescope. We wish to hear what the natural ear cannot perceive: we organize a telephone system that enables one to hear across a continent, or a wireless apparatus that utilizes ether as an auditory nerve reaching across oceans. The soul of man wishes to feel what sensory nerves could never feel: it invents a bolometer by which it can measure the heat of moonbeams. We desire to travel faster than legs can carry; we put on seven-league boots by organizing an automobile, a fast locomotive, an airship. There is more music in the soul than vocal organs can express: the soul builds a pipe organ or a great orchestra to sing the rich glory of spiritual oratorios. All these inventions, all our tools, are part of the material organism in which and by which the soul of man lives in this life. Such is the almost divine capacity of the natural human spirit to organize matter for its uses here. What, then, may be the power of the regenerate and sanctified human soul, when liberated from the limitations of a mortal body, to reorganize its own fitting celestial and spiritual body? The possibilities are boundless. The prospect is glorious. But the hope of glory here and hereafter is "Christ in us."

Willard N. Tobie.

Art. XI.—THE BROWNING CHALLENGE

As few poetic argosies have embarked on rougher seas, nor entered a more glorious haven, Robert Browning is to poets, young and old, full of alluring challenge and wholesome despair.

It was very early in his life that he launched his literary barque. Being madly in love with Miss Eliza Flower, nine years his senior, he could not convey in cold, hard, commonplace prose the beautiful sentiments, the tender passion one feels when in love at twelve. Miss Eliza survived these poetical effusions but a few brief years, but long enough to do a good turn for Robert. She introduced him to a publisher, who proved quite unlike his name, Fox. In fact, the clever trick was performed by young Browning, who, with his manuscript, sent this tender little note, humbly signed with his initials:

> You may recollect an oddish sort of boy who had the honor to be introduced to you at Hackney, some years back—at that time a sayer of verse and a doer of it, and whose doing you had a little previously commended (whether in earnest or not, God knows). Should these lines prove too insignificant for cutting up—I shall remain, dear sir, your most obedient servant, R. B.

Could anything be more to the point? So it proved to Fox, who had not forgotten those early buds of poetic promise. But there are more trials than publishers in this dear, expensive old world. There is that terrible ogre, the literary critic, who fattens on young writers and whose supreme gastronomical feat is the Fletcherizing of tender young poets. That Browning's early efforts proved too much for their mental digestion, giving some of them acute literary gastritis, may be surmised from the wails of criticism of his first grand effort, Pauline. He was informed that he was as mad as Cassandra without any of the power to prophesy like her or to construct a connected sentence like anybody else. That not a single copy found a buyer proves what a worst seller Pauline must have been. Another unknown literary cannibal of his day called him "the mad poet of the batch," referring to his poems as "Batch No. 1," "Batch No. 2, 3," etc., speaking of Pauline as a "piece of pure bewilderment," telling him that he was not mad in one direc-

tion, but in all. What writer of verse offers a keener "fellowship of suffering," that private purgatory of the poet? Later in life, when Browning societies were scattering his fame far and wide, he keenly enjoyed recounting those early journalistic massacres. Should any rare poetic songbirds be concealing flights of mental cleverness, in the light of Browning's experience they should hide themselves no longer, but flap their literary wings and fly forth.

The response to the intellectual challenge which Browning's poems not only offer, but demand, is as invigorating as mountain climbing. In the drama of Paracelsus we have proof of the poet's mental dynamics at the age of twenty-two. The study of Browning is a sifter of poets, sending the creatures of a day into a literary receivership, but girding the real thinker for a glorious fray. Nor can one go to Browning for literary values as one goes to a bargain sale. He has no short ends to offer, his shortest poems representing a wealth of thought to be acquired only at great intellectual cost. Many of them are such that few readers comprehend their celestial chemistry. There is no committee of ways and means to give us a short cut to his lofty heights, neither can one go on a mental vacation and take Browning. In reading Caliban upon Setebos, one feels the need of a literary Elijah to pray for insight to see one's way through its hazes of droll materialistic philosophy. Sordello is like a skyscraper without a lift, and many of his poems seem like Sanskrit to our ears. Browning was first a metaphysician, and afterward, when convenient, a poet. He offers only the most rugged kind of diet, and none of the sweetened-water kind of poetry which often wins immediate popularity, but fails of abiding fame. Browning's difficult and often highly involved technique, which has so limited the circle of his grateful readers, should be a subtle challenge to others to employ a more painstaking method that their verse may not "leave so much to be desired."

Browning's challenge to moral sanity pervades all his poetry. Those flashes of humor which crept into the picture, Up at a Villa, Down in the City, have a moral "back to the land" ring. He treats rather roughly those specimens for moral clinics who feel the urgency of making a living rather than making a life. Browning's sanity was richly human. He never rose to the lofty conception

of those majestic lines, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." On the contrary, he used some of his sweetest and noblest characters, as Pippa and Pompilia, as well as many another exquisite "female of the species," to teach his finest lessons. While often indulging in the abnormal, he was the most normal of beings. He had in rare measure that first requirement and preservative of sanity, "joy of life," without a trace of moral priggishness, as we see in Ben Ezra:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made:
> Our times are in his hand
> Who saith "A whole I planned,
> Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid."

Browning's supreme challenge is to infinitude of soul. He is the twentieth-century poet because he is a singer of God and the soul. His poems breathe eternity. His monarch mind chose only great and timeless themes, though ofttimes under seemingly trifling disguises. In the Flight of the Duchess he seems to break away from all sense moorings, as he says,

> Her voice changed like a bird's,
> There grew more of the music and less of the words.

Again, and loftier still,

> . . . 'Mid the dark, a gleam
> Of yet another morning breaks,
> And like the hand which ends a dream,
> Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
> Touches the flesh and the soul awakes.

His thought leaps chasms, as in these words from the Rabbi,

> Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.

That his genius knew naught of bitterness, that private serpent of the great, is revealed in these lines of mystical beauty:

> Human life, with all it holds,
> Is just our chance o' the prize o' learning love;
> What love hath been, might be, and is.

Browning had the nature sympathy of Wordsworth, the mystical charm of Vaughan, the genuineness of Burns, the felicity of Cra-

shaw, the vision of Blake, the largeness of Whitman, and the organ tones of Milton. He had the seeing eye that makes the artist: he touched nothing but that yielded its charm. He loved the many-tinted autumn woods and the sweet-voiced birds that chorused among their branches. He loved to watch the fleecy clouds traveling above him in the bended blue. He listened with rapture to the babbling of brooks and his spirit danced with joy as the little lambs frisked on the hillside and the daisies made a million little eyes at the sun. The exquisite nature descriptions in his poems could not have come to one who did not love nature with a boundless love, for it is to her lovers that nature sings her sweetest songs.

In Prospice we have an inexpressibly rich poem, showing his scope of thought, which was bounded only by the soul's limits and the last reaches of life. Written after the death of his wife, it has, in a peculiar sense, the sound of the writer's voice, the spikenard of his mighty heart: indeed, in this poem he breaks the alabaster box of life, filling the world with an immortal perfume. In the Epilogue to Asolando we have those rare thoughts which have opened the gates of heaven to our heart; his final revelation of the great lesson that all his poems teach, that we succeed or fail toward God: that our destiny is with the Infinite.

Mary Beal Hounsel

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE natural and principal agents for promoting the circulation of this REVIEW are the present readers of it. If every one who now reads it and likes it would mention its value or show a copy of it to some one not yet acquainted with it, a considerable increase of its circulation would probably result. This is no necessitous and despairing appeal, but only the suggestion of a way in which those who appreciate it may help to extend its benefits more widely. This REVIEW, now in its ninety-fifth year, has a circulation larger than ever before and steadily increasing.

ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR WINCHESTER[1]

I SUPPOSE I must have been selected for the honor of saying a few words here because I represent the venerable end of the Faculty, that Old Guard who have thus far successfully stood off both death and the Carnegie pension. You have thought, perhaps, that in us, as Milton says,

> "Old Experience doth attain
> To something like prophetic strain,"

and our predictions of the future would gain confidence from our experience of the past. Well, if that be the case, let me say at once that I share to the full the enthusiasms of the youngest of you over the Wesleyan of to-day and to-morrow. Having known, honored, and revered four Wesleyan presidents, I say with confidence that the prospects of Wesleyan were never brighter, her future never more secure than under the charge of him whom we meet here this evening to honor, William Arnold Shanklin!

As to the privileges offered to the student to-day, mental and physical, why, the only thing an old fellow like myself can say is, we sometimes wonder whether they are not a little too generous. Why,

[1] Delivered at the Wesleyan University Alumni Dinner in New York, January 10, 1913.

Mr. President, to mention only one minor matter, when I recall, for example, the dearth of physical privileges even forty years ago; when I remember that we had no lectures on hygiene, no daily required stunts in the gymnasium, no hours of vigorous exercise in the open air—on the bleachers; no swimming pool but the river, no shower baths except when we were under the pump, no sprinting except to and from the post office—when I recall all this, and then see the physical condition of some of us old fellows like myself, or my genial friend Olin, or our beloved Judge Reynolds, who belies his ninety odd years with the spirit of a boy, why, sir, these men seem to me like what the Puritan divines used to call "miracles of preserving grace." The young men now going out of college ought certainly to keep their efficiency till well past what Mrs. Malaprop calls the octogeranium age.

But, while I would not by any means be thought to be one of those unwise persons who are always declaring the former times are better than these, yet when I look back upon the college life of some forty years ago I cannot help asking whether, in just one particular, the college boy of to-day is better off than those old boys were a half century ago. And I will put my question very bluntly: Does the college boy of to-day *think?* Is he trained to think, and think for himself? Frankly, I sometimes doubt it. The young man who comes out of college to-day is a more facile, accomplished young fellow than his father and grandfather were; he perhaps can set his hand more readily to various kinds of practical business, perhaps he sooner gets in touch with the man on the street; but has he learned to sweat his brains as much? Certainly the young man in college ought to gain some power of clear, hard, consecutive thinking; and he ought to think some things through for himself. He ought to be getting at some general principles which he can apply in all the affairs of life. I should hold that underneath all the passion, the buoyancy, the assurance of youth, which are such beautiful and valuable things, there ought to be the temper of inquiry, of studious reflection, which questions all things, that it may hold fast that which is good. I have sometimes feared that our young men make up their minds so promptly on important questions because they have little mind to make up. Nobody wants to see a young fellow stand, an inefficient Hamlet, in question before the duties of life; yet I wouldn't give much for a young man who hasn't any strain of the Hamlet in him. "What I want to find in a boy," said the greatest English teacher of

the last century, "is moral thoughtfulness": and it surely is desirable that this temper of moral thoughtfulness should last into young manhood. And I take it this is just what we mean by that much-abused word "culture." Culture isn't any matter of external accomplishment. Culture is the discipline of the power and habit of *thought* on all worthy *truth*. Without such discipline of thought, energy and ambition become either selfish and narrow or undirected and futile; imagination passes into idle fancy or dies; and even virtue and religion become unattractive and illiberal.

Now, of course, when I raise the question whether there is not some lack of strenuous intellectual quality in our college education I am not thinking especially of Wesleyan. I incline to think the charge can be brought against our colleges everywhere, and that some causes can be assigned for it. And I do not now refer to the growth of outside interests which take up so large a part of the student's time; though some of us appreciate the fear expressed a few years ago by a former professor in Wesleyan, now the President-elect of the United States, that the sideshows in college life were coming to be thought more important than the main circus. It is significant that, of the various forms of what are called in Middletown "student activities," no one has anything to do with their studies. But this growth of outside interests is an effect rather than a cause; a more strenuous intellectual life would not leave so much time or desire for them. There are other real causes in the curriculum itself and in the methods and subjects of study and in the temper of society outside, which go far, I think, to explain this tendency to a decline in severer thinking in college.

In the first place, as everybody knows, the immense and comparatively sudden widening of the field of knowledge, especially in the realm of physical science, made it necessary some twenty-five years ago to increase very greatly the number of subjects taught in college and allow the student to make up his course from a wide range of electives. When I was in college the range of electives consisted in a choice between the differential calculus and the Hebrew Bible—which drove some of us very promptly to Bible study. Now this broadening of the curriculum was inevitable; but I think we are, most of us, now inclined to think that we have overdone it, and that it led—and still leads—to a good deal of smattering and unrelated study. More than that, the enlarged curriculum contained a good number of studies that were "soft"; that perhaps stimulated intellectual curiosity, but

did not call for close thinking. I myself cry, *Peccavi!* here. I think there are compensating advantages arising from the more extended study of English literature in the college or, I trust, I shouldn't keep on trying to teach it; but it certainly is sometimes difficult to make the student *think* very much about what he enjoys without thinking about it very much. And, what is worse, the teacher often defeats his own purpose if he assigns as a task what ought to be to the student a discovery and a delight.

Then I must think that the changes in the method of instruction in nearly all departments, needful though they may be, are not always favorable to close thinking by the student. Instruction is now largely by lecture or laboratory process. The old recitation is a thing of the past—more's the pity. For in many subjects this method furnished an invaluable mental discipline. For example, when President Cummings assigned fifteen pages of Butler's Analogy for a lesson, nobody but an idiot would ever have thought of committing those fifteen pages to memory for memoriter recitation. You had to read, mark, and inwardly digest that close-knit argument; and then, when the hour of recitation came and President Cummings remarked, "Mr. Blank, will you give Butler's argument for moral probation from its analogy to the conditions of our temporal state?" and threw up his glasses on his forehead and listened with an incredulous smile to your deliverances, you soon found out whether or not you had been thinking. The preparation for an old-fashioned recitation in a severe subject was an exercise in close thinking, and the recitation itself an exercise in clear expression such as the college no longer affords.

And then, more generally, the prevalence of scientific studies and of scientific methods in all studies tends, I think, somewhat to discourage the habit of philosophic thinking. I know you will not accuse me of the folly of depreciating the value of scientific studies in college. That would be idiocy. Probably the most striking triumphs of human intelligence during the last forty years have been in the fields of applied science. Surely an education would be very inadequate which gave us no glimpses into the methods by which such results have been attained. I only say that scientific study, dealing, as it does, primarily with facts, and not with truths or concepts, and concerned, as it must be, in the college principally with the rudiments of science, while it cultivates the habit of accurate observation and comparison in the realm of phenomena, is not always well calculated

to necessitate continuous and strenuous thinking by the immature student. The truth is that philosophic studies have everywhere relatively declined before scientific and so-called practical ones. Divine philosophy is no longer so charming as it used to be. There is no more metaphysics. Psychology has come to mean largely the careful measurements of correspondences between mental phenomena and changes in the physical organism. Ethics is a science of practice, and concerns itself little about a basis in philosophy. There is an increasing emphasis upon studies looking toward speedy result in action, either for the individual's benefit or, at best, for social advantage. We are growing indifferent to ideas; we substitute practice for principles. More and more we tend to educate by things, and not by thoughts. It is a characteristic of our age of haste, of the demand for efficiency.

For, after all, the college is only responding to the tendency of the age; is yielding to a tendency which it ought rather to resist. For can anyone say that this is a thoughtful age? Does the average man think very much to-day? Perhaps you may say he never did, but I'm not so sure of that. I was reading the other day the prospectus of a course of lectures given by a young man in Boston in the year 1836, and this is the way it read: "On the Philosophy of Modern History. The subjects to be treated are the Foundations of Religion, Politics, Science, Literature, and Art in the nature of Things; the action of General Causes upon them at the present day. . . . and the Intellectual Duties of the Existing Generation." And the lectures, I believe, were well attended. And if you say this was in pre-Hibernian Boston, why, you must remember that this young Mr. Emerson kept on giving lectures very much like these for the next twenty-five years, not only in New England, but all through the Middle West, and that plain people seemed to hear him gladly and put money in his purse. How many hearers do you suppose Emerson could get to-day? You may think it fortunate that we have ceased to care much about the "nature of things," and are more interested in our practical duties than in what Mr. Emerson called our "intellectual duties." Perhaps it is so; but, at all events, our public is a very different public from his.

It is often said that the urgent social problems pressing upon us to-day leave no time or interest for such large and leisurely generalizations, and that these problems can never be solved in the academic habit of thought. I notice that a professor in a Western

university, writing in a scientific journal, demands what he calls the "socializing" of our colleges, and would exclude from them all studies that could not be shown to have immediate social value and import—forgetting, as it seems to me, that the one thing of supreme value to society is the presence and leadership of a large number of highly trained, humanely cultured individual minds. And it is the work of the college to furnish as many as possible of this kind of minds. "Produce good men," said Walt Whitman, "the rest follows." It is true that urgent social, political, and industrial problems are pressing upon us as never before—labor and capital, monopoly, emigration, and others without end. But is it so certain that much sane, hard, well-considered *thought* is being put upon them? I must not venture into a sphere where I may be charged with ignorance, but is it not true that many of our schemes of reform are mostly critical and destructive, without any clear idea of constructive measures; that in our progressive movements we often have no definite notion of where we are going, how we are to get there, and what we shall find when we arrive? Are we not too prone to be careless of well-reasoned leadership and throw ourselves upon the uninstructed, unreflecting will of "the people" in the belief that—to use the language of Carlyle—"given ten fools, we may educe wisdom from their united action"?

But let me turn to another test of the amount and character of thinking to-day? What do people read to-day? It was, according to tradition, the wisest of men who is reputed to have said, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Solomon apparently thought the second member of his statement a natural inference from the first; but we have changed all that and manage to multiply our books indefinitely without increasing our study at all. Quite the contrary, indeed—the more books, the less study. There never was a time when people read so much and thought so little. We do not quite realize how astonishing is the amount of what is called reading matter that rolls out from the press every year. For example, I compute that if we put together the complete works of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, and with them the complete prose works of Addison, Swift, Burke, Lamb, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Ruskin, the whole together would amount to only about one half the volume of monthly periodical literature issued in the English language in one year. And this, of course, is only a small part of what is furnished us: the annual output of novels is at present about one thousand or twelve

hundred. And a great scholar was telling us the other day that all the English books we really needed could be put on a five-foot shelf! Of course, the bulk of this enormous mass is mere reading matter, not thinking matter at all; made to read while you wait. Of a whole year's output there are probably not seventy-five pages that five years later a man will be sorry not to have read. Some literary forms are almost extinct—the longer reflective essay, for example, such as Hazlitt and De Quincey used to write. In fiction the one form cultivated is the realistic short story, which is pushing out the old-fashioned novel that made us acquainted with a group of pleasant people. The slow-going old quarterly reviews are extinct; we must have our discussions "timely." Even the monthly magazines rely upon matter that is novel, startling, sensational, often hysterical, to pique a jaded curiosity; and only one of the whole company refuses to cater to the popular demand for pictures. Poetry began to lose its intellectual quality with the passing of the New England men Emerson and Lowell, and when the great Victorians Tennyson, Browning, Arnold were followed by the tuneful but empty singers like Swinburne and Morris. Or, if we do have work that is more deeply laden with thought, like that of George Meredith, it is *caviar* to the general public. The worst of all which is that reading is coming to be considered no longer an intellectual exercise, but a recreation. As Emerson says somewhere, "He had nothing to do, and so he read." What wonder, then, when nobody else does, that the college student reads too little worth reading!

Even in his amusements the man of to-day has managed to pretty thoroughly get rid of the troublesome element of thought. When I was a young man the public seemed interested in the interpretation of Shakespeare by such actors as Fechter and Booth and Irving. I remember an extremely interesting paper in the Atlantic Monthly on Mr. Fechter's conception of the character of Hamlet, and in what I believe was the very first volume of the Nineteenth Century Mr. Irving gave his notion of the melancholy Dane. Nobody could read these articles or see these men without having his thought turned upon some of the profound questions of life and character. But to-day—well, the one universal form of entertainment is the moving-picture show, in which the element of thought is reduced to a negligible minimum, and the entertainment usually would be of active interest to an intelligent dog!

Well, what are we going to do about it in the college? I don't

know; and if I did you need not fear that I should weary you further by trying to tell you. But we can at least insist upon fidelity and thoroughness in such intellectual tasks as are assigned; we can recognize that the college is not a place of preparation for any special calling or profession, but rather for the strict and severe, yet broad and humane discipline of the individual mind: Acknowledging that even the brilliant undergraduate is hardly able to "take all knowledge for his province," we can discourage the needless multiplication of studies, and, while admitting that only years can bring the philosophic mind, we can insist on proper emphasis for those studies which deal with thoughts and not with things; and, above all, we can encourage within the college community itself, by all possible means, that temper of thoughtfulness and discussion, that friction of mind upon mind, that enthusiasm for what Mr. Arnold used to call the things of the spirit rather than of the flesh which certainly ought to characterize the daily life of young men spending their best years in studious companionship.

I have used the privilege of years pretty freely in what I have said, but let me say now, as I sit down, that perhaps the greatest value of a strenuous intellectual discipline in early life is that it keeps us young. For youth is not immaturity and crudeness; it is not merely warmth of blood, suppleness of sinew, fleetness of foot. These the years will take away. No; youth is the joy of effort, the scorn of obstacles, the belief in ideals, the ever-broadening sense of the meaning and possibilities of life. And you know, gentlemen, and the older you are the better you know, that no man shall so surely keep that temper through the deadening years as he who has learned in early youth the rigorous discipline of his mind, the joy of elevated thought. Listless youth makes vacant age, while he who has learned, while yet young, whatsoever things are pure, and just, and true, and lovely, and of good report, to really *think* on these things, shall never know an empty age.

BISHOP BASHFORD ON BISHOP WARREN[1]

Bishop Warren was so symmetrical, his greatness and grace extended so fully to his body and mind and spirit, that, like the peak which towers above your mountain range, he leaves the beholder no

[1] Address at the funeral of Bishop Warren, Trinity Church, Denver, Colo., July 29, 1912.

break or crag to lay hold of. I have never known any other man who is so difficult to analyze, on account of the evenness of his greatness. His likeness in our country and our generation in this respect was Phillips Brooks; and in the latter case the preacher towered so high above the administrator that the student of character knew instinctively what feature to emphasize. But Bishop Warren was so nearly perfect in his physical proportions—form, face, voice, manners—was so symmetrical in his mental development, he so mingled righteousness and peace in his spiritual life, that beyond the utmost reach of most of us he embodied the scriptural injunction to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

His greatness as a preacher was due, first, to the truth which his sermons embodied. Truth is the correspondence of our conceptions with the realities of the universe. However winning may be one's personality, however persuasive his speech, nevertheless, if he proclaims a system which the universe contradicts, his message must prove a disappointment. But Bishop Warren's preaching remained fresh for more than half a century because it was constantly verified by the spiritual experiences of his hearers. Those who have never lived in a pagan land can hardly realize the glorious truths of the old dispensation. No man who believes in many gods can develop a consistent personality. If one feels that in working upon the farm he is worshiping Ceres, that in engaging in war he is worshiping Mars, that in giving way to drunkenness he is worshiping Bacchus; and that each god is jealous, demanding large devotion in these contradictory directions, he finds it simply impossible to develop any strong character. If the objector protests that Greece and Rome were polytheistic nations and yet became strong, the answer is twofold: first, that the strong men of Greece and Rome—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Cæsar—were not polytheists, and, second, that, despite these strong men, polytheism destroyed both nations. So Mohammedanism, narrow and cruel, poisoned by lust and fatalism, as it is, nevertheless has shattered every polytheistic system with which it has come in contact. It is the proclamation of the unity of God, it is the proclamation that the universe is one system of laws for all men, which enables the Jewish rabbi and the Christian preacher to awe their audiences and constrain them to obedience.

But Bishop Warren did more than awe his audiences with the thunders of Sinai; he proclaimed the glorious gospel of the Son of God. Jesus Christ is the center of the spiritual universe just as the

sun is the center of the physical universe, because spiritual life can no more reach perfection without him than can vegetation come to fruitage without sunlight. Man is a being of infinite capacities and longings, but of finite resources. Moreover, man is fatally crippled by his sins. Only as one realizes that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life, only as one realizes that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man, and that he is thus able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God through him, can he proclaim a message which shall enable his hearers to walk the earth not after the law of a carnal commandment, but by the power of an endless life. Surely young Warren in the beginning of his ministry, in the majesty of the Old Testament and the grace of the New Testament, inherited a system of truth which might well enable him to thrill his audiences and to quicken them to spiritual life.

Again, we must remember that Bishop Warren began his ministry in New England and that he inherited from Methodist forebears one additional advantage in the interpretation of the Bible. Arminianism is the golden mean between Calvinism upon the right and Unitarianism upon the left. In the early days of his ministry in New England Methodism was called to define her position as over against Dr. Kirk, of Boston, on the one side and Theodore Parker upon the other side. It is simply a matter of theological history that the golden mean proclaimed by young Warren in the pulpit, taught by his younger brother and by Latimer, Sheldon, and Bowne in the theological school, and preached by a group of fellow ministers, has come to such recognition that Calvinism has disappeared from New England and Unitarianism has never come to fruitage. This glorious system of truth, the majesty of the law, the grace of the gospel, the golden mean of Arminian theology, constituted the substance of the preaching which, delivered with matchless eloquence, enabled young Warren speedily to rise to recognition in New England, led to his call to Philadelphia, and then to Saint John's, Brooklyn, and back again to our leading church in Philadelphia, and finally to the episcopal office.

If the first secret of the success of Bishop Warren as a preacher was the system of truth which he proclaimed to the world, the second element of success was his art. I use "art" here in its broadest meaning, because no other word quite expresses what I have in mind. Phillips Brooks in his lectures upon preaching—perhaps the most

suggestive lectures yet delivered upon that great theme—defines preaching as consisting of two elements, truth and personality: the truth of God realized and proclaimed through the personality of his chosen representative. But after Mr. Brooks had presented these two subjects fully in his lectures he added three more lectures to the course: one upon the congregation, another upon the preaching for our age, and a third upon the value of the soul. The substance of all three of these lectures, it seems to me, is comprehended in the adaptation of truth to the people and to the age. In a word, Phillips Brooks grew as he delivered his course of lectures, and in addition to truth and personality he made art, in this high sense, to be a third element in successful preaching.

Bishop Warren's success as a preacher during more than half a century consisted largely in the adaptation of the gospel to the age in which he lived. This marvelous adaptation of his preaching to his generation was due largely to the scientific bent of the man, on the one side, and, upon the other side, to the fact that the age was in a transition from theology to science. The key to his scientific bent is found in his early experiences. Immediately upon his graduation from college he was appointed to teach science at Amenia Seminary. Probably his recommendation for this appointment was due to the aptitude which he had shown for science at Wesleyan College. It should be said also that the college itself, more fully than any other Methodist college, kept abreast of science in the struggle through which our colleges passed upon the subject of evolution. Young Warren's appointment to teach science developed his natural aptitudes in that direction and, next to theological convictions, determined the bent of his mental activities. Edward Everett Hale says that every man ought to have a vocation and an avocation. If preaching was the calling, or vocation, of young Warren, surely science was his avocation; and his scientific training enabled him to adapt his preaching in an unusual degree to the age in which he lived. The value of his scientific training will be realized when we recognize that he began his ministry only three years in advance of Darwin's publication of The Origin of Species. This publication precipitated a scientific conflict for fully forty years. Bishop Warren was preaching and writing during the critical years in which evolution was engaged in its life-and-death struggle and from which it emerged to general recognition. That deep and broad chasm which appeared between theology and science never appeared in Bishop Warren's preaching.

It is impossible to suppose that he, a student of science as well as a preacher of the gospel, deliberately shunned this issue. Upon the contrary, the chasm which seemed so impassable to others, he spanned, in his thought, through his profound conviction that there could be no conflict between God's word in revelation and God's work in nature. While he attempted no formal reconciliation of science and religion, he anticipated our present attitude through his conviction that both science and the Bible reveal the will of God. It was his recognition of both science and religion which made him the most popular lecturer on the Chautauqua platform for a generation, as it was his presentation of the truths of science and the Bible which made him one of the most popular writers for the Sunday School Times during the quarter of a century in which it was the leading Sunday school newspaper in America. His embodiment of these truths is found in his volumes on The Study of the Stars, Recreations in Astronomy, and Among the Forces. He presented to scientists the other side, namely, the value of the Bible, in his masterly volume on The Bible in the World's Education. Surely no preacher in American Methodism—probably no preacher in our American churches—better adapted his gospel to a scientific age than did Bishop Warren. This is one of the highest proofs of art in the sense of adaptation. For art in its more technical sense of the perfect matching of substance and form what preacher in modern times was more magnificently endowed than was Bishop Warren? Who more majestic in form, more winning in face and manners, with a voice as commanding as a trumpet and as persuasive as a lute? Not Phillips Brooks, nor Henry Ward Beecher; not Charles Sumner nor Wendell Phillips excelled him in form and face and tone and gestures, in words fitly spoken which were like apples of gold in a network of silver.

But there is art in a higher and deeper sense which is of more value in winning men to the Kingdom than the noblest physical presence and the most perfect style of utterance, or than even the adaptation of truth to the age in which one lives. The highest art, the art which makes mother's lullaby more winning in our memories than any eloquence or music to which we ever listened, springs from love. It was love which led Jesus to take upon himself the form of a man that he might more perfectly reveal to us the Father. Supreme art springs from love, and this supreme art found superb illustration in Bishop Warren's episcopal administration. Here we touch upon the drudgery of his official life; here we come to the place of peculiar

glory in our episcopate. I will not say that Bishop Warren excelled every other bishop in Methodism in the patience and skill with which he studied the churches, in the sympathy with which he studied the ministers, and in the success with which he matched the man and his task. Our Board of Bishops from the first has never been excelled by any other group of men on earth in the high art which they have displayed in episcopal appointments. But in this high and holy task of knowing and loving the preachers and the churches, of guiding the members of his cabinet to the noblest use of all their powers, and in making episcopal appointments, no other bishop in Methodism has excelled Warren in the quality of his work, while by virtue of his longer service he surpassed every other Bishop in Methodism in the quantity of this work. When we remember that in every appointment which he made he held the earthly destiny of a preacher and his family in his hands, and that in every appointment he also either helped to make or mar the churches to which he assigned the preachers, nothing but divine art and an overruling Providence enabled him during the thirty-two years of his episcopate to so well appoint thirty-five thousand men to churches that in the end no minister ever refused his task, and no church ever declined to receive the bishop's final selection for its pastor. Here is proof of art in its highest sense. If Bishop Warren's sermons were better adapted to an age of transition between science and theology, and Phillips Brooks' sermons are more likely to prove permanent because dealing with the less fleeting, with the eternal problems of man's spiritual possibilities, nevertheless Brooks, in his administration as a bishop, probably did not change the appointment of two hundred men in his diocese of eastern Massachusetts, whereas Warren in his world parish made thirty-five thousand appointments.

Turning now to the third quality of the great preacher, we find the art of the man revealing his personality. "The style is the man" is the verdict of the greatest French preacher; so Milton declared that every great poem is the life-blood of a noble spirit.

Daniel Webster, in one of his greatest orations, declared that true eloquence could not be compassed by any efforts in oratory; "it consists," said the great orator, "in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion." The three words in this sentence which suggested the divisions we have adopted are only other names for personality, and truth, and art; and it is striking that Webster names personality as the first requisite of the orator. We get an illustration of the person-

ality of Bishop Warren in the fact that after his election to the episcopacy, at the time when the bishops were allowed to choose their own residences, he selected Atlanta as his first field of episcopal activity and went to live among and minister to the colored people of our church. Surely for a man who was eagerly sought by the leading pulpits of our church to select as his peculiar wards this down-trodden race, just emerging from slavery, was at once to display the noblest art and the loftiest character; he was walking in the path trod by Him who laid aside the glory that he had with his Father before the world was, that he might redeem his fallen brethren upon the earth.

We get another illustration of the art with which he built up the theological school in Denver, and at the same time an illustration of his character, in the fact that he tramped wearily through twenty-seven different cities soliciting funds to complete the endowment of the theological school. In this regard he was following in the footsteps of John Wesley, who one hard winter, when he was beyond eighty years of age, traveled on foot for seven days, through snow and rain and slush, soliciting funds for the poor of London.

Turning now to the more direct consideration of his personality, we find ourselves peculiarly embarrassed in our analysis by the evenness of his qualities. I think I have spent between four and five months, in all, in daily meetings with Bishop Warren during the last eight years and in delightful personal fellowship. During these days of close contact, of heavy responsibilities, and of trying tests, I cannot now recall an impatient word, or a boastful word, or an unkind word; nor did I ever detect an act or feeling which would not bear the white light of the Judgment Day. I agree with Dr. Kelley's statement, that he has never known any soul of greater depth and larger capacity for the divine, and that he has never known a whiter soul, kept white by his perfect responsiveness to the divine will. Surely this man is not only a bishop of the Church Militant, but a prince of the Church Triumphant. Some of the best illustrations of the fine personal qualities of the man are found in his conduct in regard to retirement. Eight years ago his son, whose business judgment and character are such as to command the respect of all men and make his wishes very weighty with his father, urged his father to retire from the episcopacy and spend his closing days with the family. While the bishop had already served twenty-four years in the episcopacy, and would have been glad for relief, he told his son that

the church had put this responsibility upon him and that therefore the church must relieve him from the responsibility. He maintained this attitude to the last, though I think that inwardly he longed for relief before the church extended it to him. Two years ago Mrs. Warren was kind enough to speak to me upon the subject and ask my opinion in regard to her husband's retirement; while she maintained the reticence due to her deference to his wishes, I now know that she herself at that time longed for his retirement. The days between his retirement and his death were perhaps the gladdest days they ever enjoyed together. During the entire period of their married life, during the greater part of which Bishop Warren was separated from his wife, he sent her every day of their separation a morning and an evening note, however brief these notes might be. He always felt better if he had a word with her at the opening and close of the day. Think of the chivalry of a lover sending two letters every absent day and continuing this expression of affection when he was beyond fourscore years! After the retirement he was full of plans for their mutual fellowship and work. Indeed, he had already entered upon plans for a further building up of the theological school, and he never showed more zest in life than during these closing days. But whatever deep desire there was in his heart for the quiet and the beauty of his home life remained unexpressed during all the years of service. In addition to the principle expressed to his son eight years ago and repeated to Bishop McDowell, a man whom he loved as a son in the gospel, he expressed also a second consideration which led Bishop McDowell to approve his decision not to act himself. Bishop Warren felt that surely the church would retire him—he knew that he could retire voluntarily and receive the ovation of his life at the hands of the General Conference—but he could not conceal from himself the fact that other brethren might be retired who might have very good reasons to be uncertain as to the duty of the church in their cases and might not see their way at all clear to retire on their own responsibility. For him to retire with an ovation and then see them retired a little later in apparent humiliation by the action of the General Conference was to give himself an advantage over his brethren which did not at all comport with his ideal of chivalry in his relations with his colleagues. He felt that he simply must await with them the decision of the General Conference and share with them any possible humiliation which might come from retirement by its vote. I do not violate confidence in saying that Bishop Warren was immensely

relieved that the General Conference took the burden off his shoulders; and his choice of the difficult manner of retirement from the two considerations named above reveals one of the most chivalrous men the Christian Church has known. The testimony of Mrs. Warren and other members of the family is entirely clear that after his retirement the bishop usually felt and repeatedly expressed a sense of freedom, as of a boy released from his tasks, while at other times there was an almost alarming manifestation of exhaustion arising from the reaction when the burdens which had pressed so heavily upon him for many years were lifted from his shoulders. So while he was talking enthusiastically with his family of plans for rest, and already was thinking of other plans for service, rheumatism developed in a painful form and soon threatened his heart. Following this attack, upon a body whose vitality had been exhausted in service, pneumonia developed and his physical condition became alarming. A council of physicians was called and every effort made to conquer disease. His life had been so simple and temperate and his body was so well preserved that, despite his age, his system responded to the remedies and both diseases completely disappeared. The physicians assured the family that all he needed was rest, and they thought he would awake to perfect health from the stupor to which the diseases had reduced him, and gradually come back to his old-time strength and vigor. The only fear which the physicians expressed was from the long and terrific strain which the burdens of the years had imposed upon him; and while watching his case they said to Mrs. Warren there would be no doubt of his recovery if only he had retired eight years ago and had not carried the burdens too long. A young sergeant brought to Napoleon the news of a bravely fought battle and a well-earned victory. Suddenly Napoleon noticed the blood oozing from his breast and said, "You are wounded." When the lad's attention was called back from his struggles to himself, he looked up into the face of the emperor and said, "I am killed, sire," and dropped dead at his feet. So we imagine the heavenly Father must have bent over this son, saying anxiously, "You are worn, my son," and the son, then for the first time released from other duties and conscious of his exhaustion, looked up into the Father's face and said, "I am worn out," and fell asleep in his Father's arms.

Bishop Warren had lived in Denver twenty-eight years—all save four years of his episcopal life—and through a friendship lasting for a generation the Denver people had the right to claim his ashes. But

there is another reason why he finds fitting sepulture in Denver—a mile above the sea: our lower lives are

> the level's and the night's;
> He's for the morning.

So the lower plain affords, perhaps, a more comfortable and fitting resting place for the majority of the world, and even of the church, but not for this man. Hence, paraphrasing Browning's lines on the Grammarian's funeral:

> Here's the appropriate country; here man's thought
> Rarer, intenser,
> Self-gathered for an outburst, as it ought,
> Chafes in the censer.
>
> Leave we the lower plain its herd and crop;
> Seek for his sepulture
> The nation's crest, citied to the top,
> Crowded with culture.
>
> Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
> 'Ware the beholders!
> This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
> Borne on our shoulders.
>
> Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place
> . . . . . .
> Here's the top crest, the multitude below
> Live, for they can, there:
> This man resolved to live and love and know—
> Bury this man there?
>
> No! here's the place, where meteors start, clouds form,
> Lightnings are loosened,
> Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm!
> Peace let the dew send;
> Lofty designs must close in like effects:
> Loftily lying,
> Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects
> Living and dying.

THE ARENA

BISHOP CRANSTON'S VALUATION OF A BOOK

ONLY a man who has undergone the science test of his own religious experience could have written The Pilot Flame, the new book by Dr. Jenness. I may add that only a man who has first entered into spiritual fellowship with Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour is prepared to venture the scientific method in dealing with the spiritual phenomena of the

genuine Christian life. Consciousness is a safer interpreter of the religious emotions and aspirations as related to conduct and to the transformed life than the spirit of research can possibly become by mere observation and analysis. Consciousness takes note of the *source* of those emotions and aspirations, while science busies itself with the product alone, having at the outset barred the divine agent by the terms of its inquiry, a method which looks very much like restricting the scope of an investigation lest too much be discovered to suit the purpose of the investigator.

If the phenomena of religious experience are to be subjected to psychological study at all, why not include all the elements that are presented by every typical case? Science should aim to be thorough in its work. Why accept the confession of the believer as to his spiritual transformation and deny credence to his concurrent confession as to the divine agency by which, in response to his direct appeal, his life was transformed or enriched?

Dr. Jenness has not flinched at this point. His experimental knowledge has not interfered with his scientific method of studying actual cases, even when some of them were at variance with his own type of experience; nor has he allowed the scientific method to obscure the divine factor, which is, of course, logically inherent in any experience involving the phenomena of spiritual regeneration.

We have in The Pilot Flame a thoroughly informed and fair psychology, and a wonderfully suggestive and practically helpful book, a book for every Christian worker who would be wise in the care of souls *to-day*.

It has more thrills than any other recent book I have read. Only the preacher who half reads it, or reads but half of it, can fail to thank the author and his acknowledged coworker for a much-needed work so happily conceived and so admirably done. It is published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

EARL CRANSTON.

Washington, D. C.

DR. MUDGE'S CALL TO THE COLORS—FOR EVERY METHODIST

DEAR BROTHER: Is our beloved church fulfilling its high mission in spiritual things? Is it meeting the rightful expectations, in this matter, of the communities where it is planted, expectations growing out of its historic position and achievements? Is it maintaining that leadership in revival efforts and in the promotion of advanced Christian experience which once it had? There may be some who, without hesitation, can answer these questions in the affirmative. This writer is not of that number. He believes that there has been among us a serious falling off in spiritual power, that the religious condition of the church to-day is far from satisfactory, and that a higher standard, the New Testament one, should be strongly, persistently held up.

It is not simply that the net annual increase in the church membership during the past decade has fallen to a bare two per cent, whereas it was more than four per cent in the decade ending 1892, and four and a half per cent in the decade ending 1872. Numbers are not everything.

But the lessened proportionate progress in quantity has not been made up by an advance in quality. Such facts and statistics as are available seem clearly to show the contrary: that there is not that positive, earnest devotement to distinctively divine things that there was; that worldly influences among us have gained in volume and strength.

This being so, what remedy? The Evangelistic Commission and campaign is a popular prescription, receiving general acclaim. And there is nothing, of course, to be said against it—much to be said in its praise. But is it sufficient? Does it go deep enough? Not if it confines itself to the mere increase of numbers, as seems to be the prevalent tendency. Something more fundamental and far-reaching is demanded to cope with the disease. In the opinion of the present writer the experience and doctrine of *full salvation* needs to be brought again into prominence. This, more than anything else, distinguished Methodism in those earlier days, the days of its power; this and its adaptedness to save the neglected masses. There is a close connection between the two things. Men will not be moved to go out and persuade others to come to Christ unless they themselves have a joy in Jesus that is very decided and a consistency of conduct that is known to all. If these latter are lacking, as they so largely are among us, there will be failure in the former, no matter what special machinery or manipulation may be employed. To be genuine and lasting, a revival must begin with the church. And it will not win there any decided success if it confines itself to slight increments of growth, small improvements at points where reform is easiest, general resolves to be better or "more faithful." Nothing that stops short of a radical change will really meet the need or materially modify conditions. Tapering off gradually will be no more sufficient or satisfactory in getting rid of sin than in getting rid of alcoholic habits. Total abstinence is the only safe rule. Jesus will not be a party to compromise. He expects unconditional surrender. He is well able to save to the uttermost, to work a full deliverance from the power of evil, to give a prompt and complete victory over temptation at all times. There are many witnesses to it. This privilege of every believer should be plainly presented to him, and he should be urged to take at once this step of full consecration (full up to the light imparted) with its accompanying grasp of the promises by faith. The inevitable and most blessed result of such a step will be a definite second work of grace, lifting the recipient into a higher path of living, placing him in an attitude of thoroughgoing loyalty, and opening to him a career of conquest and of progress such as was quite impossible before.

Why not? Many draw back from such a program because of the evils which they have seen in connection with the so-called "holiness" movement, and with it have identified the above. But it is by no means the same. That specialized movement needs to be reformed or improved fully as much as does the church in general. It has so frequently, from Wesley's time to the present day, led to objectionable extravagances and abnormalities that it is fair to consider these things as inevitably associated with it and necessarily springing from it. They inhere in the *terms* that are used. Those terms must be discarded and a different style of nomencla-

ture adopted, one which accords with the theology and philosophy now accepted. This will not necessitate the giving up of a single thing really essential or important in the practical production of the very highest Christian experience. All that is of primary consequence will be conserved, while the excrescences and fanatical irregularities that have done so much harm will be guarded against.

In this way, and only in this way, can Methodism recover its lost leadership in high spirituality. The ancient forms of statement which have become discredited at the bar of modern thought, which are neither scriptural nor rational, which give needless offense and beget unnecessary controversy, which promote Pharisaism, censoriousness, and schism, must be discarded. But we must retain those fundamental facts of experience which have stood so close to Methodism's progress in the past—the clearing up of all arrearages of consecration by an epoch-making struggle and an instantaneous entrance through faith on a higher life of vastly increased purity, power, peace, and joy. This not as a finality, precluding further progress in such lines, but as a glorious installment, making further progress much easier and completing up to present light the work wrought at conversion up to the light then available. Particulars of the plan, which the space here does not permit to be given, may be found stated at length in The Perfect Life, published a year ago by The Methodist Book Concern, with an Introduction by Dr. William F. Warren, and indorsed by many of our bishops, editors, and theological professors.

The practical question requiring an immediate answer is, How many are prepared to accept this program and are willing to enroll themselves for a campaign on these lines? Very many there are in the church utterly indifferent both to the experience and the doctrine once known as "Christian perfection," but perhaps better called "full salvation." Others are sticklers for the old theology, with its misleading terms, although quite apathetic as to climbing the heights designated therein and entirely unwilling to make acknowledgment of having attained. Still others combine close adhesion to the ancient nomenclature with zeal in pushing and professing the experience. The hope of the church does not seem to lie with either of these three classes, but rather with a fourth: those who—believing that consecration and intelligence should not be divorced, that sanity and spirituality may go together, that a pure heart is quite compatible with a clear head, that intellectual self-respect may be retained as well as red-hot religious earnestness—hold firmly to the substance of the old theology, but maintain that there should be minor alterations and adjustments made to suit the changed conditions of the present age.

There is no doubt a goodly number who are ready to subscribe to the sentiments and opinions indicated in this article. They are comparatively powerless in the church at present because unknown to each other, isolated, widely separated, and without a public organ or program of action. If these scattered units were brought into some sort of combination where they could encourage each other and adopt some concerted plans for a forward movement, such as might commend themselves to the best judgment of all, would not great good to the church result? It seems so to

him who has penned these paragraphs, and who feels disposed to test the mind of the church in the matter. Will those who agree, substantially, with the program outlined above and who feel led by the Spirit of grace to coöperate, send their names and suggestions, without delay, to the address given below? If there is a sufficient response to this appeal something important will be further propounded. JAMES MUDGE.

Malden, Mass.

DR. MILLER'S TWO TOPICS

IN the last November-December number of the REVIEW Dr. R. T. Miller presents under the heading "Two Topics" a new phase of his argument in favor of the title of the bishops to membership in the General Conference. He opens his article with the statement that "The membership originally held by the bishops in the General Conference should be restored, or the exercise of original and final judicial powers by the Delegated General Conference should be restrained." He seeks support for this statement in a recital of history which, as far as it goes, is substantially correct, but he reads into it an interpretation which is so fundamentally incorrect that it destroys his whole argument, and, because of his peculiar viewpoint, he overlooks some history which is directly pertinent to the discussion.

His argument in substance is this: In the constitution of 1808, from which all subsequent legislation has been derived and receives its meaning, no mention was made in the paragraph on the "Composition and Powers of the General Conference" either of the bishops as included in the membership of that body or of the exercise of any judicial authority as included among its powers. We have interpreted that silence as excluding the bishops from membership in the General Conference, therefore we must interpret it as also excluding the exercise of judicial authority from among the powers of the General Conference. Or, if we insist that this silence does not forbid the exercise of judicial powers by the General Conference, we must also insist that it does not exclude the bishops from membership in that body. The rest is either explication of this argument or statement and exposition of history in support of it.

The appeal of this article for consistency of interpretation is wholesome and necessary. If we adopt as our rule of interpretation in this case the principle that all legislation relative to the Composition and Powers of the General Conference which was in force prior to 1808 continued in force after that time unless changed or repealed by explicit act of legislation, we must apply this principle to all provisions to which it properly relates with absolute impartiality. If, on the other hand, we adopt the principle that on the enactment of the constitution of 1808 all previous legislation was thereby repealed, then that principle must be applied with the same impartiality. That the former of these principles is the correct one, as Dr. Miller argues, seems to me beyond dispute. Any other construction will leave us with uncomfortable gaps in our legislation. But this rule of interpretation does not in this case justify Dr. Miller's

conclusions, as will appear when all the facts are clearly elucidated. What are the facts?

The most important fact of all is that the bishops never held the right to membership in the General Conference by virtue of their episcopal office. Dr. Miller's argument depends for its validity upon the supposition that the bishops held a special title as bishops to membership in the General Conference, and that in some sense they formed a distinct, constituent element of that body. The original statement of the Composition of the General Conference was this, "All the Traveling Preachers who shall be in full connection at the time of holding the General Conference." This was amended in 1800 by adding the words, "and have traveled four years," and again in 1804 by further adding, "from the time that they were admitted on trial by an Annual Conference." There is not the slightest trace of any special right of the bishops as such to membership in the General Conference. They were not in any sense a separate constituency. Either they were included in the General Conference in common with the other traveling preachers or they were not included at all, for the only title to membership in the General Conference at that time was that of being a traveling preacher who had traveled four years from the time he had been admitted on trial by an Annual Conference.

From all this follows a second fact, and that is that the bishops are included in the legislation which in 1808 provided for the Delegated General Conference just as explicitly as they had been in the legislation concerning the General Conference prior to that time. If they were not a separate, constituent element in the General Conference, but were members of that body by virtue of their membership in a general constituency, then any enactment which explicitly affected the status of this larger constituency in which they were included, would, in precisely the same way and with equal explicitness, affect the status of the bishops themselves, unless they were expressly excepted from its provisions. This should make clear what happened in 1808. The rights and prerogatives of the bishops as bishops were not changed by the constitution then adopted. Rather these rights and prerogatives were confirmed and secured by a constitutional enactment. But the rights which the bishops held in common with the whole body of traveling preachers were changed by the legislation which changed the General Conference from an assembly of all the traveling preachers to a delegated body composed of only those traveling preachers who had been chosen delegates as provided by law. The title of a bishop to membership in the General Conference after the enactment of the constitution of 1808 was the same as that of any other traveling preacher, which was precisely what had been the case before that action.

It further follows and may be stated as a fact that the bishops were not definitely and positively excluded from membership in the General Conference by the constitution of 1808. In the absence of any special mention of the bishops we cannot interpret that constitution as either conferring any special privileges or imposing any special disabilities. After 1808 no traveling preacher might be a member of the General Conference unless he was legally chosen by an Annual Conference as its repre-

sentative, and there was no provision excepting the bishops from the operation of this law. In common with the other traveling preachers they were neither included nor excluded, but eligible. It is impossible to see how a bishop could legally have been excluded from membership in any General Conference if he had been chosen in a perfectly legal way by an Annual Conference. So far as the bishops were excluded from membership in the General Conference after 1808, it was not by constitutional provision, but only because they were not chosen by any of the Annual Conferences. The fact that the right to elect a bishop to the General Conference was never exercised by any Annual Conference does not prove its nonexistence.

The actual exclusion of the bishops from membership in the General Conference was effected by the action of the General Conference of 1900, in which it enacted that ministerial delegates to the General Conference "at the time of their election and at the time of the session of the General Conference shall be members of the Annual Conference which elected them."

Dr. Miller concludes with an appeal to the church to enact legislation which shall entitle the bishops to membership in the General Conference. If, as Dr. Miller argues, they are already entitled to such membership, then no legislative action is required. If they have no such constitutional title, the proposition to grant it should be based upon some reason of necessity or propriety or expediency. These may be discussed when they are advanced. But one thing should be insisted upon, that the question as to whether or not the right to sit in the General Conference legally belongs to the bishops as such under our constitution, and the totally different question as to whether or not it is advisable to grant the bishops the right to sit in the General Conference, shall not be jumbled together in such a way as to confuse judicial and legislative functions, but that each of these questions shall be considered separately and upon its own merits.

Decatur, Ill. JOSEPH W. VAN CLEVE.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE COMMERCIAL ELEMENT IN RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

A VALUABLE book in New Testament criticism, published in 1909, begins its preliminary remarks as follows: "An attempt to put forth a handbook of New Testament criticism for general readers has elicited from several publishing firms the information that they are unable to see their way clear to make any money out of it. The information was not, of course, worded as bluntly as that; rather, it was stated that the reading public took no interest in such subjects." In these words the author expresses what many who are working in the less popular departments of literary and scholastic labors have experienced, but it is the first time the writer has seen it formally expressed so frankly. The

writer of this once went to a very reputable publishing house with the desire of publishing a book with certain features that he regarded as helpful to the student and as furnishing a place in New Testament literature. The reply was similar to that of the above quotation. It appears to be the custom of publishers to publish nothing which it is not perfectly clear will be profitable financially; or for which the author will not assume in advance the financial responsibility.

Now, at first sight it seems as if this attitude is a necessity for a business house. It must meet its expenses and must also make profits, or it could not exist. Whether there is a way by which books of real merit, although on the unpopular side, can be presented, we do not propose to discuss at this time, but the fact worthy of consideration is this, that the commercial element has entered into literature as well as into business, for literature is dependent upon business for its promulgation. We need not discuss the question whether in many instances the publisher is not mistaken as to the commercial value of a particular book. The author who has a work which is deemed not sufficiently popular to call for publication may believe that there is a demand which the publisher does not clearly understand. The writer above referred to makes this statement concerning his own work: "Whether this be really true of criticism as a whole, namely, that money cannot be made out of its publication, I do not pretend to judge; but is certainly true of the fourth Gospel. It is quite remarkable to find how often in ordinary conversation on the golf course, in the train, in the smoking-room, and in other haunts of public life, this subject comes up; and one is again and again informed by those to whom one is a comparative stranger that they are especially interested in it." And it might be found that many of the publications which are regarded as uninteresting to the public will have an interest of which those ignorant of the matter cannot be cognizant.

The representatives of the publishing departments in literary matters are acute observers of the tendencies of the thought of their time. They must be such in order to fulfill their mission. They know whether the wind is blowing from the east or the west, or from the north or the south, and trim their sails according to the weather. This seems to be necessary for the promotion of the business of their enterprise, but is there not another side that is worthy of consideration and which publishers may well consider as a part of their very responsible relation to the public? And we need not say how many publishers do not follow the course to which exception is taken in the opening of this paper. They are willing to make losses on matter which involves the reputation of the house and its usefulness to the public at large. This must be conceded, but the importance of noting the bearings of this whole discussion is seen in the effects of the literature upon the public mind. Let it be, for instance, a question of criticism. A certain wave is sweeping over the public mind. It may be a temporary movement of thought or it may be a substantial one which will abide. If at that time the literature on the subject is surcharged with views which have not yet

ripened, the impulse is one which may have lasting influence. It is the popular movement of the time. It is a representation, so to speak, of the age. Let us assume, again, that this is a temporary movement and will exist only until the public thought is aroused and the opposite current sets in. How can the corrective to merely impulsive scholarship be counteracted? This can be done only by a counter movement which is unpopular and for the time being is regarded as obsolete. There is no referendum and recall in literature. How shall this counter movement which is unpopular be presented to the public mind? The publishers refuse it. The author is unable to present his views for want of adequate means, and he needs also the backing of a publishing house of high rank. This is important in its distribution. And thus the movement goes on until the currents of thought cross it so effectually as to give rise to a new current which shall bring in a new wave of popularity which shall absorb the attention of the public.

Suppose, however, that the question is an important one, vital to the cause of religion and of literature. If the publisher is in favor of one or the other side, we have again the difficulty which arises before us: How shall these things be brought to the notice of the public when there seems to be no way by which it can be done? There is another feature that has risen within recent years, and that is the publicity bureau—the rise of the promoter. It is a modern feature in our life that there is a promoter in literature as well as in business and politics. Almost everything now must have its publicity department, and it is extended even to the sphere of religion. The promoter and his staff have entered into the Christian element to an extent perhaps little understood by the great masses of the people. What they read in the press concerning certain movements, meetings, etc., is often supposed to be the normal output of the press, when actually it is the setting forth of one side represented by means of the press bureau, whose business it is to stir the public in its favor. It seems to the writer that this is a dangerous system. It is calculated to make the world a series of blackboards and to prevent people from inquiring into the merits of that which they are studying.

The newspapers abound in premature statements which are corrected a short time afterward, but which have done their work. What can be done to remedy these difficulties it is difficult to tell. It is believed by the writer of this that overstatement of any side is injurious to the cause of truth. How shall we find the truth in the midst of divergent views which exist in the world, and when we find it, how shall it reach the great masses for whom it is intended? If the truth be unpopular, there is little chance for its presentation to the public, and the rushing, gushing, effusive presentation grasps their attention. The writer believes that something should be done by which the people should be fairly dealt with through the medium of the press, whether it be in the case of books, magazines, or papers. We notice that in the political controversy which has just taken place several writers for magazines of distinguished ability have engaged to write a series of

stories or papers and send them wherever they will be published in advocacy of one particular party. Newspapers almost invariably have a side which they argue, and while they give general news of what is going on in the opposite camp, they are careful in their public utterances to say little if anything that will be to the advantage of the party to which they are opposed. The writer pleads in literature, in politics, in religion, for the truth, the full truth, and nothing but the truth.

Whoever shall provide that in the contested questions which agitate the public mind and that are of great importance, whether religious, political, or social, an unprejudiced and impartial discussion shall be provided, will render an important service to our civilization.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

DISCOVERIES IN CRETE

THE many references to this island in the classic writers of Greece, as in Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Pausanias, Diodorus Siculus, and others, were of such a nature as to lead the historical critic of the last century to label them unceremoniously as myth or legend. Minos, the great ruler of Crete, to whom are attributed so many wonderful deeds, had also been relegated to the heroic company of those who had never existed, and even to-day there are those who find it difficult to think of that mighty thalassocrat except as a poetic fancy, the creation of some ancient bard. In fact, thirty years go the historical critics had little room for Menes, Minos, and Moses except as sun-gods and solar myths.

And yet Homer believed in the greatness of Crete. We read in the Odyssey, xix, 174ff.: "There is a country, Crete, in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair land and rich, begirt with water. The people there are many, innumerable, indeed, and they have ninety cities."

Thucydides says (i. 4): "For Minos was, as far as we know from tradition, the most ancient possessor of a navy; by which also he held a very extensive mastery over what is now called the Grecian Sea and governed the Cyclades."

It would be easy to multiply references from Hesiod, Herodotus, Aristotle, and Pausanias, but we shall content ourselves with one more, from Diodorus Siculus, who wrote: "Some pretend that the Syrians were the inventors of letters, and that the Phœnicians learned from the Syrians and brought the art of writing to Greece, whence the name of Phœnician alphabet. But the Cretans say that the first discovery came not from Phœnicia, but from Crete, and that the Phœnicians only changed the type of the letters and made the knowledge of them more general among the people" (v. 74. 1).

The excavations carried on in Crete and some of the smaller islands in close proximity by English, Italian, and American archæologists bear eloquent testimony to the literal truthfulness of the above citations from

the classic authors of Greece. The excavations at Cnossos by Arthur J. Evans were eye-openers. Others by Professor Halbherr, of Rome, at Phæstos and Agia Triadha, as well as those by Mrs. Hawes under the auspices of the American Exploration Society of Philadelphia, were equally successful. The more recent work done by Mr. Seagar and his fellow workers at Vasiliki, Psyra, and especially at Mochlos, though not as extensive as that under the direction of Evans and Halbherr, was nevertheless of prime interest.

But these discoveries of the past ten or fifteen years not only corroborate the statements of the classic writers, but prove beyond peradventure that Crete was highly civilized in the third and second millenniums before our era. In Crete we have another instance of the great role played by a small country. Crete is a small island, about 160 miles long, with varying breadth of from eight to thirty-five miles. The entire area is less than half that of Wales or Palestine. Being so small, it is no wonder that there were those who failed to grasp the idea of its vast importance in the history of the development of civilization. As Britain of to-day is the great center of culture and commerce, so Crete of old had its powerful and superior navy, which made it ruler of the seas. This was, however, four or five thousand years ago, and so complete had been the eclipse that it remained for the archæologists of the twentieth century to reëstablish the claims of Greece as a world power.

The location of Crete, nearly equidistant from three continents, was such as to make it a natural center of civilization. The little island profited, no doubt, by its proximity to the mainlands of Europe, Asia, and Africa. But it remains to be proved whether Crete was more of a debtor than benefactor. Few, if any, will now claim that Crete derived its civilization from Greece. The hundred and one objects dug up from the ruins of Crete prove very conclusively that Minoan art is pre-Hellenic. Not only did Crete exert a great influence upon the development of Greece; it did the same for other countries. The powerful tribe of the Philistines, the arch enemy of the Israelites in their early history, came, as is well known, from Crete. The recent excavations at Gezer show a direct connection between Palestine and Crete. On the terracotta disk dug up at Phæstos, of which we shall speak later, there was impressed, among other signs, what has been called a "feather-head dress." The resemblance between this and that said to represent the profile of a Philistine, found at Medinet Habu in Egypt, is challengingly striking.

Whether Egypt has contributed more to the culture of Crete than Crete to that of Egypt is not easy to determine. But, even supposing that Crete may have been a debtor to both Hittite and Egyptian culture, it is certain that temples and palaces in the valley of the Nile were furnished and decorated, from very early times, with objects of Cretan origin; this is especially true of the polychrome Cretan vases.

It is not possible to say who were the first settlers of Crete, but it is generally accepted that the early inhabitants of Crete owed more to the south than to the north. Even to-day there is a marked racial difference between the Cretans and those on the mainland north. Mr. and Mrs.

Hawes say in their very valuable volume, Crete the Forerunner of Greece: "Taking the anthropological criterion of the cephdic index, Greece is much mixed to-day, but the further we go back in our examination of skulls, the more numerous the long-heads and the longer they become. This agrees with the anthropological evidence, which is clearer; and this in turn falls in with the views generally held by anthropologists for the Mediterranean basin, that a long-headed, short, brunette people inhabited it from the earliest Neolithic times. To-day Greece is moderately broad-headed, whereas Crete is mesocephalic, that is, neither broad nor long, and the difference is to be explained by the more accessible position of Greece, open by land connections or easy coasting journeys to the inroads of people from the north."

Dr. Arthur J. Evans, in his address, as president, to the Hellenic Society, January, 1912, published in the Journal of Hellenic Studies vol. xxxii, part ii, 1912, says: "The truth is, the old view of Greek civilization as a kind of *enfant de miracle* can no longer be maintained. Whether they like it or not, classical students must consider origins. One after another the 'inventions' attributed by its writers to the later Hellas are seen to have been anticipated on Greek soil at least a thousand years earlier." This is true of the Æginetan claim of having invented sailing vessels. Even the seven-stringed lyre of Terpander of Lesbos, in the seventh century B. C., was known to the Cretans ten centuries before, or even longer.

Thousands of inscriptions, mostly clay tablets, are among the treasures dug up at Cnossos, Phæstos, etc. The earliest were naturally pictographic or hieroglyphic, which gradually passed over to the geometric and linear mode of writing. Dr. Evans distinguishes two kinds of linear script, A and B. He claims that these two styles of script are parallel forms, and not derived one from the other. He also says that a highly developed system of writing existed in Minoan Crete some two thousand years earlier than the first introduction under Phœnician influence of Greek letters. For many centuries the pictographic was used side by side with the linear; the former, however, gave way to the latter before B. C. 1600.

Unfortunately the thousands of tablets discovered in Crete during the past few years have guarded well their secret. Up to this time not a single one has been deciphered. A key has been found—at least it is so supposed—for the deciphering of numerals.

Here, in passing, we might mention that a terracotta disk about six inches in diameter was unearthed at Phæstos in 1908. Both sides are covered with pictorial characters in spirals. It may date from B. C. 1800. "The signs include a rosette, vase, pelt, fish, eagle, galley, carpenter's square, hatchet, woman, running man, and a male with feathered head." There are those who profess to have found in this disk a key to Cretan hieroglyphs. Professor Hempl, of Leland Stanford, is one of these. He wrote a most ingenious article in Harper's Magazine (January, 1911), giving his key to the mysterious disk. This article is unfavorably criticized by Mr. Andrew Lang in the Independent (February 11, 1911), and referred to by Dr. Evans in his presidential address as "containing some strange linguistic freaks." Professor A. Cuny has also a proposed solution in the

Revue des Etudes Anciennes, T. xiv (1912). Another effort has been made by Miss Stawell. Dr. Evans, speaking of these, says: "Investigations of the Phæstos Disk on both sides of the Atlantic have found an Hellenic key, though the key proves not to be the same, and as regards the linguistic forms unlocked, it must be said that many of them neither represent historic Greek nor any antecedent stage reconcilable with existing views as to the comparative grammar of the Indo-European languages."

So far the bilingual text which is to help decipher Cretan script and language is still quietly resting in some old ruin or mound of Crete or some other country, and awaiting the coming of some lucky archæologist.

We have dwelt at some length on Minoan writing, not because it is the only witness to Cretan civilization in gray antiquity. There are other evidences of Cretan culture of the third and second millenniums, B. C., more convincing even than its script. The discoveries made by Dr. Evans and others in the palaces of Crete prove conclusively that the builders of such immense and solid structures possessed not only great architectural skill and genuine artistic taste, but also vast wealth; and that more than four thousand years ago. But such masterpieces of masonry and decoration must have been preceded by a long period of development. The palace at Cnossos, covering six acres of ground, was not only a royal residence and a sanctuary of the Double-Ax, but a city in miniature. For in addition to vast halls and *megara*, for governmental and sacerdotal uses, we find numberless smaller rooms, workshops, repositories, etc. Some of the unfinished work in some of these rooms proves that the workman left his workshop in haste, as in case of war. The central court, with its paving of immense slabs, has an area of twenty thousand square feet. The mural decorations and frescoes are of a high order. The river scenes, with their grasses, reeds, fish, etc., are very true to nature. The same is true of the "flowers, fruits, and seashells, flying-fish, figures of the larger animals, native robes and girdles." The throne room deserves the most careful attention. From a fresco we learn that the throne was in gypsum, modeled, however, from wood. Anyone looking at this picture could easily imagine that he has a very modern piece of work before him. Indeed, many of the objects in the museum at Candia, though four or five thousand years old, might be confounded with those made in our times. The queen's apartments were both extensive and magnificent. The mural decorations, consisting of marine views, fishes, corals, algæ, etc., exhibit the finest type of Cretan art. What is true of painting is equally true of sculpture. The excavator is also surprised at the extensive and finely executed staircases leading to these palaces and courts. But the water supply and the drainage system of these palaces were unique. Here we have elegant bathrooms lined with alabaster, and water-closets with sanitary plumbing the equal of which cannot be found again in any building, ancient or modern, till toward the end of the nineteenth century of our era.

The great palace at Cnossos, with its vast halls, endless subterranean passages, winding staircases and rooms of all sizes and for all purposes, may well have been the famous labyrinth of Greek tradition. If the new etymology of the word labyrinth be correct, we have an additional reason

for identifying it with the Palace of Minos. Some of our best scholars derive labyrinth from *labrys*, a pre-Hellenic form meaning "double ax." The double ax appearing in so many of the Cretan paintings or ornaments was most probably a symbol of authority and power or of the deity worshiped in Cretan sanctuaries. Hawes, speaking of this subject, says: "Again sober fact corroborates fable. The Palace of Cnossos is the labyrinth and the home of the Minotaur." He also regards the Minos-Bull simply as an heraldic beast, and adds: "If at the end of the Boer War hostages had been sent from the Transvaal to England and imprisoned, or executed, it might well have been said that the British Lion devoured them." The tradition that Athens sent human victims as annual tribute to Minos was doubted by Grote and others in his day.

No one can study the antiquities of Crete without being struck with the female attire of B. C. 2000. Mosso, in a chapter on the subject in his Palaces of Crete, says: "The new fashion design is one that is old enough to be forgotten; nevertheless, I could not have imagined before I entered the Museum of Candia that four thousand years ago women dressed in the same mode and wore the same hats as fashionable ladies of to-day." The mural decorations show us the tight fitting dress, with its low neck, puffed sleeves, and elaborate flounces. The Cretan female hair dresser of gray antiquity, were she in New York or Paris to-day, could find abundant employment.

As already said, Cretan art showed to the best advantage in mural decorations, nevertheless the engraver, carver, and jeweler did exquisite work on silver, gold, ivory, and other substances. No place is richer than Crete in objects of the Bronze Age. The more recent discoveries of Mr. Seagar in the little island of Mochlos have brought to light fine specimens of the jeweler's art, such as gold chains, pendants, diadems, etc. The molding and cutting out of vases from hard substances had reached a high degree of perfection. The potter not only designed and executed his vases well, but decorated them, too, with artistic skill. Some of these vases are as thin as the best of our modern china and are covered with lilies, ivies, and various flowers taken directly from nature.

Minos, like Moses, refuses to be regarded as a sun-myth or solar deity. But if Minos never existed, who were the master minds that ruled Crete in the third and second millenniums before our era?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SCHLÄTTER'S SYSTEM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

Schlätter's Das christliche Dogma (published in 1911) is indisputably a work of rare independence and originality. While the author's general position is that of modern biblicism (see this Review, September, 1911), there is not in the book a trace of bondage to any traditions. Everywhere

we find a refreshing freedom and individuality, animated by an intense and healthy piety. Schlätter once wrote an essay entitled "Die Furcht vor dem Denken," a protest against certain agnostic-pragmatic tendencies in modern theology. Well, in this book we shall find no fear of thinking. At the same time the author lays upon himself the severest self-restraint in matters of speculation. For him the contents of Christian theology are given only by revelation and are appropriated personally, experimentally. Viewed in respect of the principles and methods of system-building, the work invites a thorough examination. This, however, we pass by, noting only that Schlätter surprises us by the amplitude and wealth of his treatment of anthropology, in which he includes a full discussion of "nature as the revelation of the divine power." This last point is significant in view of the widespread Ritschlian abhorrence of everything resembling a "natural theology." We content ourselves by giving a few brief characteristic passages from the book.

In the section on "The Divine in Nature" we find the following: "Nature veils God, because it is something other than he, and that it is so is manifest by the fact that it is something other than we ourselves. Therefore, if we seek the evidence of God only from nature, we never find the God whom we need as personal Being, we never find the God with whom, in thought and will, we stand in communion. But this procedure is not normal, to turn only to the powers and forms of nature, in order that they shall show us God. For us the nearest creatures of God are we ourselves; we ourselves are the first that have the vocation to be his witnesses and to reveal him. How can man, if he apprehends nothing of God in himself, expect that beasts and stones shall cure his godlessness? The man shut up in himself against God has in nature necessarily only the veiling of God; it becomes to him the substitute for God and thus serves a purpose appointed to it by God, and accomplishes his will" (page 55). Against the tendency to infer the "necessity" of God from the incompleteness of nature, Schlätter writes: "But it is not what nature lacks that makes it a revelation of God, but what it has. The way, of course, by which it bears witness of God is that it lifts our thinking above the process of nature and lets something that is above it shine through. This higher something, however, does not shine, as it were, through holes here and there, so that we should need to take pains to discover these holes in the greatest possible number, in order to understand that nature is not sufficient to itself; but it has in it something that is spiritual, which shapes it, and without which it is not and never works; and this intelligible in nature it is that makes it the attestation of God" (page 56).

One of the most characteristic features of Schlätter's theology is his emphasis upon the Christian's active service. Under the head of "The Human Will and the Divine Love" we find such a statement as the following: "From the standpoint of the idea of love the objection to freedom is made that our independence means separation from God, and therefore is the thing that we have to fear and that we hope to overcome in a love that lifts itself to a perfect union with God; for the death of all self-life and self-will is for him that longs for God the sweetest blessing and the

highest goal. The truth of this proposition consists in this, that a self-life turned against God must appear in fact as the acme of what is abominable and miserable. Our will is conferred upon us in order that we give it to God; we have not to do our will, but his. Our function is service. In this way, however, we never come to a state of having no will and no freedom. For the will that is given to God does not die; in giving it we no more lose it and give it away from ourselves than God in taking it tears it from us and puts it to death. Rather our will, in willing the will of God, only then properly becomes will and our own act through our free union with that which God has commanded us. The service of God is no servile relation, but just because it is to be rendered with our will, it acquires the high quality of love. But love is always wrongly conceived when it tends to the self-abasement and annihilation of one's own life. A liberating purpose and effect is essential to love; it is only an egoistically distorted love that enslaves and thereby presents an empty unit instead of the full unity, which results when two, alive in themselves, are bound together by the union of the will. . . . In the apostolic word every representation of our dependence upon God culminates in this truth, that out of that dependence there arises not absence of will, but will. Because God works the willing and the doing, we work out our salvation with fear and trembling. That our personal life, including our will, is not destroyed, but established, by what God gives, is for the New Testament an immovable axiom" (page 167f.).

Concerning *prayer*, Schlätter gives us many weighty utterances, of which we select a few: "Since prayer is that act by which we turn our will to God, religion consists above everything else in prayer. To be religious means to be able to pray; to be irreligious means to be incapable of prayer. The struggle for religion is a struggle concerning prayer; the theory of religion is the 'philosophy of prayer.' Normal prayer is normal religion, perverted prayer corrupted religion" (page 220). After profound words concerning adoration, thanksgiving, and some introductory sentences on petitionary prayer, Schlätter continues concerning the last point: "The disposition to put petition in the background as compared with thanksgiving has its root only in that conception of God which merely tends to establish our dependence and hence covets as the ideal of piety the absence of will. If nothing may or can be willed or loved, then, of course, petition is an aberration. These objections are strengthened by the fact that perversity continually shows itself in our will, and our selfish desire, which thinks only of our own happiness, also often enough determines our prayer. But we do not overcome our evil will by attaining to the absence of will nor our endæmonism by apathy. In the purity or impurity of our petitions the purity or impurity of our desires directly manifests itself. This, however, involves no demand that we cease to make requests. On the contrary, it shows the indispensableness of petition. For inevitably we cease to wage war against our evil will when we no longer measure our desires by God's will and base them upon God's will. But we do in fact so measure them and endeavor so to base them in so far as our desires become petitions" (page 221). "Of course every prayer transcends the idea of the

world, since it is addressed to God, and so has in its view not merely the natural factors and their operation according to law. Prayer always affirms the omnipotence of God. Out of prayer, however, there grows no postulate of miracle, no repudiation of nature. For the acknowledgment of God embraces also the acknowledgment of the world as the work of God and of natural law as the institution of God. We do not pray against nature; for we call upon him who has given it its constitution and its modes of operation; and accordingly we take it in prayer as it is in truth, and deny only nature as atheistically misinterpreted and disguised into a specter, a nature that is supposed to exist and operate without God or in God's stead. Therefore we do not ask the unnatural, but the natural, from the God through whom the natural consists and goes on. Only in this one respect do we in prayer transcend nature, namely, in that we direct our desires to God, of whom we know that he has an inexhaustibleness of will and power and a perfection of giving that exceed all the bounds set to the natural processes" (page 223f.).

The attitude of the biblicist Schlätter toward the Bible will be of interest to every student of the book. Under the head of "The Authority of the Scripture" we find the following: "The authority of the Scripture is understood in a fleshly way when its word is taken as a substitute for knowledge on our part, so that we ourselves know nothing of God, but repeat the Bible saying, and, instead of knowing and helping others to knowledge, merely quote. The authority of the Scripture is divine, because it affords us the means of seeing for ourselves God's government. The authority of the Scripture is misused in a fleshly way when we force ourselves or let ourselves be forced to an obedience to it which has no foundation in us, but consists in a blind subjection to an extraneous command. Its authority is divine, because it helps us to attain to a good will of our own, through which we serve God and our neighbor" (page 406). "The anxiety which avoids the criticism of the Scripture as impious has its last and strongest ground in the same postulate as was applied to Jesus, and for which the idea of God seems to give warrant, that the Scripture must be infallible, and therefore calls us to no other attitude than that we assent to it; every denial of an utterance of Scripture is in itself a contesting of the inspiration of Scripture and of its origin from God. How can that which is God's gift be imperfect, how can we be entitled to reject or correct the divine word? . . . But this postulate . . . constructs for itself a revelation, which God is assumed to have unveiled aside and separate from man. Such a revelation, in which man disappears, God has not given us because of the riches of his grace, not from weakness, but for his glory. For this is not the glory of God, that he demonstrates to us that he can compose a faultless book, but rather this, that he so binds men with himself that they as men can tell forth his word" (page 408f.). "Infallibility is the characteristic of God; but it belongs only to God and does not extend to the men who stand in the service of God. Not the Scripture, but the God who gives it and calls us through it, is infallible." Yet there is a sense in which the Scripture is infallible, but "not so that it gives us an unlimited knowledge, but that it binds us to God, who is

light without darkness, and leads us in the straight road to God's sure goal. Herein, then, the faultlessness of the Bible consists, that it calls us to God" (page 409).

We must let these samples suffice, though nearly every page incites one to quote.

A DEPARTED LEADER: MARTIN KÄHLER

On September 7, 1912, Martin Kähler (born 1835) was called from his earthly labors. Though hindered not a little by bodily weakness, he had continued to lecture, in full intellectual vigor and in great joy in his work, till the close of the summer semester. Then to refresh himself he had hastened to his beloved Freudenstadt, a quiet resort in the Black Forest. After a few weeks, however, he fell a victim to an inflammation of the lungs. He had expressed a wish that God might grant him to lecture three semesters more. For, in spite of a somewhat diminished number of hearers in recent years, he had continued to make a powerful impression upon the students. Moreover, he longed to be permitted to carry out certain important literary plans. "I have material for ten years yet," he sometimes said to those nearest him; but the strength to produce often failed him. He had hoped, among other things, to publish a third volume of the Dogmatische Zeitfragen and to prepare a third edition of his famous little book on the historical Jesus and the biblical Christ. It is to be hoped that some things from his pen will appear posthumously. But it is gratifying to be able to call attention to three products of his pen from the last two years of his life. In 1911 he published in a pamphlet of seventy-six pages a series of lectures on "Das Kreuz, Grund und Mass für die Christologie" (The Cross, the Foundation and Measure for Christology). This is a writing of rare originality and depth, abounding in concrete illustrations. In 1912 there appeared a little book entitled Kommet und sehet! Der Prophet in Galiläa nach Markus (Come and See! The Prophet in Galilee according to Mark). This book found a multitude of grateful readers. It was on his heart also to write two companion pieces: Des Meisters Wanderschule and Ueber die Leidensgeschichte. These, however, were never finished. The last of his writings was Die Heilsgewissheit (The Assurance of Salvation), in the Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen, 1912. He contends against the tendency to confound the Christian certainty of salvation with a reliance upon the assumed value of a state of religious feeling *per se*, "a religiosity that draws its content and power merely out of itself." Christian certainty of salvation has its ground in the preached Word of salvation, its power in the content of that Word, which is the Saviour himself as the Son of the living God. It is certainty of the bottomless and universal grace of God, applied through his particular calling and by the gift of his Spirit, even to me. The assurance, of course, comes by experience; but the experience is no mere psychological state; it is rather the inward appropriation of a great objective reality. In order that there shall be "Christ in us" there must first be "Christ for us."

Though strangely neglected abroad—perhaps in part because of a

rather difficult style—Kähler has exerted a mighty influence in his own country on theological science and on the practical life of the church. As to the first, he has given us the best answers to several of the most vital questions, especially to the Bible question. As to the second, he has exerted a strangely powerful influence over the preaching of a multitude of pastors, and has been the means of great inspiration and guiding help in both "inner" missions and missions to the heathen. All this has been possible in the first place because of the wonderful religious vitality of his theology, but also in part because he consciously strove to set forth the doctrinal basis of the evangelization of the world. He is *the* dogmatician of the missionary enterprise. While he never formed a school in the strict sense—he rather avoided such a thing in the interest of a more wholesome and spontaneous theological development—it is certain that a goodly number of academic theologians, as well as a multitude of pastors, look upon him as in a special sense their theological master. And that he, though himself conservative, has gained unusual recognition even among liberal theologians and has powerfully influenced some of them is evident from the attitude toward his work of such men as Herrmann, Häring, Kattenbusch, Loofs, Titius, and Von Dobschütz.

CONCERNING THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION

The psychology of religion is sometimes spoken of as an entirely new science. In a sense it is quite new. It has been taken as one of the special fields for the application of the "new psychology," and so it has become an independent discipline, new in form and method and showing many new results. At the same time it is wholesome to remember what a wealth of psychological observation is to be found in many theologians and philosophers of the past. The greatest names in the history of Christian thought represent men of marked psychological interest and insight, men like Augustine, Bernard, Luther, Calvin, Pascal. Or if we consider the history of theology since the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find the psychological element strong in such men as Schleiermacher, Rothe, Hofmann, Frank, and Pfleiderer. And many philosophers even from antiquity, but especially since Spinoza, have subjected religion to a psychological examination. The new psychology of religion first sprang up and took on shape in America. It will be interesting to glance at the recent development of this study in Germany.

On the whole one must be impressed by the predominantly critical attitude of most German theologians and philosophers toward the American forms of the science. One of the least unfavorable critics is Wobbermin, of Breslau, translator of James's Varieties of Religious Experience. Yet in a paper on "The Task and Significance of the Psychology of Religion," read at the Berlin International Congress for Liberal Christianity in 1910, while exceptionally emphatic in his recognition of the merits of the American psychology of religion, he states very clearly the

opinion that "the American psychology of religion for the time being fails to measure up to the task which is naturally to be set for that science." His negative criticism has to do with two fundamental points. In the first place this new science treats chiefly of the general psychological preconditions of the psychological study of religion rather than with the specific psychology of *religion itself*. In the second place it virtually excludes the question of truth in its whole treatment of the subject. He recognizes the fact that psychology has to do directly only with the phenomena of the mind, not immediately with the question of truth. But the amazing silence of some of our books—for example, Starbuck's—as to the question of truth and reality in religion naturally gives the impression that their authors occupy a skeptical or wholly agnostic attitude toward that question, or at least that they regard that question as having no bearing upon their researches. That the question of truth, of objective validity, we may remark incidentally, is never wholly neglected in the study of any other group of psychological phenomena seems sometimes to remain quite unobserved. At first this total exclusion of the question of truth seems to have an advantage; the psychologist wants to work undogmatically and does not want to prejudice his cause by any dogmatic complications. There is an important truth here. "But we must say more: the psychology of religion will never be able, and hence may never claim, to give from out itself a definite answer to the question of truth. Nevertheless, it is one-sided and incorrect to exclude altogether the question of truth from the psychology of religion. For so soon as the psychology of religion . . . takes into account institutional religion and therewith historical religion, it becomes quite clear that the question of truth belongs to all historically vital religion, and that essentially and fundamentally. There is no historical religion, historical in the broadest sense of the word, which does not in its own way mean to assume some attitude toward the question of truth, yes, even to answer that question. Therefore even the psychology of religion must take account of the question of truth, as it belongs to the religious life, but must, of course, take account of it from the religio-psychological point of view, that is, according to the significance which it has or acquires for the religious life itself, for the stamping and shaping of the religious life. And it is just this that distinguishes the psychology of religion from the historical investigation of religion on the one hand and from the definitive evaluation of religion on the other, whether this be sought in a theological dogmatic or in a philosophy of religion. The psychology of religion stands in the middle between the two, and that not merely in a formal relation, but rather so as to afford substantially a mediation between the two." Wobbermin's criticism bears especially upon writers like Starbuck, rather than upon James. For Starbuck is actually able to discuss the problem of religious education without in the least taking account of the question of the truth of religion. Tröltsch also, though very cordial in his recognition of the value of religious psychology, is unequivocal in his declaration that the chief question in the study of religion is the question of its truth. The attitude of Eucken, too, is essentially the same.

If the new methods of the psychology of religion are by some praised and blamed in almost an equal balance, there are those who chiefly blame. Wundt, for example (in his Probleme der Völkerpsychologie), urges against the American psychologists of religion that religion is always an historical phenomenon, always a social thing, and that accordingly the mere observation of individuals alone will never suffice; that the psychology of religion belongs rather in the domain of the psychology of peoples and must proceed from the objectively given religions. Wundt's insistence upon a broad historical basis for the psychology of religion finds ready acceptance on the part of many, even of such as insist upon the reality of a positive Christian revelation.

Of special interest at the present stage of development of the psychology of religion is the inquiry into the way in which the psychological point of view affects Christian theology. That psychological insight or divination, in spite of the danger of arbitrariness, is indispensable to the best historico-exegetical work may be illustrated by classical examples on the "right" as well as on the "left." The best works on Paul, and on biblical theology generally, have been profoundly psychological. The newest types of exegetical studies make much of both the psychology of individuals and of peoples. The same thing holds true also in the newer treatment of the history of the church and especially in the history of dogma. Athanasius, Augustine, Anselm, Luther, and the movements with which they were associated cannot be understood without psychological insight. In the domain of practical theology, especially in the theory of preaching, the new movement is very manifest. A conspicuous example is Niebergall, Wie predigen wir dem modernen menschen. But we are concerned chiefly with the way in which the dogmaticians and writers on the philosophy of religion are using the results of the psychology of religion. Everywhere among the dogmaticians we observe signs of a recognition of the results of that study. More clearly than in the past the variable forms of the Christian consciousness are distinguished from the real substance upon which faith builds. That religious psychology is not in any way to be confounded with theology, and that theology does not resolve itself into religious psychology, is for most theologians almost an axiom. Schlätter very aptly says: "The program of 'religious psychology' is related to the task of dogmatics in the same way as the psychology of the function of the senses is related to natural science or the psychology of the social processes to the science of history and of the state. Psychology seeks for the forms of what goes on within us; the other sciences deal with its ground and consequences. While the psychology of religion asks what characteristics, recurring according to law, manifest themselves in the religious relation and conduct, the dogmatician asks wherein that relation and conduct consists, by what it arises, how it works." Stange (now in Göttingen), in his Grundriss der Religionsphilosophie and his Christentum und Weltanschauung, shows a masterly grasp of psychology as well as philosophy, but his interest lies decidedly more in the direction of a theory of religious cognition and the metaphysic of religion than in religious psychology. The same holds true in general of his friend

Dunkmann, who has become his successor at Greifswald, and of Mandel, formerly *privatdocent* in Greifswald, but now in Rostock as successor to Grützmacher, who has been called to Erlangen. Mandel is a man of thirty, but already he has done some notable work. Besides some valuable studies in the history of theology he has recently published three volumes of a work (still incomplete) bearing the general title, Die Erkenntnis des Uebersinnlichen. Grundriss der Systematischen Theologie (The Cognition of the Supersensuous, etc.). The first volume presents a system of Genetic Psychology of Religion. On a grand scale and with great ability Mandel makes use of psychology as a preparation for the construction of a theological system. Here, however, there is nothing of a mere statistical psychology of religious feelings and states of consciousness, but a really broad psychological treatment of the genesis and development of the "natural" religions. This must serve as a basis for a philosophy of the Christian revelation. (The second and third volumes offer us a "System of Ethics as Basis for Religion.") Without entering further into a consideration of his work, we would call special attention to the man as well as to his book. He represents a tendency of a group of men (of whom Stange is in a sense the leader) to develop, with ample regard for psychology, a Christian philosophy of the way and means of revelation. They are primarily and emphatically dogmaticians, not psychologists, yet as masters of the psychological methods they are ready to take advantage of psychology in the interest of a positive Christian theology. As representing independently a like tendency we may mention also Karl Heim, *privatdocent* in Halle, all of whose writings show an interest in philosophy and psychology, always, however, in subordination to the positive biblical revelation (cf. Psychologismus und Antipsychologismus, 1902; Die Gewissheitsproblem in der systematischen Theologie bis Schleiermacher, 1911; Leitfaden der Dogmatik, 1912).

On the whole we find that German theologians have shown a lively interest in the modern psychology of religion, but that the genuine dogmatic interest—interest in the question of the truth of religion—predominates and controls their thinking. This is true not only of so-called positive, but also of liberal theologians. In this direction many of the leading theologians have clearly expressed themselves. Among them Kaftan and Herrmann should not remain unmentioned.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D., and other scholars. Vol. V, Dravidians to Fichte. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1912, xvi, pp. 908. Price, $7 per volume, cloth, when taken in sets.

Another thick and portly volume of this invaluable work, with its long double-column, closely printed pages, offering the equivalent of per-

haps a hundred octavo volumes, every article written by an expert (who signs his name) and packed full of learning: sixteen articles on Ethics and Morality according to countries and religions, ten on Education; Petrie's long article of fifteen pages on Egyptian Religion, Crawley's exhaustive and interesting articles on Dress (significance in different religions) and Drink (in the same), etc. Strike in anywhere, reader, and come forth with rich trophies. Then notice such articles as Eschatology, nineteen pages, by MacCulloch; Ebionites, six pages, by Beveridge; Emerson, three and one half pages, by Ross; and Essenes, six pages, by Moffatt. We read with deep interest the article on Eucharist (to end of Middle Ages), by Srawley, and by Watt (modern times)—two of the best articles in church history which have yet appeared. We can, however, by no means see any "implied reference to the Christian sacrament" in John 6. The reference is neither explicit nor implied, as a careful attention to the language will soon convince the reader. Christ is thinking of a spiritual assimilation of himself which was then and there possible to the disciples, and not only possible, but indispensable. Besides, the word flesh is never used in the New Testament in reference to the Eucharist. Nor is the reference in John 6 exhausted by an assimilation of Christ "in the higher elements of his humanity." It is well to imitate Christ as the perfect man, but that does not give life. What does give life is to believe in him, and thus the *life of God* flows into the soul. Remember this: the Eucharist in itself does not impart Christ; it only presents more vividly to the imagination and to the spiritual faculties his atoning deed, and thus helps faith to get hold of Christ and all that he offers to his child. The author is perfectly correct in saying (p. 544, col. 1, near top) that in 1 Corinthians there is no sharp distinction between the meal as a love feast and the meal as a sacrament. "The whole meal had in Saint Paul's thought the character of a sacred meal." The "solemn liturgical acts" in connection with the meal had no existence in New Testament times, nor for a considerable time after. The author does well to reject the idea common to "advanced" critics like Heitmüller and Percy Gardner that Paul and the believers in Corinth borrowed in the Eucharist elements from the pagan mystery religions. While details in celebrations may have been influenced by what the Christians were familiar with in their pagan guild dinners, yet there is no evidence of any clothing of the Supper in New Testament times with ideas from Mithras or other religions. Watt has a fine putting of the doctrine of Zwingli (pp. 566-567), and over against Lutheran misrepresentation brings out the deeper elements in Zwingli's teaching, such as, for instance, the belief that "in the Eucharist Christ is truly our food, and through him our spiritual life is nourished, but he is appropriated by faith alone." There are fourteen articles under Expiation and Atonement, of which, of course, that on Christian interested us most. The author (Brown, of Union, New York) treats the matter historically, and, being most at home in systematic theology, makes some slips. For instance, Irenæus did *not* teach that the "death of Christ was a ransom paid by God to Satan" (p. 543, col. 1), and that theory did not at all have the vogue often assumed by those who have not specially studied the matter. If

the author had given close attention to Irenæus, or had read the able discussion by an eminent authority in the History of Doctrine, the late Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover (Ransom to Satan, Boston, 1900, p. 24), he would not have emphasized quite so much the Satan theory. A form of the theory did play a part with some writers beginning with Origen, but its importance has been very much exaggerated. Irenæus says, indeed, that "since the apostasy tyrannized over us unjustly and (though we were by nature the property of the omnipotent God) alienated us contrary to nature, rendering us its own disciples, the Word of God, powerful in all things and not defective with regard to his own justice, did righteously turn against that apostasy, and redeem from it his own property, not by violent means (as the apostasy had obtained dominion over us at the beginning, when it insatiably snatched away what was not its own), but by means of persuasion, as became a God of counsel, who does not use violent means to obtain what he desires; so that neither justice should be infringed upon, nor the ancient handiwork of God go to destruction. Since the Lord thus has redeemed us through his own blood, giving his soul for our souls, his flesh for our flesh, and has poured out the Spirit of the Father for the union and communion of God and man, imparting, indeed, God to men by means of the Spirit," etc. (Adv. Haer. 5. 1, 1—Ante Nic. F. I, 527.) All Irenæus says here is that God turned against the apostasy and redeemed from it his own property, not by violence, but by persuasion. There is not a word about a ransom to Satan. Whether the persuasion was exercised upon himself (that is, in reference to eternal justice and holiness), upon man, or upon Satan, we do not know. See also Iren. 5. 21, 2; 5. 17, 3; 5. 22, 1; 5. 24, 4; 3. 23, 1; and 4. 33, 44; no trace of a ransom-to-Satan theory. Perhaps Irenæus's philosophy of the atonement (so far as he had any) is best expressed in 3. 18, 7. In 5. 17, 1, he says that in the "last times the Lord has restored us into friendship through his incarnation, having become the mediator between God and men [not the mediator between God and the devil]; propitiating indeed for us the Father [not Satan], against whom we had sinned, and canceling (*consolatus*) our disobedience by his own obedience, conferring also upon us the gift of communion with and subjection to our Maker." He also says that far from our being in debt to Satan, "we were debtors to none other but to him whose commandment we had transgressed at the beginning" (5. 16, 3). While Irenæus believed that one result of Christ's work was release from Satan, he did not believe, so far as we know, that any atonement was paid to Satan. Oxenham is the only one of the three authorities the author refers to who attributes this view to Irenæus (3 ed. 130-134), and even he does not do so plainly, which is also the case with Lidgett, while Moberly seems inclined to exculpate Irenæus. Experts in the History of Doctrine like Sheldon (i 121-122) are even more emphatic, and in his monograph on Irenæus (Berlin, 1871, 265 note) Ziegler says that to refute the assertion that Irenæus taught a ransom to Satan is "to fight against windmills, for no one affirms it." Our author greatly exaggerates when he says (643, col. 1) that this theory "continued for many centuries the prevailing interpretation of the death of Christ." Nor is it at all true that to

Athanasius "death is an incident in the saving work" of Christ. It is centrally important. "Redeeming all by the cross, he became Lord of all and King" (Orat. c. Ar. 2. 13). "He offered the faithful sacrifice, one which remains and does not come to nought. . . . The Saviour's sacrifice taking place once has perfected everything" (2. 9). "That he might himself for all offer to death his own body, and that thenceforth, as if all had died through him, the word of that sentence might be accomplished (for all died in Christ, and all through him might thereupon become free from sin)," etc. (2. 69). "For the Word perceiving that no otherwise could the corruption of men be undone save by death as a necessary condition," etc. (De Incarn. Verbi. 19). In fact, there is nothing in Athanasius different from the ordinary view of Christ's work as a real atonement for the sins of the world, except his emphasis upon the close union of God with us by the incarnation, which incarnation in itself is a kind of atonement, at least a conquest for man of sin and Satan and a deification of man, and thus a conferring upon him of immortality and eternal life. There is no trace of a ransom-to-Satan theory in Athanasius. We might add that the differentiation between the Greek and Latin theologians, as is done by Brown in this article and, say, by Allen in his Continuity of Christian Thought (1884, new ed. 1894), is very much overdriven, and needs to be corrected by more accurate and objective works in the History of Doctrine, such as Dorner, Seeberg, Sheldon, Loofs, etc. (In note 1 on p. 645, col. 2, the date of Köstlin's Luther's Theologie is wrongly given by error of proof or slip of pen. The first edition was published in 1863, the second thoroughly worked over in 1901, not long before the lamented author's death and after the appearance of Hay's translation.) The writer on Ethics (Muslim) calls attention not only to the well-known right of every Muslim to have four wives and as many concubines as he wishes (circumscribed in practice, however, by economic conditions and the supply of women, so that monogamy is all but universal among the peasantry and is practiced by the majority of the townspeople), but also to fearful facility of divorce. The husband can put away his wife at any time and for any reason, provided only he pays her a dowry or gives her a compensation. This liberty is widely taken advantage of. Mohammedan tradition and proverb have it that heaven is full of poor people and hell of women, and that women are deficient in understanding and religion. Women attend the mosque much less frequently than men, but are, on the other hand, much more addicted to the magical arts and the practice of visiting the graves of holy miracle workers. This writer (De Boer) also says that Mohammedan laws against luxury and intemperance are not strictly adhered to. The prohibition of wine is generally observed, but with many Muslims *bashish*, opium, and other intoxicants take the place that alcohol has in the West. There are many opium-smokers and much wine-drinking in Persia and Turkey. The article on Episcopacy by the High Churchman Darwell Stone is fairer than we might expect from that school, but it overstates the New Testament evidence of episcopacy. There is no evidence of "higher orders" in the modern sense in the New Testament. The whole situation was different. The apostles exercised as a matter of course a

moral oversight, but not at all a legal oversight in the sense of the "historic" episcopacy. The laying on of hands did not have the meaning of our ordination. It was the symbol of prayer for God's blessing for a certain work or duty, and might be repeated. The author's use of the word "ordained" is very misleading, though he has abundant justification in the numerous mistranslations of our High Church (in this respect) Authorized Version. Our word ordained does not occur at all in the Greek Testament in reference to the appointment of Christian workers, and we think it has usually, if not always, been omitted in the Revised Version. We shall never come to any accurate understanding of the New Testament in regard to the ministry until we first cease to carry back modern notions into that time, and until we throw overboard the King James Testament, with its numerous and vicious mistranslations and prejudiced translations. 1 Tim. 5. 22 does not refer to the laying on of hands in so-called ordination, but is to be interpreted by 3. 3, where the bishop is charged not to be "quarrelsome over wine and to be no striker," and means that Timothy must be patient and forbearing with disturbers of the meetings and other offenders, and not lay hands on them in sudden impatience. The seven in Acts 6 were not ordained at all in the modern sense, but simply by the symbol of prayer to a secular work. In our judgment of the evidence, it is quite certain that both in the New Testament and in the writers up to about 150 there was no bishop of a third order distinct from presbyter recognized as essential to the church everywhere. Ignatius (A. D. 110-17) recognizes a bishop as distinct from presbyter in certain Asiatic cities, but not in Rome. The Teaching of the XII Apostles, Clement of Rome, Polycarp to the Philippians, and Hermas tell quite a different story. There is a fine article on Edwards and the New England Theology by Warfield. We again earnestly commend this great encyclopædia to all earnest students of religion.

Efficiency in the Sunday School. By HENRY FREDERICK COPE, A.M., D.D., General Secretary of the Religious Education Association. 8vo, pp. viii, 253. New York: Hodder & Stoughton; George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

The Graded Sunday School in Principle and Practice. By HENRY H. MEYER. 12mo, pp. x, 263. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 85 cents, net.

Secrets of Sunday School Teaching. By EDWARD LEIGH PELL. 12mo, pp. 201. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

THE Sunday school has entered upon an era of strategic importance in the life of the church. Its mission as an indispensable agent in the spread of the kingdom of God is fully recognized. Proof of its valuable place is seen in the fact that some of the keenest and maturest minds of the church have been consecrated to the furtherance of its interests. It is also worthy of note that the foremost educational experts of the country through the Religious Education Association are giving themselves to the serious study of this institution. When it is realized that the total enrollment for the Sunday schools of the United States in 1911 was approximately 15,500,000, with 1,600,000 officers and teachers, we can easily see what a vast amount of good can be done through the right direction of

these forces. In view of these things, the preacher who is not familiar with the modern emphases in Sunday school work is inexcusably behind the times. In the last analysis, he is the man on whom rests the responsibility to guide the activities of the Sunday school, so that it will become an effective aid in his ministrations to the whole church. This work, says Cope, "calls for the service of the scientific specialist. That means nothing esoteric, portentously academic, nor in any way removed from common sense. The pastor owes it to his people—the greater number of whom know nothing whatever on the subject of religious pedagogy, and therefore are unable to discuss it with absolute freedom—to lead them to a sympathetic understanding of the service that science is rendering in this particular. We need sermons such as Horace Bushnell preached for the education of the popular mind on religious education. We have to convert and educate the constituency upon which the school leans for moral and financial support." We hear a great deal in these days about the Sunday school being an educational institution, but let this not lead to misunderstanding. Religious education aims to bring one to moral and spiritual self-realization by developing and deepening the God-consciousness and by enlightening the spirit of man to all his human relationships and responsibilities. If this ideal is made the test of efficiency, we shall be compelled to confess that many popular standards of Sunday school success are seriously defective. It is not its size numerically, nor its strength financially, nor its skill to furnish picnics and excursions, but its ability to produce Christian character, which is the primary consideration. Questions dealing with methods of work and lesson material should stand on their own merits, and should be acceptable if workable, whether they are old or new. Dr. Cope discusses these and other subjects in a series of illuminating chapters. The value of his book lies in the fact that it is the result of both investigation and experimentation in a wide variety of fields. Dr. Meyer, Assistant Editor of our Sunday school literature, has written a valuable manual which is already in its third edition. He first deals with the ideal school and considers the essential qualifications of the teacher as well as the complex nature of the child. He voices the modern sentiment impressively that the course of study must be decided according to the needs of the child and not that the child should be compelled to put on a cast-iron garment which may even be a misfit. The second part is an interesting historical sketch of the various attempts to prepare lesson material. It is gratifying to note that honorable recognition is given to the noteworthy pioneer services of our Bishop Vincent in this important field. Dr. Meyer strongly favors the graded system of lessons as distinct from the uniform lessons, and points out that their general acceptance is inevitable. In the third part he illustrates this thesis and offers many practical suggestions that point toward a better to-morrow for the Sunday school. The subject of teacher-training receives careful consideration in both these volumes. It is a healthy sign that the leaders of the modern movement have a sense of relative values and lay stress on what is of fundamental importance. "I should regard it as very unfortunate," says Dr. McFarland, "if we should become more in-

fatuated with the scientific pedagogy of the movement than absorbed with what should be its spiritual purpose. Poor pedagogical methods joined with a glowing spiritual zeal intent upon bringing those taught to the knowledge of God and the experience of Christ's salvation may accomplish a great deal more than a perfectly correct pedagogy which is employed only with a scientific interest. Right methods are of importance only as they are employed in the name of Christ and for the ends for which he came into the world. Our young people must be saved, and Christ must save them. No theory of teaching, however correct, can take the place of a Christ-passion for the human soul." Dr. Pell's book finely supplements the other two volumes. He makes a great deal of the spiritual atmosphere of the Sunday school and urges that the supreme need of the average teacher is not a method of work, but a motive for work. Here is a sample of his *bon mots:* "As a rule children do not handle the Bible irreverently until the example is set for them by older persons. Sometimes it is set by their teacher. I was not surprised the other day to see a boy in Sunday school throw his Bible across the class when I found that the teacher, who happened to have a low chair, was sitting on her own copy of the Word of God." In a plain, pointed, matter-of-fact way he throws light on topics of momentous importance like attention, interest, enthusiasm, reverence, order. The book is nothing short of a tonic. Let the preacher get acquainted with these three books and also introduce them to his superintendents and teachers and do all in his power to work out some of these plans. The results that will come after patient, intelligent, and devoted work will make glad the city of God.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Little of Everything. By E. V. Lucas. 16mo, pp. 239. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

The title is an exaggeration; sounds like an advertising overstatement. Not a little of everything; not so encyclopedic as that; only something of a variety of light matters. The light little book may fairly be called "light literature." It begins with a eulogy of the Aberdeen dog, described as a fascinating, naughty, incorrigible, and wholly adorable breed, and a litter of puppies hid away by their mother in a large deep hole under the roots of a tree; and closes with the story of one thousand three-penny bits—in all nearly thirty pieces of writing which may be called stories or essays or diversions or something else about dogs, jugglers, booksellers, philosophers, funerals, weddings, fir trees, dinner parties, holidays, and verses for children. E. V. Lucas is the author of an increasing number of genial volumes, which are credited by the reviews with "deftness and amenity," "charming entertainment," "a leisurely, tolerant manner," an "amused and generous outlook on this hasty scramble we call living." He is said to look upon men and events, letters and women and little children with something of Charles Lamb's gentleness and sweetness and humor. His book on woman entitled The Ladies'

Page, which gathers what great writers from Chaucer to Ruskin have said about the eternal feminine, can "fill your lonely apartment with the rustle of silks and the swish of lawns, with seemly wit and musical laughter, and the sweet essence which ascends from the censer of a true woman's heart to the high altar of the benignant and beneficent Maker of Women." A book that can really do all that should be one of the "best sellers," and as a substitute for a domestic establishment might reduce appreciably the high cost of living. Mr. Lucas's travel books, A Wanderer in London, in Paris, in Holland, in Florence, are praised as delightful cicerone talks, but needing a thorough overhauling in the interest of accuracy, indeed, so full of sheer blunders as to show a kind of genius for misinformation. His newest book is a novel entitled London Lavender, the chief characters in which are said to be only thin disguises for three well-known novelists who are half-caricatured in a delicate, deft, and jolly sort of way; Galsworthy, who lives in Devonshire, being disguised as Devon, the urbane reformer, with his warm heart, passionate sense of justice, his universal pity, and fastidious taste; H. G. Wells being thinly veiled in Speyde, the friend of freedom, the uncompromising analyst of the body and mind in revolt; and Arnold Bennett being intended in Saukville, who characterizes and criticizes with the expansive view and detached tolerance of an arbiter throned on a star. The title of the book we are now noticing, A Little of Everything, while as incorrect as Mr. Lucas's travel books are said to be, yet intimates the mixed and variegated character of its contents. Along with the story of a queer little Pekingese spaniel is a picture of a little Chinese girl who, dying young, ceased breathing with these words on her lips, as a description of human life: "Like a dream, like a vision, like a bubble, like a shadow, like dew, like lightning." And another Chinese girl, who, having two lovers and being bidden by her father to choose between them, expressed a preference for both, because she would like to live with the handsome one and eat with the rich one. And another who was so lovely that an admirer said, "Every step of hers makes a lily grow." And another who kindled in the heart of her lover such a flame that it set a temple on fire! And an observing old poet who set down the difference between canine and feline thus: "The dog will come when he is called, the cat will turn away." And Charles I playing with the ears of his dog, when he should have been studying the signs of the times so as to keep his head on his shoulders. And here is a "School for Sympathy" where children are taught to feel for the afflicted by being blind one day, and lame one day, and deaf one day, and dumb one day, and maimed one day; on each day acting out for many hours the part of the suffering one whom they are imitating; eyes bandaged all one day, limping at every step all one day, pretending to hear nothing all one day, speaking not one word all one day, hopping on one leg all one day as if the other had been cut off. Not a foolish nor unprofitable school that, in a world where the weak suffer much inconsideration from the strong who are cruel for want of thought as well as for want of heart. And here is a droll inimitable Music Hall entertainer, whose mission was to produce laughter and tears, nobody causing more

laughter or cleaner laughter, laughter irresistible yet never cruel, never *at* anybody, but *with* them. This is the description of him: "No matter what Dan did to his face, its air of wistfulness always conquered the pigments. It was the face of a grown-up child rather than a man, with many traces of early struggles. For he began in the poorest way, accompanying his parents as a stroller from town to town, and knowing every vicissitude. The face, with its expression of profound earnestness, gave irresistible effect to his many but gentle jokes. In the patter of wit with which he accompanied one of his songs he mentioned a fireworks explosion at home which he said carried both his parents through the roof. "*I shall always remember it,*" he added, gravely, while his face was lighted with gleeful satisfaction, "*because it was the only time that father and mother ever went out together*"; a hint of pathos underlying the gigantic absurdity of his fun. He is called "the sweetest-souled entertainer that ever amused an audience with grotesque and ingenious nonsense based on facts." Of him an artist said, "The odd thing about him is that he always makes me cry." Laughter and tears lie close together, and Blake said, "A tear is an *intellectual* thing." And here is big, gruff, old Doctor Sam Johnson in casual conversation with a lawyer who complains of his hard life and remarks that he often longs to be a parson and live in comfort and comparative idleness. Whereat the ponderous Doctor, much to Boswell's dismay, turns on the lawyer severely and comments thus: "Sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life." Later this same lawyer said, "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time, to be a philosopher; but I don't know how; in spite of all my efforts, *cheerfulness was always breaking in*"; which brings to mind Wordsworth's words about "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible .world," which philosophers find small success or happiness in trying to explain or understand. At least that is the case if they fail to take the hint of Browning's mighty lines:

> I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth or out of it,
> And hath so far advanced thee to be wise.

Contrasting the old stage coach with the modern automobile, Mr. Lucas writes: "I am no enemy of the motor car as a useful adjunct for twentieth-century utilitarianism and progress; but for me that is its beginning and end; convenience is its only justification. I will keep business appointments in taxicabs, and be driven to and from stations in the motor cars of friends with perfect resignation; but only from a weak compliance will I ever again go for what is called a run in a motor car. They make me cold, they make me blind, they make me nervous (less for myself than for the people in the road), and they make me ashamed. They aggravate the insolence and success of the rich, and they increase the failure (if it be failure) and lowliness of the poor. It gives me no satisfaction to dim with my dust

the Sweet Williams and Marigolds of the cottage gardens; it does not delight me in the least to see old countrymen start and young children scatter in terror from their play as I come rushing by. It makes me feel ashamed of myself." And yet, do not invite Mr. Lucas to "take a run" in your motor car, if you do not wish him to accept. For all his moralizing, we fear he is something of a "sport." Our author tells us of a friend who was so gentle-hearted, so sweet-natured, so soft of touch and motion, so trustworthy, that wild birds on their nests in his garden were aware of these qualities in him, sensed his superfineness, and would not start or fly when he approached, but would allow his hand to take them off their nest, examine their eggs, and replace them. On the south side of the Thames rises far aloft a huge chimney belonging to the furnaces that run the machinery to supply London offices with electric light. Whenever the feel or look of the atmosphere suggests a fog, a man is sent to the top of that tall chimney to look in all directions for any sign of the mists rolling up. So soon as he gives notice, the furnaces are raked and restoked, and the drafts are opened, that the dynamos may be driven at greater speed to furnish brighter light for the workers in counting houses and offices as the fog closes in on great London and darkens the daylight. Meditating on this, our author exclaims: "All sentinels, all men on the lookout belong to romance; and from his great height this man peering off over the river shipping and the myriad roofs for tokens of untimely darkness has touched even a black London fog with romance for me. I think of his straining eyes, his call of warning, those roaring fires, and then those incandescent lights." Lighthouse keepers, lifesaving service men, pilots and sky-pilots, preachers, parents, teachers, are sentinels on the lookout to foresee darkness and danger, to give warning, to send light into the homes and haunts of men by which they can see to carry on all the great business of living. Not in any other occupation in the world is there so much real romance, so much thrill and throb, so much of the high and heroic, so much of "adventure," as Grenfell of Labrador calls it, as in the life of the true and faithful minister of Christ. On page 81 is a conversation on a modern novel which deals in an unpleasant if not vicious manner with the marital relation. In the discussion a man remarks sententiously, "The trouble with marriage is that while every woman is at heart a mother, every man is at heart a bachelor." "I don't agree with you," answered a wise, good white-haired woman severely. "There is no trouble with marriage. This new strange modern attitude with regard to that state is distressing and offensive. When I was a girl we neither talked about incompatibility and temperament and all the rest of that twaddle nor thought about them. We married, and stayed married. I have had to give up my library subscription because they send me nothing nowadays but nauseous novels about husbands and wives who cannot get on together." Fitly enough, a few pages farther on we come upon verses which tell how a man saw on the street one rainy midnight a married pair. The wife was pinched and tired, her dress was torn, her whole appearance most forlorn; the husband was weakly and shivering and seemed weary and broken. Homeward through

the rain those two were hurrying, arm in arm. Just as the warm, well-dressed, dryshod, vigorous gentleman overtook and passed the old couple he heard the woman say to her good man, "Yes, darling," and say it in a way which proved she loved her husband tenderly and knew herself beloved by him. And not far away is the happy verse of a loyal lover in praise of the glorified irregular, the homely plainness of a certain face dearer to him than any classic beauty:

> There was an Irish girl I knew—
> I would not have one freckle changed,
> I would not have her grey eyes blue,
> Her lawless flaming hair arranged.
> She suits me as she is.

On the whole the literature in Mr. Lucas's book does not seem to us quite so light as when we began this notice. Its graceful and gentle gayety plays wholesomely over depths of pathos, and there is more seriousness in its suggestions than shows on the surface. But at the top of page 230 we come again upon that palpable and unpardonable grammatical blunder, the use of "whom" for "who," which mars with incredible frequency even the pages of educated and accomplished writers and of Reviews like The Hibbert Journal. Here is the sentence: "A large room with three grave gentlemen in it *whom* Alison supposed *were*," etc. "Whom . . . were"! Impossible to parse. "Who, Alison supposed, were," it should read. How can anyone fail to see it so?

Modernism and the Vatican. By ADAM J. LOEPPERT, D.D. With an introduction by BISHOP WILLIAM F. MCDOWELL, D.D. 12mo, pp. 324. The Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati-New York. Price, $1.25, net.

THE oldest ecclesiastical body of Christians in the world, the Roman Catholic Church, commands the consideration of all thoughtful minds. In its desperate attempt to preserve utterly unchanged all its creeds, dogmas, decrees, traditions, formularies, and prove its motto always and everywhere the same, it seems to have set itself an unnecessary and impossible task. It is in conflict with the intellectual conditions of modern life, which an infallible Pope and an obstinate college of cardinals are trying vigorously to overthrow. It is medievalism against modernism, and it does not need much prophetic wisdom to foretell that if they are successful in shutting from the veins of the church the currents of modern life they will find themselves cherishing a mummy instead of a living, glowing, growing body. Liberty of thought is the cardinal doctrine of the democratic movement of the twentieth century, and it will hammer to pieces all the machinery of absolutism that opposes its onward march. Witness the overthrow in China of a hoarier despotism and in Turkey the death grapple with a more desperate oppression. Dr. Loeppert, one of the younger observers and students of our church, brings before us an admirable description of the conflict now on in the Church of Rome in the United States and various European countries. The "Prisoner of the Vatican," shut in from mankind with his

reactionary councilors, and shut out of the palpitating world, whose currents of life race with vigor in response to new intellectual demands and to new humanitarian endeavors, can know little of the problems which men are everywhere facing. Dr. McGlynn, a brave man who made a desperate fight against a most oppressive and repressive system, said once he hoped to see the Pope walking down Broadway in a frock coat and a silk hat. He had dreams of a Supreme Pontiff moving among men in the highways of life. The machine must be broken first. It has for centuries been breaking men. The time must come when men will break it. Dr. Loeppert give abundant proof of the working of the leaven of liberty in the Roman Catholic measure of meal, particularly in those countries where that church has had right of way for centuries. Italy ought, if opportunity, practically exclusive opportunity, counts for anything, to be overwhelmingly Christian and Catholic, but it is not. The church has allowed no one, no matter how competent, to search for the truth in any realm of thought, from Galileo down to Bartoli, and yet, as the astronomer remarked under his breath, as he gave under compulsion his recantation of the theory that the world moves, "It does move, though," so does the world of thought. The Vatican may be in a vacuum, but not so the rest of the earth. Associations in Italy and France and other countries where the Papal yoke has borne heaviest to circulate the Scriptures and get men to read them; the revival of the Old Catholic movement in Austria, Russia, Poland, even in England, are significant of tendencies which persist against strenuous opposition. Dr. Loeppert gives a full account, in his chapter on modernism in Germany, of the scholarly book of a distinguished Catholic professor, Josef Schnitzer, on the question, "Did Christ found the Papacy?" and the result of its publication. Rejecting tradition and setting himself to seek the truth from a thorough examination of all sources of information available, he reaches the conclusion that Christ did not establish the Papacy and had no thought of establishing it. He declares the words of Matthew 16. 18, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," to be uncanonical, and that they crept into the gospel manuscript in the second or third century. He says they were unknown to the early church, and even if among the traditions received, they did not bear the interpretation afterward given to them. He puts these words at the beginning of the "monstrous fabrications" used to support the claims of the medieval popes. He denies, therefore, the divine origin of the Papacy and says the structure so laboriously reared falls to the ground like a pack of cards. This deliberate conclusion of an eminent Roman Catholic scholar, which must have given the Vatican something more than a tremor, is supported by another Roman Catholic professor, Dr. Hugo Koch, of the Catholic Divinity School at Braunsberg. He starts out by saying that the idea that Christ founded the Papacy when he addressed the above-quoted words to Peter is contradicted by the facts of history, and goes on to show that Saint Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, who died A. D. 258, knew nothing of any claim to superiority of standing and authority of the Bishop of Rome over other bishops. In any event

the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church," have, in Professor Koch's opinion, no more to do with the Papacy than those other words of the Master, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Of course such publications find a place immediately in the Index Expurgatorius, but that does not mean that they are not read. Often it seems to have the opposite effect from that intended. The vigilance of the Vatican is very great, doubtless; but it cannot know what Catholic scholars and priests are thinking; it can know only what they are making public by pen and tongue. Moreover, while it may break men like Bartoli, of Italy; Loisy, of France; Schnitzer and Koch, of Germany; and Tyrrell, of England; may silence others who do not want an open conflict, and may secure formal recantations from men who cannot afford to be driven out, it can neither suppress thinking nor securely shackle conscience. How this rigid system of repression is cultivating deceit and mental dishonesty is shown by the remarkable declaration of French priests, given in full in the volume before us. This requires a word or two of explanation concerning the antimodernist oath which the Pope requires priests and theological professors to take to protect the blood of the church from the taint of modernism, by which is meant the application of the rules of historical criticism to the dogmas, traditions, decrees, etc., of the Roman Catholic Church. It does not refer chiefly or directly to destructive higher biblical criticism, but particularly to views opposed to the divine origin of the Papacy, the supremacy of Peter, and similar subjects. Now let us return to the response French priests made to their bishops, one of the most remarkable documents of the age. They say that the church should not be identified with the Roman curia and congregations; that the law of nature does not recognize the right of any to tyrannize over conscience; that the oath required mingles together revealed truth and merely human opinions, for which unqualified assent must be given; that this measure would destroy all liberty among the faithful; that they ought to remain in the church as an obstacle to absolute despotism; that it would be useless to appeal to the tribunal of the Inquisition, which has often blundered and will blunder again. For these and other reasons, and following an example approved by the highest religious authority, never to hesitate to affirm in civil courts what is known to be false, such affirmation being merely an "external gesture" and not binding, therefore "a body of priests belonging to every diocese in France have determined to give merely external submission" and take the oath, insisting that "this act does not bind them in conscience and does not in the least imply a change in their ideas." What a comment on the strenuous stupidity of a hierarchy which forces consciences to commit moral suicide! We commend Dr. Loeppert's volume for the industry, intelligence, judgment, and skill evinced in the gathering, arranging, classifying, and orderly presentation of the vast amount of information it contains. It will be a revelation to most men who have not had opportunity to keep up with the stream of events in many countries. We hope another edition will soon be necessary. Many minor corrections need to be made.

A Psychological Study of Religion. Its Origin, Function, and Future. By JAMES H. LEUBA, Professor of Psychology, Bryn Mawr College, U. S. A. 8vo, pp. xiv + 371. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2, net.

THE absorbing interest in psychology is a welcome sign of the reaction against materialism and intellectualism. It was inevitable that the deeper study of life should reveal the fact that man is not only a unit, but also a complex mechanism with the power of will that directs all action. But we must be careful lest we swing to the other extreme and multiply confusion instead of furnishing light. The business of the psychologist is to make a careful analysis of what is fundamental and essential in human nature and to report what he has discovered without prejudice or dogmatism. "It is not the world as it ought to appear," says Stout, "but the world as it does appear which is the outcome of psychological development." The psychologist will therefore be going outside of his province if he undertakes to criticize, commend, or furnish reconstructions. It is needless to state that inner facts cannot be easily sifted and that it is difficult always to obtain their right perspective. If the results, then, are to be satisfactory, the method pursued must be scientific, by which is meant the open acceptance of facts. There has been no little perplexity because the theory about the facts has often been mistaken for the facts themselves. Just as the philosophy of religion has been confused with religion, so also, if we are not careful, the psychology of religion, which is only a method of approach, may become an end in itself. We shall then be stranded in the sands of psychology and obtain no vision of the benefits of religion. We can never have a clear conception of religion by a study of undeveloped types as they exist among primitive savage tribes; nor can we get much help by considering erratic and abnormal forms which have flourished so surprisingly in America. We must study religion at its best as in Jesus Christ if we would know how indispensable has been its redemptive influence in humanity. Professor Leuba has published an important book, but it is marred by serious defects. He deals with the subject of religion from the naturalistic point of view, and sees no need for the presence of the supernatural. He is satisfied that physiological psychology explains the weird gyrations of the dervish no less than the life that is hid with Christ in God of a Paul, a Wesley, and a Livingstone. Human experience at its worst or at its best can thus be explained in terms of physical nature. In this way he has cut out both sky and horizon and man is left with his introspections. "I cannot persuade myself," he says, "that divine personal beings, be they primitive gods or the Christian Father, have more than a subjective existence." The fact of God is therefore a sublime conjecture and nothing more. He refuses to acknowledge that a first cause can by any means be personal. It is an unwarranted assumption to say that a belief in a personal God is no longer possible. Leuba is innocently surprised that religious theism continues to be so tenacious in the face of its rejection by philosophy. One wonders whether this student of psychology has ever heard of Borden P. Bowne, whose ability as a keen and incisive thinker was recently acknowledged by Rudolf Eucken. This American

sage has an indispensable book on Theism in which he discusses the reality of a world-ground as intelligent, personal, ethical, and a self-consistent unity. Leuba concedes that while gods are only the outward projection of the inward consciousness, a belief in them has produced infinite benefit; but what about the ethical duplicity of such a faith? We cannot conceive of an ideal morality on a basis of self-deception. This writer does not reckon with the transcendental, though he unwittingly concedes that there is some value in its acceptance. He says that it is not necessary to understand or even to know God, since all that signifies is whether he is useful. Such utilitarianism has not appeared historically in the evolutionary progress of the religious consciousness. It is, moreover, very far removed from the New Testament revelation of the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Naturalism has confessed its incompetency to explain the central factors of life. It can do so no better if it comes in the guise of a psychologist. If human testimony is of any worth at all, we are not justified in turning down the witnesses of the Christian centuries on the gross assumption that they are "phénomène hallucinatoire." The chapter on "Theology and Psychology" has many inexcusable errors. It is true that Protestants depend upon religious experience, but it is absurd to say that this is a makeshift because of the insufficiency of metaphysical arguments and the weakness of historical proofs. The psychologist is supposed to be investigating facts and not to be drawing conclusions, least of all such farfetched ones as are found here, in which even the honesty of writers is questioned. We are disagreeably reminded of the barbed weapons used by theological controversialists of a former day. Dr. Rufus M. Jones, in his important Studies in Mystical Religion (Macmillan Company), describes mysticism as "the type of religion which puts the emphasis on immediate awareness of relation with God, on direct and intimate consciousness of the divine Presence. It is religion in its most acute, intense, and living stage." We are aware that the immediate experience of God in Christ has been confused with the interpretation thereof, but this same mistake has been made even by psychologists in their department of investigation. And yet no one presumes to discredit the value of psychology because of the loose reasoning of some of its representatives. We Christians assert the primacy of the inner experience and do not hesitate to submit the available data to any investigator, be he psychologist or scientist; but we do insist that all the facts should be considered, and this includes the explanation of the witnesses themselves who know him whom they have believed. The criticism which Dr. Leuba makes of a writer who has given to the word "religion" a meaning at variance with common usage can be made of him concerning the meaning which he gives to the phrase "spiritual life." He takes it to mean merely "conscious existence—impulses, desires, volitions, feelings, ideas." Not so has it been understood by Christendom. George Steven is more correct when he says, in The Psychology of the Christian Soul, that "the spiritual life of man depends on the communion of man with God and of God with man." The consciousness of God is so ingrained in human nature that

even Buddhism, in spite of what is said to the contrary in this book, rapidly departed from the explicit tenets of its founder, and organized a very pantheon of gods, to whom worship has been zealously offered. The coming religion, according to Leuba, is one in which "Humanity would be regarded as an expression of a transhuman Power realizing itself in Humanity." Eucken well said that positivism is nothing else than a system of mediæval Catholicism without its religion. The eclectic cult that is offered in this volume brings in a God by the back door, but he is pathetically incapable of helping us to realize our highest ideals. Until a nobler and better path of spiritual victory is opened to us we shall be content to rejoice in Jesus Christ, the bringer of eternal life.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate. By H. B. Whipple, D.D., LL.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota. 12mo, pp. 575. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, illustrated and with portraits, $2, net.

Bishop Whipple's most honorable and distinguishing title, as the world knows, is "The Friend of the Indians." The Red Men of the Northwest never had a braver, wiser, stancher, more influential friend. As a rule white men were their predaceous enemies. To make up for the baseness and brutality of many, God sent them one of his own noblemen to help them in their helplessness and to show them a pattern of real godliness of the robust and royal sort. In youth Whipple's strongest predilection was toward political affairs, in which he had the approval of so astute a statesman as Thurlow Weed and of Governor John A. Dix. He was given the rank of colonel on the Governor's staff. But, when a student at Oberlin, his soul had felt the touch of President Finney; and when the young man supposed himself starting on a political career, a serious fit of illness shut him up with the solemn realities of existence; his mind turned to the truths of the gospel, his own spiritual condition, and the needs of the sinning and suffering human race; and after deep and prolonged searchings of heart he felt constrained to give his life to the holy work of the ministry. After years of labor and honor, with much exposure, hardship, and heroism, Bishop Whipple bore testimony to the enduring satisfactions of that holy work in these words, "A happier life God never gave to man than that of a shepherd of Christ's flock." The first time young Whipple preached in Grace Church, Utica, he had this friendly, if not flattering, comment from Judge Beardsley, who had known him from childhood: "Henry, no matter how long you live, never preach that sermon again. I know more philosophy than you have learned. You must not try to preach to the judge, but to the tempted, sinful man. Tell him of the love of Jesus Christ; then you will help him." A niece of Daniel Webster told Whipple that in New Hampshire the great statesman attended the little church morning and evening. A fellow senator said to him: "Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher, when you pay little attention to far abler sermons in Washington." To which Webster re-

plied: "In Washington they preach to Webster the statesman, but this man tells Daniel Webster, the sinner, about Jesus, the Saviour, and it helps him." Whipple tells the following concerning a United States Court Judge, Isaac H. Bronson: "He was an invalid, unable to attend public service, and although not a communicant of the church, he always welcomed my visits, and seemed deeply interested in the subject of religion. I well remember our first conversation upon the Fatherhood of God, when I was asking myself what I could say to touch the heart of this ripe scholar. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'Mr. Whipple, tell me of Jesus Christ as you would tell my black boy Jim, and I shall be grateful. I am bewildered by the theories of men.'" In 1853 Whipple spent the winter in Florida on account of his wife's health, and held services in many of the old plantation homes, baptizing white children and black children together with the same water. He relates the following stories: "After one of these services at Mr. Dupont's plantation, an old slave woman brought me a large basket of eggs, which were then selling for fifty cents a dozen. Turning to an old sexton, David, I said, 'David, you have done wrong to beg these eggs of these poor people.' 'Massa,' broke in one of the women, 'David done ask fur no eggs. We done ask him down ter de quarters what youse doin' fur de Lord at Saint Augustine. David say youse done fixin' de church bigger. We says we'se guine ter have somefing in dat us selfs. So I done give ten eggs, an' Clarissey five eggs, an' Sally fifteen eggs, and Cloey two eggs, an' so along; an', Massa, please takes um; dey's fur de Lord.' Old David was a devout man who believed in Jesus Christ as if he had put his finger in the prints of the nails. Jesus walked with him, was in his home and heard his prayers. He believed in 'Apostolic Secession,' as he called it. In those days black and white were members of one houshold of faith and knelt beside one altar. I had a large class of black servants preparing for confirmation, and David always stood at the door listening to the lessons, which he afterward repeated to others. At the close of my last instruction, I said, 'I am glad to hear from your masters that you are trying to live Christian lives, and next Sunday I will present you to the bishop for confirmation.' David stepped forward and said respectfully, 'Massa, tell dem ef dey done comes in ter dis yere church, deys got ter *stick*. Dis yere church don' take in nobody ter go off ter Mefodist an' Presbyterian; here dey's got ter *stick*, shu!' I missed David one Sunday, and finding that he had gone to the Dupont plantation to hold service, I said to him the next day, 'David, I hear that you were preaching yesterday.' He looked surprised, but answered solemnly: 'Massa, I isn't no such man es dat. I done knows all about dat blessed doctrine of Apostolic Secession. Nobody preach in dis yere church except he's *sent*. Nobody send me; I goes myself. But, Massa, dere's one ting done puzzlin' me—why so many fokes Christ died fo' don' have nobody *sent* ter 'em. So I says I'se guine myself and done tell 'em all I knows 'bout Jesus. Now, Massa, when de dear Lord sees 'em comin' home in white robes, singin' dat song dey done can't sing 'less dey's redeemed, doesn't yer tink, Massa, he'll done be jes' as glad ter see 'em as ef dey'd come

de reg'lar way?'" In 1857 Whipple left his parish in Rome, N. Y., and went to Chicago to organize a new church in a neglected poor region, though warned by a bishop that he would starve if he went. Here are some of his experiences there: "At first my parishioners were from the highways and hedges, and the support came from the freewill offerings of the people. I visited every shop, saloon, and factory within a mile of the hall, leaving a card giving the place and hour of worship, and stating that I would be at the service of any one needing help, day or night. I called on William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena Railway, to ask his advice as to the best way to reach the operatives, for there were hundreds of railway men in Chicago. Mr. McAlpine asked, 'How much do you know about a steam engine?' 'Nothing,' I replied. 'Then,' he said, 'read Lardner's Railway Economy until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool.' I followed this advice, and in due season went to the roundhouse of the Galena Railway, where I found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. Observing that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, I asked at a venture, 'Which do you like the better, inside or outside connections?' This was followed by questions about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in less than half an hour I was taught far more than I had learned from my book. In leaving, I said: 'Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you have an accident or need me, I will gladly go to you.' The following Sunday every man was in church. This was before the day of airbrakes, and accidents were frequent. Whenever I heard of one I immediately went to the sufferer, and very soon I found that superintendents and station masters were expressing their approval of 'that sort of religion,' and many of the officials became members of my congregation. There are no men who deserve and need the sympathy of Christian men more than railway operatives. They are intelligent and brave, and face death for us every day. I learned to esteem and love them as I looked into their earnest faces turned up to me for God's message of love. Much of my work and visiting was among the poor and outcasts. Volumes would not hold the experiences of those days. So often the shadows were shifted to show that in the most brutalized lives there were traces of God's image left. I was one day called to a house of sin to see a dying girl, whom I found in the depths of sorrow. Her story was the old story of man's inhumanity to woman, and of parents' pitilessness to an erring child. Dr. Kelly, the girl's physician, who accompanied me on my visits, suddenly advised me to discontinue them, saying that 'the brute who owned the house had declared that he would kill me if I appeared again.' On my next visit the menacing figure of the man confronted me. Taking him by surprise, I put my hand on his shoulder and said: 'I heard your threat, but I know you will not injure me, because you have had a mother. I must help this poor girl, for whatever she is to others, to me she is a wandering lamb of the Saviour.' The threatening attitude was changed, there were

no more threats, and I believe that the child found mercy at the hand of him who pardoned the Magdalene of nineteen hundred years ago. This experience was not as trying as that of the Rev. Benjamin Evans, for many years one of my clergy. He was summoned to a dying girl at Corlears Hook in New York. The house of shame was kept by an incarnate devil. After several visits he was met at the door by a servant, who said: 'The mistress has been away; she has just heard that you have been here; she says if you ever pray again in her house she will kill you.' Mr. Evans went to the room of the sick girl, and a moment after the woman appeared with a drawn bowie-knife, screaming, 'Get out! Don't pray here. If you do I will kill you!' With his usual courtesy Mr. Evans replied, quietly: 'Madam, I came here to commend this dying girl to Jesus Christ. I can pray with my eyes open. I shall now pray, and if you stir one step while I am praying, I will break your head with this stick.' What a scene! The virago stood with uplifted bowie-knife, while the clergyman with his oak stick raised, and tears rolling down his cheeks, pleaded for mercy for the dying girl." Bishop Whipple, when in Italy one winter, had long conversations with Charlotte Cushman, the actress, about Christ and Christian duty. Years later, when she was giving readings in Cleveland, he called upon her. She met him with outstretched hands with the words: "Bishop, that is all settled. You know I have undergone severe suffering since I saw you, and what could I have done without Jesus? How can I thank you enough for the help and comfort you have given me?" The heroic qualities which Whipple showed in his hard Chicago field caused him to be elected in 1859 as bishop of Minnesota, which was then missionary territory, the neediest souls in which were the Indian tribes of the Northwest. Bishop Burgess' sermon at Whipple's consecration as bishop referred to him as "one who from this day gives up the blessed ties which unite a pastor to his people; who will henceforth endure hardships, bear heavy burdens, and often find no help but in Jesus Christ; who will have to build up waste places, heal heart-burnings, and make peace between enemies, and be a wanderer until called home by the Great Shepherd." Within ten days after he began work in his diocese Bishop Whipple was ministering to the wretched Indians on Gull Lake, whose condition was indescribably pitiable. In one wigwam he found half-naked children crying from cold and hunger, while the gaunt mother was scraping the inner bark of a pine tree for pitch to give her starving little ones. In the midst of such scenes this bishop "was overwhelmed by the thought of the joy which would fill the heart of the world's Redeemer when he should look down upon these poor people of the trembling eye and the wandering foot and see them kneeling at his feet." He spent several days visiting among the wigwams. One Indian mother asked him to bury her child, and this true shepherd of lost sheep writes tenderly, "The burial service never sounded sweeter to me than when the body of this little lamb was committed dust to dust." Bishop Whipple adds: "The next day this mother brought me a lock of hair and said: 'Kichi-me-ka-de-wi-con-aye [Great Black-Robed Priest], I have heard that when a white mother loses her

baby, she has its hair made into a cross to remind her of the baby who has gone and of Jesus who has taken it. Will you have my baby's hair made into a cross?' I had the cross made. I learned that an Indian mother's heart is like that of a white mother." When some good man advised him not to waste himself on the Indians, on the ground that they were a degraded and perishing race, Bishop John Williams, of Connecticut, said: "They are a perishing people, but the Son of God came to save a perishing world; and if the red race is perishing, the more reason for making haste to carry them the gospel." And a missionary in Africa encouraged the Minnesota bishop with money, saying, "Before I left Africa our Christian black men gave me seventy dollars to carry the gospel to heathen in America. I give it to you for your missions among the Indians." Bishop Whipple said: "I know the difficulty and danger, but when I bow at the foot of the Cross I believe it was reared and reddened for all men, and, God being my helper, it shall never be said of the first bishop of Minnesota that he turned his back upon the heathen at his door." To this vow he was faithful in sturdy and heroic fashion. Many chapters are full of his life among the Indians and their characteristics. "To the Indian school at Faribault Christian women had given Carlo Dolce's 'Ecce Homo.' There was a noted orator among the Sioux, named Red Owl, who, when he spoke in council, seemed to sway his listeners as leaves are moved by the wind. Afraid of losing his influence with his people, he never attended church; but one day he came to the schoolroom, and, seeing the picture of that sweet, sad face of the Saviour, he sat down before it and remained for some time silently gazing upon it. He then asked: 'Who is that? Why is he bound? Why is there blood on his face? Why are the thorns on his head?' The story was told him, and without a word he went away. A few days after he came again and sat down before the picture and went away without speaking. He did this again and again. On my next visit, a few months later, I was on my way to an Indian village when I saw on the prairie a wooden cross over a newly made grave. I asked what it meant, and was told it was the grave of Red Owl, who, before he died, called his friends around him and said: 'That story which the white man brought us is *true!* When I am dead I want you to put a cross over my grave like the one on the mission house, so that when the Indians see it, they may know what was in Red Owl's heart.'" On foot and in canoe, this pioneer bishop traveled the narrow trails of the wild Indian country carrying the gospel to the red men. Here are extracts from his early diaries: "We broke camp on Mountain Lake at 4 A. M., after repeating Creed and Lord's Prayer in Chippewa tongue. Breakfasted at High Lake. Leech Lake at 1 P. M. Started from there in two canoes. Killed a mallard duck. Had severe walk with packs on our backs across two-mile portage. Crossed another lake two miles, and a one-mile portage. Caught fish for supper in Cass Lake. After prayers and religious conversation slept, thankful to God for his care. Rose at 5, cooked breakfast in rain. Started at 7; halted for dinner—bacon and hard bread. Crossed Great Lake, then two-mile portage and camped for night. Nothing could be

wilder than scene at camp fire—wild men and civilized men mingling, some cooking supper, some mending clothing or drying moccasins, the blazing fire and tall pines. Stillness of night broken by hoot of owls, cry of loons, bark of wild beasts. Rose at 4, prayers and breakfast, started half-past five. Saw wolf without any hair. Reached a shallow lake; waist-deep in water we dragged our canoes through the rushes till we reached a portage. On foot to Red Lake, fifteen miles. Walking very hard. Wrenched ankle badly and severely bruised my feet on roots and snags. Supper of cornbread and molasses. On Sunday preached to Indians, all in blankets, paint, and feathers. Nothing is more heart-moving than to look into the faces of these heathen, who know nothing of the love of Christ, and then feel the thrill that comes as a gleam is detected on some face, showing that the gospel has taken effect. I talked to the Indians about their besetting sins. One woman said: 'I was baptized by a priest a few years ago. He gave me a cross and some beads. Told me to look at cross and count beads, and then I be good Christian. I lost cross and beads, so no more Christian. I forgot all.'" One morning the bishop writes: "I failed signally trying to make cornbread for breakfast." Indians suffer often from toothache. Bishop Whipple carried forceps in his travels, and having induced his Chicago dentist to teach him how to pull teeth, he relieved many sufferers. One Sunday after service a chief came forward holding his hand to his swollen cheek. The sick tooth was a large molar on the upper jaw, hard to extract. But Indians never show signs of pain, and the bishop "yanked it out" and stopped the profuse bleeding with salt. The grateful chief told his people that Kichimekadewieonaye (Bishop Whipple's Indian name) was a great medicine man. The bishop also gave medicines and did some surgery. One woman said: "Bishop sewed up my wounds, made me well. He one good Christian man." Once he was dangerously ill with an infected hand gotten in treating wounds. The poor red men have had no better friend than Henry B. Whipple, and surely no unfortunate race ever needed one more. Many times he went to Washington to expose the villainies and cruelties of Indian agents and traders, and to persuade or compel the Government to protect the Indians and do justice to them. For long and shameful years this nation deceived the red men, violated the sacred treaties it had framed, and made the name of white man hateful. Army officers know the atrocious and sickening story. A friend said to General Crook, "It is a hard fate to have to fight Indians—wars which can bring no honors." "Yes," replied the general, "but the hardest thing about it is to be obliged to fight men when you know they have right on their side." Of the atrocities committed by United States troops on the Cheyennes, General Sherman said in a report, "The scenes of that day would have disgraced the fiercest tribe in Africa. This Indian problem, like many other problems, can be solved by obeying one sentence in an old Book, 'Do unto others as ye would have them do to you.'" There was little honor or hope in our Indian affairs until President Grant, a soldier, appointed a Christian commission and sought the advice of Christian men in the appointment of Indian agents. This truly Chris-

tian bishop regarded his red men as his children. He gave one Indian boy his own name, Henry Whipple, in baptism, and to a mixed Negro and Indian boy the name of his son, Charles Whipple. Some of them became his ordained missionaries among their own people. Here is part of a bright letter from one of them to Bishop Whipple: "All of your red children send you their love and say, 'Tell him that we remember and pray for him, and that our prayers are not lip prayers—they are from the heart.' We uneducated red men do not know the seat of the faculties of men. Some wise men say it is in the brain. We do not know. We *do* know that 'the Lord said unto Moses that Pharaoh's heart was hardened.' He did not say that Pharaoh's brain was hardened. Jesus said, 'Son, give me thy heart.' He did not say give me thy brains. Jesus said, 'Let not your heart be troubled.' He did not say let not your brain be troubled. As I said, the seat of the mind we do not know. We do remember the advice you gave us to pray out of our hearts. Had you told us to pray out of our brains, we should have tried to do it; but I think they would have been brainless prayers." Some white settlers named their village after Good Thunder, who was one of Bishop Whipple's Indian preachers. At a dinner which was given there in his honor he said to them with quiet dignity: "My friends, you have called your village Good Thunder. Perhaps when I am dead some one will ask why the white men gave this name. He will be told that it was named after a Christian Sioux who thought it would please the Great Spirit if he saved some of his white children from death. I thank you for naming your village after me. But, my friends, if this village has no praying day; if it worships in a saloon instead of a church; if its people swear, it will not be an honor to have it bear my name. I hope you will be people who love the Great Spirit and who love each other. Good-by. I am done." Lord Charles Hervey visited Bishop Whipple to learn about Indian missions. The bishop took him to see one of the Indian villages. The Indians, without the bishop's knowledge, had prepared a pantomime for their visitor's instruction. The bishop describes it: "We were sitting on the greensward in front of a log house, when the chief, Wahbonaquot, said to me: 'Your friend comes from across the great water; would he like to know the history of my people?' Lord Charles said he should be very glad to hear it, and the chief began: 'Before the white man came the forests and prairies were full of game, the lakes and rivers were full of fish, and the wild rice was everywhere —the gift of Manitou to his red children. I will show you some of my people as they were before the white man came.' He clapped his hands and the door of the log house opened and a man and woman appeared, fine specimens of the free-born native American, dressed in skins ornamented with colored porcupine-quills and with brilliant feathers in their hair. 'These are my people before the white man came,' said the chief. 'Shall I show you what the white man did for us? He told us that we had no houses, no fire horses, no fire canoes, no books, and that if we would give him our land he would make us like white men. He had a forked tongue. This is what he did for us.' He again clapped his hands,

and then appeared in the doorway a wretched-looking Indian in tattered blanket, without leggings, and by his side a miserable woman in a ragged gown. 'O, Manitou!' cried the chief, 'are these my people? How came it?' The man drew a black bottle from under his blanket and answered: 'Ish-ko-te-wabo [fire-water], the gift of the white man!' Turning to Lord Charles, the chief continued: 'I would not have told you this, but there is more to tell. Many moons ago a pale-faced man came to see us. We hated white men, and would not listen to his words. Each year when the sun was so high we saw this white man coming through the forest. One day I called my people in council. I said: Why does this pale face come to see us? He does not trade; he does not ask anything of us; perhaps the Great Spirit has sent him. Our ears must be open. We then listened to his story; we took it to our hearts. This is what it has done for us.' He clapped his hands and a manly young Indian clergyman in clerical clothes appeared, and by his side a gentle woman in a neat gray gown. 'My friend,' said the chief, 'there is only one religion that can lift a man from the mire and tell him to call the Great Spirit *Father*, and that is the religion of Jesus Christ.' A skeptical friend who was with me grasped my hand and exclaimed: 'Bishop, all the arguments which I have ever read in defense of Christianity are not equal to what I have seen to-day.'" We close this notice of a thoroughly interesting book with a sample of Bishop Whipple's style of ministry. This is his story: "At the time of the building of the Northern Pacific Railway, when on my way to Oak Lake, one of the moving towns made up of tents, which the border men call 'hell-on-wheels,' a man said to me, 'Bishop, I reckon you will find a place at last where you can't hold service.' On reaching the town I hired a new tent which had just been put up, and after a prayer to Almighty God I went out to find a congregation. Of the forty-eight tents, all but two were gambling or dance places. I entered them all, and wherever I met the sin-stained men and women, I asked them as courteously as I would ask a brother bishop if they would come to my afternoon service. At one place where I found a table crowded with gamblers, I said, 'Gentlemen, I shall be so grateful to you if you will come over to the tent this afternoon and help me out with a good congregation.' Every voice answered, as they took off their hats, 'We'll be there, Bishop.' And they were. When the time came the tent was crowded. My text was, 'This man receiveth sinners.' I drew a picture of the crowd which came to Jesus; the sneer of the righteous Pharisees, the answer of our Lord, the lost sheep, the Good Shepherd, and the story, so often repeated, of the prodigal who had wandered far and who, when all was gone, looked on his rags and remembered that he had a father. I tried to bring the lesson home to the wanderers, showing them that the sorrow which follows sin is not the result of an arbitrary law, as jails are made for criminals, but flows out of infinite holiness; that a violated law of God must bring sorrow; that it is not enough that the father loved the prodigal and forgave him; it was not until he came back to the father that he found peace. The tear-dimmed eyes were many, and

God only knows whose hearts were reached. But a young man said to me: 'Bishop, God sent you to Oak Lake to save me. I am from Virginia; my widowed mother is a communicant of the church. I came West hoping to find a good business opening, but I fell into bad company and have gone from bad to worse, until I was on the point of committing suicide. You have saved me. I am going home to my mother and, so help me God, I will begin a new life.' Simple incidents like these have taught me that 'He who goeth forth bearing precious seed, and weeping, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' Much of the doubt and unbelief of our day is a revolt from a caricature of God, or from hard lines of extreme Calvinistic theology, and it needs only the presentation of the infinite love of our Saviour, who has revealed to us that God is Love, to answer most of the doubts that perplex men." Henry B. Whipple was a truly apostolic bishop, as clearly in the "Apostolic Succession" as was John G. Paton of the New Hebrides Islands, or David Livingstone of Africa, or William Taylor, the world-evangelist.

Historical Setting of the Early Gospel. By Thomas Cuming Hall, Professor of Christian Ethics in Union Theological Seminary, New York. 12mo, pp. 171. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

Crises in the Early Church. By John Alfred Faulkner, Professor of Historical Theology in Drew Theological Seminary. 12mo, pp. 166. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

Bishop Lightfoot is reported to have said that a study of church history is the best cordial for depressed spirits. The preacher can get his bearings and practice the art of adjustment as regards his message only as he takes a wide survey of the many situations that confronted the church in her onward march down the centuries and through the countries of the world. He will then have "the sense of historical spiritual continuity" and understand why the church has always been on the defensive as well as on the aggressive, and that every advance has been made in the teeth of opposition. In spite of the wide diffusion of Christianity, it is only through much tribulation that the church even to-day can enter upon her possessions. We therefore welcome these two books which interpret the early Christian centuries from two different, but supplementary, points of view. Dr. Hall takes us back to the social, political, and economic conditions under which the gospel first made its appearance. Such a study has been possible only in these recent years, thanks to the researches of Hatch, Dill, Ramsay, Harnack, Diessmann, and other archæologists. It is a great thing to be able to exercise the historical imagination and get back to the early Christian church so as to feel the first thrill of its earliest enthusiasm and enter into the heats and struggles out of which she triumphantly emerged. That was a period of social reconstruction, keen ethical interest, mystery worship, abnormal asceticism, and animated religious unrest. "It was a world," says Dr. Hall, "full of clamorous voices calling to men and women to believe this or that, to accept this or that. It was full of prophets and teachers and sophists, of men and women with sects and enthusiasms, with cosmic theories and

wondrous revelations. Ignorance jostled with very high intelligence, and the total lack of all historical background or of any critical system left all men to take or leave much in accordance with the whim of the moment or the loudness of the claimant for a hearing." The analogies between that age and our own are suggestively traced in the first chapter on "The World Then and Now." We are learning that the humble classes were not represented in the art and literature of those days. Christianity achieved its greatest successes among the artisan class, who were despised by the inflated aristocracy. The gospel was primarily interested in the ethical and spiritual life, but the seed of the evangel also produced valuable economic harvests, by reason of the fact that Christianity proclaimed a gospel of industry. It was a new brotherhood with a new economic life. It was democratic in its spirit, so that even slaves could rise to the highest positions in the church. It is well to be reminded that the church reached down into the divisions of nationality and locality and succeeded in making important adjustments of society in ways that helped to unify the world. Some of the bitter persecutions of the church were due to jealousy of the economic and social power of this new and growing organization. The chapter on "The Church in the House" throws valuable light on the inevitable and irresistible spread of the gospel of Jesus as Saviour. It met a vast variety of needs, so that persons of divers temperaments, different positions in life, and various conditions of intellectual, moral, and spiritual trouble found in Jesus both a Redeemer and an Illuminator. Verily, he was central in the discussions and activities of the early church. It is worth remembering that the heresies which divided the church were attempts to establish the position of Jesus Christ in the world. Dr. Workman states in his indispensable book on Christian Thought to the Reformation (Scribners) that "The supreme end of Christian theology must be the giving full intellectual expression to the truth as manifested to men once for all in the person and life of Jesus Christ." He also states that the study of theology cannot be divorced from the study of history without the truth being endangered. Professor Faulkner, who needs no introduction to the readers of the METHODIST REVIEW, relates in a colloquial style how the early church survived certain serious crises and became all the stronger because of her intense loyalty and devotion to Christ. While Dr. Hall discusses the difficulties from outside, Dr. Faulkner considers some of the divisive forces that were operating within the church. The heretical movements began as protests against church laxity and negligence. While they failed, one result of the controversies was to strengthen sound Christian thinking. We can only briefly touch on them and refer the reader to Professor Faulkner's interesting volume. Gnosticism attempted to change Christianity into a philosophy of history, but it failed largely owing to its fundamental error that matter is inherently evil; and yet it compelled the church to produce a series of apologetic writings, which still continue to appear. Montanism protested against the tendency to crush out the freedom of the Spirit, but it was wrecked by its weird fanaticisms. This movement, however, led the church to make more of historical Christianity. Monarchianism

arose in the interest of orthodoxy and emphasized the unity of God, but owing to confused thinking, its utterances were contradictory concerning the incarnate Christ. Chiliasm emphasized the divine interpretation of history and recognized the spiritual possibilities of mankind, but its conception of progress through catastrophes was utterly false. Arianism was overwhelmingly defeated because the church saw that Christianity is a living fellowship with God and Christ. This victory was due to the spiritual intuition of Athanasius, who unflinchingly declared the full sufficiency of Christ as the sole and supreme Saviour, and whose faith in the deity of Christ saved Christianity for all time, so that it became the regnant and regenerating force in humanity. Problems as serious as these historical ones face the modern church. Theosophy, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Socialism, and the like are attempts to emphasize certain phases of life in its spiritual and social applications. They are such dangerous errors because of their half-truths and their misplaced emphasis. Their presence is a challenge to the modern minister to contend for the faith as did the fathers, and who were steadfast and victorious because they honestly faced the facts and were also loyal to the living Christ.

A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel from the Earliest Times to 135 B. C. By Henry Thatcher Fowler, Ph.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and History in Brown University. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912. Price, cloth, $2.25, net.

Professor Henry Thatcher Fowler, of Brown University, has recently published a volume entitled A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel, in which he traces in detail the development of Jewish literature from the earliest times to about B. C. 135. Many valuable introductions to the literature of the Hebrews contained in the Old Testament have been written—one of the best known being Professor Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament"—but all these differ from the present work in that they "discuss the literary history of each book, but do not arrange the books and documents in historical order," preferring to follow the order of the books in the modern translations or in the Hebrew text. The popularity of Driver's Introduction and of similar works seems to show that the ordinary introduction meets the demands of the majority of Old Testament students. Nevertheless there is an ever growing number of intelligent men and women who are interested in the writings of the Hebrews, and who feel the need of a more systematic treatment of the history and development of this literature. It must be admitted, therefore, that Professor Fowler has recognized and seeks to supply a real need. Is the time ripe for such undertaking? For more than a century the literature of Israel has been subject to close study and scrutiny. Theories have been formulated about the origin of certain portions, only to be superseded by others; and in books like The Problem of the Old Testament, by Professor Orr, those out of sympathy with the modern method of study have taken great delight in pointing out the great diversity of opinions held by various scholars in the course of the investigation. If this were the whole truth the time for a work like Professor Fowler's would hardly

be ripe. However, the chaos has made way for order, and at the present time scholars are pretty well agreed on practically all the important questions relating to the literary history of Israel. The author is perfectly correct when he says: "It is now possible to arrange the writings of ancient Israel in their historical connections with more detail and certainty than in the case of most early literatures, and the time seems ripe for writing a history of the literature of this nation similar to those written for ancient Greece, Rome, India, Persia, Arabia, and more modern peoples." The discussion is arranged in twenty-six chapters. Chapter one is introductory and discusses the position of Israel in the ancient Semitic world. The remaining chapters trace the development of the literature from its small beginnings, before B. C. 1040, to the Maccabean age, B. C. 160-135. It had a humble beginning. "We can only say that a few poetic bits, preserved to us, probably assumed fixed form before the entrance into Canaan, and that several short poems and one of some ninety lines—Song of Deborah—have existed in substantially their original form since the early years of struggle for possession of Palestine." Connected prose writing, he believes, began in Israel not earlier than the time of David and Solomon. Like most modern scholars, he holds that four principal documents are embodied in the Pentateuch—J, written in Judah, before B. C. 800; E, written in Ephraim, about 800 to 750; D, written before 621, and P, about 480. The prophetic books he assigns to the commonly accepted dates. Some of the psalms are placed in the pre-exilic period; most of them, however, are assigned to the centuries after the exile, also, most of the Wisdom literature. Job is dated in the latter part of the fourth century; Daniel is given as one of the latest books written in the Maccabean age. It is an interesting story the author has to tell, and he tells it in an interesting way. He proposes no startling new theories, though there are many evidences of independent thought and research. His principal aim is to make more easily and generally accessible the conclusions reached and approved by modern criticism. Whatever the reader's opinion of these conclusions may be, he must admit that Professor Fowler has shown great skill and excellent judgment in the accomplishment of his task.

METHODIST REVIEW

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Art. I.—THE METHODIST SYSTEM AND SOCIAL COÖPERATION

Most present-day social theorizing depends for its final validity upon the simple question as to whether the various social theories will work or not. The most speculative theorists are beginning to see that this practical question is of the utmost importance. The logic of the books is one thing and the logic of the facts may be quite another, if the facts can be said to have any logic. A system may be formulated with the utmost care as to what the logic of the system itself calls for, and yet may fall to pieces as soon as attempt is made to work the system in the world of things and men in the midst of which we live. We do not to-day hear as much debate as formerly about the logical demand for socialism, or collectivism, or fraternalism, or any other scheme of change in the distribution of wealth. The most urgent problem to-day is as to whether a system will prove practically successful, or more successful than the systems now in operation. At a time when pragmatism is the popular word in philosophy, there is more insistence than ever before on the consideration of social theories in their practical aspects. We are not convinced that a scheme ought to be adopted when we are told that it is rational, any more than we are turned away from it when we are told that it is irrational. A man does not have to be an irrationalist to hold that rational principles, academically formulated, are not necessarily the final factors in deciding whether social theories are good or not. The question is as to whether the theories are worth while or not; and

this question can be decided only by trying the theories out in actual practice. And even if we cannot try out a theory as a whole, we may get some light by looking at the working of any factors of the system which we may have a chance to observe.

Social students to-day are looking for light on the practical working of social coöperation on a large scale, for such coöperation is an essential element, perhaps the essential element, in all current theories of social betterment. A system of practical cooperation in a work which has important material as well as moral and spiritual aspects has been in operation for more than a hundred years. We refer to the Methodist Episcopal system of ministry through preachers. It is rather astonishing that some features of this system have escaped the observation, to say nothing of the examination, of social students. Here is a system which is practically world-wide, having to do with the material welfare of over sixteen thousand men who are dependent upon their preaching for their livelihood. The system is formed on the principle that there is to be a post for every man and a man for every post. The system has been largely successful in living up to this principle. The men do not always like the posts to which they are sent, and the posts do not always like the men; but in the main and on the whole the system has for much over a hundred years worked successfully enough to be worthy of consideration by those who claim that the ideal for all society should be a man for every post and a post for every man. The system is worth as much as an illustration as any other social experiment of large-scale coöperation with which we happen to be familiar. The various attempts to carry out Utopias into practical efficiency have ordinarily not lasted long enough to furnish any very valuable hints except those which have come from the very shortness of the life of the experiments themselves. Moreover, many of these experiments have been on so restricted a scale as to yield little in the way of suggestion for large endeavors.

Objection to such suggestions as we are about to offer comes in advance from various quarters. At the outset we are told that a system aggregating only sixteen thousand workers cannot throw any light on the practical working of a coöperative scheme on a

large social scale. The Methodist preachers are maintained in large part by real producers outside of the ministerial system. The preachers are not producers in the ordinary sense. They stand, or sit, apart from the ordinary walks of life and draw their support from the real workers who trudge along under the real burdens. The leader who a few years ago spoke of teachers and preachers as producers was laughed to scorn by some social theorists. Moreover, the preachers, as has been said, are too few to illustrate anything in the large.

We protest against the notion that the Methodist ministry is not among the productive forces of the country. Anything would seem to be a producing force which unlocks inner resources. We all ought to be by this time familiar with the truth that not much can be made of outer resources until their riches fall into the hands of men whose inner resources are at least measurably developed. The critic of preachers who claims that preachers are not producers is in danger of falling into self-contradiction at this point. In the same breath that he proclaims against the preachers he is apt to cry out for the moralization of modern industry. Such moralization he calls for on the ground that moralization will in the end lead to larger productiveness. Each of two great leaders in two great parties of our nation has been called a preacher, and the value of each to the nation has been found in the improvement of industrial and social conditions through the dissemination of lofty social ideals. But apart from this, the intelligent pleaders for improved society have a place for the men who stand for certain things as good in themselves. They insist that in the redeemed society there will be larger recognition of the singer and the painter and the sculptor and the poet. Has not the preacher who preaches the worth of certain religious conceptions on their own account a right to claim a place among those who labor not merely to increase the effectiveness of the instruments of production, but to show also that the aim of production is to provide time and opportunity to look at the things worth while in themselves? If the idea of God is not worth looking at on its own account, we would hardly know where to find an idea worth while.

As for the smallness of a body of sixteen thousand as a social

mass, we insist that we are not trying to throw all the light conceivable upon a difficult social problem, but to throw all the light we can. We think we can throw some light, even though it be feeble, from the study of an organization which brings considerable bread and butter and some cake to sixteen thousand tables. It is not possible to point to any scheme for the improvement of society which at the beginning was able to work upon the whole of society. Take the progress toward democracy, in which we all rejoice. Democracy has not even yet come to the place where the word inevitably suggests any one form of political or industrial organization. There are differences between democracies, and some of the differences have to do with matters more fundamental than we often think. Democracy means one thing in Wisconsin and another in Massachusetts, and still something else in Alabama. It means one thing in America and another in England; and wherever there has been any progress toward democracy, the progress has been by single steps taken by not very large bodies. If the Methodist ministers were all living together in one town, there would be no doubt that the study of the practical working of their system would be socially worth while. And it seems to us worth while even though the ministers are scattered around the world, though of course the problem is different than if they were living together.

Another student protests that nothing of large social or industrial value can be learned from an organization whose aim is professedly religious and not economic. The Methodist system is a machine for the accomplishment of religious ends. Men are not supposed to join a Methodist Conference for economic purposes. The appeal of the official of the church to those about to enter the ministry is to cast aside the economic motives which actuate men who go into industrial or commercial, or even professional, pursuits. All that the Methodist preacher is promised is a living. His main work is not to be the pursuit of a livelihood, but the unselfish service of his fellow men. This we cheerfully admit and rejoice in, but we are not willing to admit that social and economic lessons cannot be learned from the study of this ecclesiastical organism. The sixteen thousand preachers and their

families have to be fed and clothed and housed. As a matter of fact, they are so fed and clothed and housed. More than that, almost every preacher gets enough money ahead to give his children something of a start toward education. To be sure this is often, if not usually, done on salaries so meager as to make the education of the children a financial miracle, but the miracle is wrought, nevertheless. And as to the motive, how often do we hear the reformers themselves declaim that their various systems are not ends in themselves, but a means toward making real human existence possible! The Methodist preachers are real human beings so far as we happen to know them. They seem to be reasonably happy and to be making the most of the life which now is.

But we accept the statement that the strength of the Methodist system is in the self-sacrificing spirit of its ministry, and we urge that no social system is apt to succeed on an economic basis which looks upon the main object of human endeavor as the gaining of a material livelihood. No reorganization of human society is likely to be successful which does not make large room for the doctrine that men are to serve their fellows by their daily work. The strength of Socialism, for example, is not in the economic, but in the moral appeal. The economic statement is apt to be unsatisfactory, but the moral appeal is apt to be impressive and weighty. The writer once heard a Socialist speaker on the streets of New York city recounting the duties laid upon men in some lines of industry. At the conclusion of each step of his recital he would ask, "Ought a man to be asked to do such things?" Then he told what women are expected to do in some industries, and concluded, "Ought a woman to be asked to do such things?" Then he told of the child-labor situation in some States, and asked, "Ought a child to be compelled to do such things?" Of course the address was for the most part invective, but the human appeal was powerful. It is the claim of those who would reorganize society that they seek an opportunity for human beings to lead a really human existence. The only hope for such reorganization is in the spirit of self-sacrifice which must animate all members of the community.

The strength which holds sixteen thousand families together

in the Methodist system is that of unselfish devotion to a common cause, and that cause is avowedly the bringing in the kingdom of God on earth. We do not say that all Methodist preachers are saints, but in eighteen years of experience we have known very few who could realy be called bad. In sixteen thousand lives some lapses are to be expected, but the lapses are numerically inconsiderable. Quite likely in the personal character of very few of the entire sixteen thousand has that which is perfect yet come. There are no doubt enmities and jealousies and even rancors, but in the main the sixteen thousand are sincerely devoted to the bringing in of the kingdom of God, and therein lies their strength. No social adjustment can hope to succeed which does not put this devotion to a common task in the first place. And there is no reason why a social group which puts such passionate righteousness in the first place should necessarily fail in large coöperation. Good as we think the rank and file of the Methodist ministry to be, we do not think of them as so much better than their fellows that their success in living under a coöperative scheme cannot be taken as a guide and prophecy of what men in the so-called secular walks of life may attain unto. Are we not everlastingly preaching the abolition of the line of division between the secular and the sacred? We do not mean that the way toward social reorganization is for all men to become Methodist preachers, but we do mean that the success of the Methodist system, imperfect though it may be, is an indication of what sixteen thousand men of ordinary intelligence may do in other realms of activity, or of what sixteen times sixteen thousand men may do in the way of getting along together if they come to view their work in an essentially religious spirit. The outsiders have much to say about the Methodist Conferences as hotbeds of politics. If there were as much selfish scheming as some critics claim, the system would have fallen to pieces long ago. An indication of the strength of the system is that it is able to stand as much self-seeking as there is. For even a little self-seeking in an organization of the kind is deadly in its power to disrupt and disorganize.

A further objection is based on the ground that any episcopal system is really autocratic and, in the last analysis, military.

The most that can be said for such a system is that it is a benevolent despotism. He who urges this objection would not any more think of studying an episcopal system for light on social problems than he would think of studying the organization of the Panama Canal force under Colonel Goethals for such light. The benevolent despotism at Panama has done a great work for civilization, but it has done this through methods which are not likely ever to be attempted in any reorganization of any civilized state. So with Methodism. It fairly makes the blood of a certain objector boil to hear it suggested that the organization of a Methodist Conference can be taken as an ideal for the organization of any large social groups. Joining a Methodist Conference means to some a surrender of liberty, the life thereafter to be disposed of by bishops and district superintendents. The Methodist system is just the kind of thing that reorganizations of society are undertaken to escape. We hasten to calm such an objector with the assurance that we are not finding in the Methodist system a pattern for the reorganization of the world. We are asking only for an opportunity to present a few considerations which we wish with the utmost respect to submit to those who are trying to reorganize the world. As to military autocracy and all the rest, what is a bishop? A Methodist preacher. Who made him bishop? Largely Methodist preachers. Who can unmake him? Methodist preachers. Moreover, we point out some differences between an autocracy and the Methodist system as it actually works. In a military organization the soldiers are paid from a central fund. The post to which the soldier is sent does not under ordinary circumstances pay for his support. Methodist appointment is, outside of mission fields, nothing of this sort. The support of the minister is undertaken by the people to whom the minister is sent. The success of the minister is sometimes, though of course not always, to be judged by the degree of response the people make financially to the efforts of the preacher. We are not thinking now of salary alone, but of the general enterprises of the church which demand money for their successful prosecution. An appointment at the hands of a bishop is little more than an opportunity to work in a particular field.

There can be no doubt that the power in the hands of a bishop is very terrifying when looked at in the abstract. But the differences between episcopal authority and military authority are very real. In a word, a bishop cannot very often send a man to this or that post without consulting the post. Methodist preachers are not pawns which can be moved about whether or no. The square into which the pawn is to be moved has to be consulted, even if the bishop so far forgets brotherly considerations as to say nothing to the minister himself when about to send him to an unexpected task. If the bishop does not consult the church to which a man is to be sent, he may have the pleasure of reconsidering his decision before the next Saturday night. We pass General Conference resolutions condemning those negotiations between ministers and churches which ignore district superintendents and bishops, but such resolutions are a protest against appointments made without consulting all the factors that ought to be consulted. The superintendent ought to be heard, and so ought the bishop, but in any case the church committee is heard. In spite of references to the good old times, the committees have always been heard when they chose to speak, and it is right that they should be heard. No better way of ascertaining the sentiment of a church can be devised than the consultations with a committee whom all know to be the committee on pulpit supply. And as for the preachers, how many of them in these days are sent to new fields without being consulted? We, of course, except those who leave their cases unreservedly in the hands of the authorities. A Methodist appointment is the resultant of many forces—the wish of the preacher, that of the church, that of the district superintendent, that of the bishop working together toward an outcome which may be practically wise even when not fully satisfactory to any one party.

A recent critic of episcopal form of church procedure has declared that back of every episcopal system there grows up a financial episcopacy. The bishop comes to know the rich men best. He is entertained in their houses. They contribute to the enterprises dear to the bishop's heart. The rich man does not have to ask openly for the appointment of this or that preacher to this or that pulpit. If his wish is in any way known, the wish

is gratified. And the peril here is real, though somewhat exaggerated. The rich man desires this or that particular preacher ordinarily for the reason that the preacher can preach. The rich man does not enjoy being bored any more than does the poor man. Very often a rich man's discernment of the superior ability of some country minister whom he hears on his vacation leads to the placing of the country minister in a field where he has a larger hearing. The reason for the objection is, however, probably to be found in the thought that bishops and other preachers may come to look upon general church problems through the eyes of the rich and may conceive it to be their duty to make life as pleasant as possible for the rich man in the church, and thus may be tempted to alleviate somewhat the harshness of the gospel. This leads to pulpit evasions and silences and emphasis on the "pure gospel," in blindness to the fact that some of the purest elements in the gospel are the references to the dangers of wealth. But this peril appears in any centralized system. We are in danger of digressing. What we wish to say is, that, granting the perils in centralized administration, sixteen thousand preachers have managed to get along with it for many years, and their present-day demand is that the central officials shall get much farther into the problems of the churches than they have ever yet done. The recent action of the General Conference really puts more responsibilities on the bishops. The objection to bishops has often been not that they do too much, but that they do not do enough. Methodist ministers are amazingly lenient toward bishops if they but feel that the bishops are really doing their utmost.

Now all this is a good deal of a hint for social students. There is quite likely to be through the years to come much more of centralization of power than there has been in the past. If society is to become more coöperative, there must be more centralization. And the teaching of the illustration which we are trying to adduce is that men are not afraid of centralization provided they can have something to say in the choice of the officials, and provided the officials work. The objection even to kings and nobles and their ilk has never been so loud when the kings and nobles have been trying to do something, even though that something has been

of doubtful wisdom, as when they have done nothing but draw their revenues. People will take almost anything from rulers whom they feel to be working unselfishly. As for the incidental disadvantages of centralized authority, we shall have those under any system. We may abolish millionaires, but we are not likely to abolish the men who have more money than their fellows. Even if we could abolish these, we could not abolish the men who have more power than their fellows, and these are always a source of danger as well as of blessing.

Still further, the Methodist system may be worth the study of social students because it shows an organism of sixteen thousand men getting along reasonably well in spite of inequalities between man and man. We say between man and man because that is the way the men seem to feel about it. They for the most part recognize that some men are abler than other men. If you were to ask a Methodist preacher if the able men always get into the best pulpits, he will tell you that they do not. Anyone familiar with the system knows that some men, through "pulls" of one sort or another, get—though they usually do not long keep—pulpits better than they deserve. And on the other hand, a physical infirmity or peculiarity, or a mannerism which sensible people ought to overlook, or a thoughtfulness which is really above the average, may prevent a worthy man from finding favor in the eyes of church committees or district superintendents or bishops. And yet while almost every Conference has some such men, the main mass of Methodist ministers are proud of the church because it does give so good an opportunity for a man of ability to reach a commanding post. A pretty sure test of the feeling of the members of an Annual Conference is to be found in the votes for delegates to the General Conference. While these votes do not always succeed in electing the strongest men in the Conference, they usually succeed in getting men who have some outstanding ability. And in a Conference which has, let us say, one church paying a salary of four thousand dollars a year and two hundred and fifty churches paying salaries under two thousand dollars, many of them under one thousand, the man receiving the salary of four thousand dollars is very apt to be elected by his brethren to the General Con-

ference if he has been among them long enough for them to feel that they know him and believe in him and his work. The secret is to be found in the fact that the aim of the system is to reduce the artificial inequalities to a minimum. The inequalities between ministers are of the sort which are very apt to be personal and ineradicable. If now some central power were handing out livings with no thought of anything except doing well by favorites, or if wealth or family connection helped men to pulpits, of course the situation would be different. The point we wish to make is that in a system of sixteen thousand men which aims to eliminate artificial inequalities, inequalities in abilities in a field where such inequalities—especially of native endowment—are very marked are accepted with wonderfully little resentment.

If a man is an outstanding preacher he would sooner preach to preachers than to anyone else. Apart from the jealousy of this or that particular man, the main mass of the preachers gladly pay tribute to an ability which they themselves covet eagerly, but which they know they may never possess. The social students are coming to see that some inequalities are eradicable and others ineradicable. It is of interest to note that in a system as large as the Methodist body the members of the system adjust themselves quite cheerfully to the inevitable differences if there is genuine attempt to eliminate the artificial differences. Occasionally some man arises who insists that all the salaries ought to be pooled and all the men sent to their work without regard to differences in the place or size of churches. The man in the four-thousand-dollar pulpit ought to take his turn in riding the hard circuit. But the realization of the necessary differentiation of modern church activities soon corrects any thought of such leveling process. The differentiation is apt to increase rather than to diminish, because the path of efficiency lies in the direction of differentiation. So far as ministerial salaries are concerned, they are in the most favored churches only about what will enable the minister to live in somewhat the same circumstances as the moderately well-to-do laymen in that particular church community.

We would not have this article taken too seriously—in fact, we are quite sure that it will not be. We are not arguing in favor

of remodeling the world on the pattern of a Methodist Annual Conference, but all the modern theories of social reform are laying stress on coöperation in one form or another as the goal of social endeavor. The writer of this paper is not a social revolutionist, but he does welcome any force which really works toward bringing men into closer industrial and political and social and religious coöperation. And one reason why he believes that such coöperation is increasingly possible is to be found in the practical success of the Methodist system as a working scheme through over one hundred years of history. Much criticism is passed upon Methodism from intellectual and æsthetic standpoints, but not so much from the practical standpoint. Perhaps we have received more praise than we have deserved on the practical side and less on the other sides. The system is not perfect, and changes will be made in one direction and another, but the spectacle of sixteeen thousand men getting along together as well as they do and coming so close to realization of the ideal of a place for every man and a man for every place is worthy at least of notice. If sixteen thousand Methodist preachers can do this, why may not many times sixteen thousand of other folk? The old objections all swarm in from certain types of mind. How can any really large social group find a place for every man? How absurd to compare a really important social group with a system which picks its members from the great world round about! The criticism has its force, of course, but not as much force as if there were in social groups as much willingness to help the man find the place as there is in the Methodist system. The problem in all social groups is to find places for the men who are not especially sought for. If such a problem is solved in large social groups, it will be solved partly through the approach of the groups to the spirit of mutual helpfulness which characterizes the Methodist system. But why not? We surely do not think so highly of ourselves and so meanly of others as to feel that such a spirit cannot become the common property of large masses of mankind. The brotherhood of the Methodist ministry is a precious fact to Methodist ministers themselves, but the Methodists would be false to the gospel which they preach if they did not believe that what is possible in their organization is possible on a larger scale

in major social groups—not to-day, indeed, or even to-morrow, but on the day when the spirit of human brotherhood shall begin to be taken with real seriousness by the members of the social groups themselves. Let him who would smile at this suggestion remember that the doctrine of a man for every place and a place for every man has worked with considerable success for over a hundred years. Nobody has starved to death under the system. The members have lived, and many of them have educated their children. They have given of their own at times too scanty substance for what are practically sick-relief and old-age pension funds, and they have paid their part to large benevolent enterprises both at home and abroad. The only element of special privilege in the system is the generous pension paid retired bishops; a pension which makes possible the retirement of bishops without raising the financial question; and the power of retiring bishops is held fast by the General Conference as a necessity for keeping the system efficient. If an unselfish zeal animates the members of a system, if the officials at the center of the system really work under a sense of responsibility, if there is constant effort to cut away artificial inequalities and eliminate "pulls," if there is considerable mutual forbearance and some good sense, there is no reason why a coöperative movement with a place for every man and a man for every place should not succeed in a social group composed of many times sixteen thousand men.

Francis J. McConnell

Art. II.—THE MODERN MESSAGE OF DANTE

John Ruskin has said, "The more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to see something and tell what it sees in a plain way." Place this with the verdict of Lowell, that we "read 'Paradise Lost' as a poem and the 'Commedia' as a record of facts"—or with the words of Macaulay, "Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. . . . He is the very man . . . who has read the dusky characters on the portal within which there is no hope. . . . His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer"—and we are prepared to give our poet the high place suggested by the literary artist's words with which this paper opens. He indeed sees something which does not exist, and he so tells what he sees, that we see it for ourselves. But Dante has not always been appreciated. It is only in recent years that he has come to his kingdom. Macaulay writes of the young men and women of his day that "they would as soon read a Babylonian brick as a Canto of Dante." Voltaire, in the Dictionary of Philosophy, thus delivers himself: "Few people understand his oracles. He has commentators, which is perhaps another reason why he is not understood. His reputation will probably go on increasing, because scarcely anybody reads him," while Goethe brusquely dismisses the whole matter in a sentence: "The Inferno is abominable, the Purgatorio doubtful, the Paradiso tiresome." An explanation of this attitude of the eighteenth century toward Dante may perhaps be found in the critical spirit of that century, its materialism, and the complacent persuasion that everything old was wrong, everything new was right. To this century Dante was a titanic monstrosity, his poem a grotesque medley where a few beautiful conceptions were buried under whole continents of scholastic quibbling and metaphysical paradoxes. But a marvelous change has taken place. The Italian genius has arrived. His name stands against the world. His cult is the latest caprice of my lady, and his uncanny dreams are the property of the moving-picture show. The beginnings of this recrudescence have been

traced with more or less definiteness to Vittorio Alfieri, the founder of Italian tragedy. He came, according to one authority, like the Prince to the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. The portals were rusted, the furniture antique, but the living charms remained in the bloom of eternal youth. In every line of the great poems of Alfieri, "Philip" and "Saul," the influence of Dante is clearly manifest. The strain of appreciation and tribute has swelled to a great chorus which it were needless to interpret or to echo. Says Lowell: "In all literary history there is no figure like Dante. His readers turn students; his students, zealots; and what was taste becomes a religion." "Nothing in all poetry," he continues, "approaches the imaginative grandeur of the Vision of God at the conclusion of the Paradise." Shelley writes the poem "a perpetual hymn of everlasting love." There is large justification for laying a paper on this subject before the ministerial clientèle of the Methodist Review. Dr. Charles Eliot Norton, linking the three names Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante, decides that Dante is "the chief poet of man as a moral being." Macaulay contends that, next to Demosthenes, Dante is the writer who should be most attentively studied by those who desire oratorical eminence, "since no writer has ever been able to present so many strong pictures in so few words; none able to say so much in a single sentence."

Born in 1265—the constructive, the philosophical thirteenth century—according to Frederic Harrison he lived at the culmination of the Middle Ages. Through all the years Italy had nursed the traditions of intellectual vigor and military supremacy. Rome still held the center of the stage, and out of Rome came the hand that was to shape the modern world. When, in the eleventh century, Gregory VII claimed supreme authority for the church, it was but the shadow cast by the old empire. Rome the Eternal, the city of Julius Cæsar and Octavius and Trajan, was to be the Rome of Leo IX and Hildebrand and Innocent III. In the midst of this turmoil of religious and political elements, this reshaping of policies, this transfer of emphasis from crown to miter, Dante was born. Thomas Aquinas, the Doctor Angelicus, was teaching philosophy in Pisa and Rome. Albertus Magnus, the

Doctor Universalis from the convent in Cologne, was sending forth his studies in Aristotle which were to saturate the world-thinking for half a dozen centuries. Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, is born, and the world of Art is to be reborn and is to shake off its Byzantine conventions and get back to nature. The Knights Templars were in the flower of their existence, their Oriental rites and gorgeous pageantry appealing to the curiosity and the credulity of the people. The Third Estate was definitely established. The Burghers had begun to combine, and Republicanism, crude but sturdy, appeared amid the debris of crumbling and degenerate Feudalism. The revival of the study of Roman law aided in this social reorganization, and the Hanseatic League, in which eighty-five cities were joined on the Baltic and the Rhine, was a symptom of this new political program. The Crusades had come and gone, and in the revival of intellectual activity which followed in their wake the Universities of Paris and Oxford and Bologne were founded and became centers of power and progress. In Germany the Minnesingers were extolling love and chivalry. Spain was celebrating her conquest of the Moors in the spirited lines of El Cid. Italy and France were listening to the Troubadours rehearsing from door to door and from court to court the witcheries of the tender passion. It was an age of religious enthusiasm, of chivalrous honor, and of democratic liberty—the three most powerful principles, according to the great British essayist, that ever influenced the race. Add to all this the life tragedy of the poet: unhappily married after the romantic superearthly passion for Beatrice; chosen chief magistrate of his native city; two years later condemned to exile and under sentence of death if he returned; a wanderer for nineteen years, "a bark without a sail or rudder, borne to alien ports"—here are the ingredients; and out of this ferment and horror, this Walpurgis Night's Dream, this nightmare and hurly-burly within and without—out of this was born the Vision. According to the Inferno, the tears and blood of human sin and misery flow into hell and feed the four great rivers of ancient fame in which sin is punished: the blood-red boiling Phlegethon, the gray and dreary Styx, the black and muddy Acheron, and, drinking from them all, the wintry Cocytus

in which Lucifer is ice-bound. So the blood and tears of this stricken life flow in a divine stream down the centuries and by its waters is the world being fertilized.

Not only is the work of Dante unapproachable intrinsically, but in his work the Italian language was crystallized, and the forms he molded stand to-day. Latin was the language of the courts of law and of polite society. The Italian was barren and inept. Dante began his poem in Latin, but after several cantos he desisted and, with the prevision of genius, he adopted the rudimentary Italian. He introduced new words; he changed the meaning of words already naturalized; he invented new phrases and invested narrow and provincial idioms with broader significance. He reforged the language on the Cyclopean anvil of his vast imagination, and the Italian he left is the Italian of D'Annunzio and Manzoni and Cavour. Compare the English of six hundred years ago with the English of to-day. Take a page of the Canterbury Tales by Chaucer, the "first finder of our fair language," or an alliterative line or two of Piers Plowman, and you need a glossary and dictionary of archæology, but the musical rippling cadences of Dante's *Terza rima,* with its warm glow in the sunshine of love, breaking into snapping staccato when evil is to be disciplined or halting breathless in the face of some grizzly horror, this your Italian fruit-seller on the corner may read, and read with unction and enjoyment. Before his *magnus opus* Dante had written the story of his love for Beatrice in The New Life. This passion is so ethereal, so divested of all earthly taint, that many have regarded its object as a mere personification of ideal womanhood. He also wrote The Banquet and a book on Eloquence. These were but preliminary. He wrote himself into the Divine Comedy. "It is the autobiography of a soul." It is a Pilgrim's Progress in which the hero passes first from end to end of the City of Destruction, where evil is rampant and dusky crime treads the slimy streets; thence past the Hill Difficulty and Valley of Humiliation of purgatorial discipline; then, finally, hand in hand with Beatrice, he moves toward the Supreme Light, in which are bound all the scattered leaves of the Universe and so blinding that the eyes would shrivel in their sockets if they were turned but for one

moment away. The children would say, as his stooping figure passed, "There is the man who has been in hell!" In hell, yes; and in the sun, and in the seven stars, and under the Tree of Knowledge, and in the glow of the white rose whose petals are the redeemed hosts, and down whose flaming ranks the angels move with wings of gold and garments so white that the Alpine snow would be abashed.

In a letter to the vicar general of the Roman empire in Verona, Dante declares that there are four ways of understanding his works: "the Literal, the Allegorical, the Moral, and the Mystical." So, says he, "the subject of the work is a consideration of souls after death. But if considered allegorically, the subject is man: liable to reward and punishment as, through the freedom of the will, he is deserving or undeserving." The great poem is not a panorama of the future, but a picture of the present. Its field is not eternity and its contingencies, but time and its conflicts. Not yet dead, as we understand the term, are some of those he meets in the Inferno. Friar Alberigo is discovered in the ice of the last circle, and the poet inquires, "And art thou dead?" and Alberigo replies:

> How my body stands in the world above I have no knowledge—
> Ofttimes the soul falls down hither ere Atropos impel.

A Genoese he finds in Cocytus—yet he remembers that this man is still on the earth. Let us say, then, that the Inferno represents the realization of sin, the Purgatorio represents separation from sin, and Paradiso means union with God; or, in other words, the Will corrupted, the Will in conflict, and the Will surrendered. For Dante is, above all things, the champion of the Will, and so the poet of the conscience. His thesis, to which he returns with ever-increasing conviction and fervor, is that man is master of his fate. Herein he takes direct issue with many of the great teachers of the race. Sophocles has no place for the human will in his Œdipus Tyrannus—the "bright consummate flower of Greek tragedy." The son is born to slay his father and to take his mother for wife. So declared the oracle, and so through the mighty drama is Œdipus swept to his doom. Helpless, blinded, hounded

by the chorus of Theban elders, who can scarce find words of pity so great is their horror, he cries out:

> O thou thick cloud of darkness
> That on my life has settled;
> Abominable, unutterable,
> Indomitable.

The fatalism of the astronomer-poet of Khorassan, Omar the Tent-maker, is characteristic and familiar:

> 'Twas writ at first whatever was to be,
> By pen unheeding bliss or misery;
> Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all;
> To murmur or resist is vanity.

The unfortunate King Edward in Henry VI seems to have reached the same *impasse*. Led away by the servants of Warwick, he exclaims,

> What fates impose that men must needs abide;
> It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

This seems to be the spirit of Shakespeare, at any rate in what may be called his great autobiographical tragedies. There is a resistless force operating somewhere, and the will is helpless in its grip. Macbeth and Hamlet are puppets moved by strings—a divinity shaping the ends all unrelated to the hewing of our hands. King Lear is blind from the beginning—"a fool by heavenly compulsion," according to the quaint, but canny, philosophy of Edmunds. Othello was "led by the nose," as Iago said might be expected from his free and open nature, and, looking upon the dead Desdemona, cries out in despair, "Who can control his fate?" This is the spirit of much of modern literature. Zola preaches the gospel of fatalism. Ibsen knows but one impulse in the souls of his men and women, the impulse of heredity. All the life is in the blood. But Dante never falters. Man is king and Pope in his own right. So says Virgil:

> Free, upright, and whole is thy will, and it were a fault not to act according to its promptings;
> Wherefore I do crown and miter thee over thyself.

Beatrice announces the same high thesis:

> The greatest gift God of his largess made at creation,
> And the most conformed to his own excellence and which he most prizeth
> Was the will's liberty, wherewith creatures intelligent, both all and only,
> are endowed.

This is one of the texts of this mighty sermon. It is writ in letters of lurid fire against the background of human misery in the pit. It mingles with the summons of the angel of the stair, the angel who concealed himself with his own light. It is part of the chant of Beatrice as they pass, like an arrow that smiteth the target ere the cord be still, from the moon-cloud, "polished like a diamond smitten by the sun," to Mercury, the realm of the honor-seekers. There is no power of evil or of good can shake the citadel of the soul. On the shoulders of this Atlas sits the world. In spite of the rabid opposition of his political enemies, the howling of the fickle mob, the weary, lonely exile, doomed to death should he dare return to his home city—in spite of it all he is ready to say, "The free will, which, if it endure the strain in its first battlings, at length wins the whole victory." Mighty poet, mighty, unconquerable soul that, having looked into the face of God, sees the light of an eternal dawn upon the mountain peaks of the world's darkest problems!

Another startling find is that Dante seems to anticipate our modern laws of Social Service. Dr. Charles Reynolds, after noting the revivals under Jonathan Edwards, and Wesley, and Finney, and Moody, and giving he characteristic of each, writes: "In the next great revival which will quicken the country into new religious life the dominant note will be social responsibility." In 1841, Lamennais claimed that Christianity was a religion of brotherhood. His theories were condemned by Gregory XVI. Victor Huber in the middle of the last century attempted to organize "associations for Christian order and liberty." These associations had for their object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. But the world was not ready. Thwarted and disappointed and misunderstood, he buried himself in the fastnesses of the Hartz Mountains, where he died of a broken heart. In 1849 young England was stirred by the appearance of Alton

Locke, the story of a young London tailor whose miseries were ascribed to the brutal indifference of the rich to the needs of the poor. Charles Kingsley had caught the spirit of John Frederick Maurice and claimed that he lived to teach to others what he had thus received, and in his books, Alton Locke, and Yeast, and the Saint's Tragedy, in spite of his conventional moralizing and pulpit tones, he is helping to inaugurate a reform that finds its climax in this age, when men seem first to have discovered their fellow men. And yet how slowly this enthusiasm for humanity has grown may be realized when we remember that as late as 1860 Ruskin's papers Unto this Last were refused by Thackeray, editor of the Cornhill; and his Munera Pulveris was declined by Froude, editor of Frazer's Magazine. These essays were called, indeed, by leading authorities "hopeless rubbish"; and that when Ruskin was the most brilliant literary figure in England, was soon to be called to the Slade Professorship at Oxford, and was unable to reach his lecture room at his first appearance because vestibule and passages and street were blocked with a pushing, hustling crowd eager to find entrance. The world was not yet ready to be told that "the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast if he could see the suffering caused in the world by his luxury," and that "wages of labor should be a fixed thing, and not varying according to competition"—the "minimum wage" in embryo. Dante is a modernist in this finding. Though saturated with mysticism, though he seems to teach that the favor of God is the result of contemplation, though blessedness seems so often "to be achieved by working at duty rather than at goodness," still there are lines that place our poet abreast of the newest, broadest law of service ever drawn from the teachings of Christ. For example, Provenza Salvini, who sought the destruction of Florence, is released from lower Purgatory because when at his highest earthly eminence he assumed the garb of a beggar to procure money wherewith to ransom a friend. His deed of kindness had been as holy prayers in lifting his helpless soul. A still more startling example is given in Paradise, IX. A splendid spirit approaches and "signifies its will to pleasure me by brightening outwardly." This spirit is Cunnizza, and Cunnizza was a no-

torious profligate of the "depraved Italian land." Now she moved amid the circling of the light divine that had "its first beginning in the exalted Seraphim," and the only reason assignable for this curious juxtaposition is that she freed her slaves before she departed this life. Again, he tells us that the spirits, high and low, Moses, Saul, John, and Mary herself, all dwell in the Empyrean, rank upon rank, but that they come down to their several stars to exercise their special gifts in behalf of those who need; that these stars are nothing other than the working places of the souls: social service even in heaven, and social standing in heaven, decided by the social service rendered on the earth—and that at a time when men were but the lawful prey of their fellow men—long centuries before the dawn of the day of brotherhood had begun to whiten the eastern sky.

Dante is modern in his view of Punishment. Sinners are punished by their sins, not for them. It need scarcely be shown how infinitely he was in advance of his age, or of any other age. In the fourteenth century revenge was the dominant motive in punishment, and in England two hundred offenses were punishable by death. In the sixteenth century prisoners not yet convicted, brought from their foul and fetid cells in Oxford, bred a pestilence in the courts which killed the three judges and most of the jurymen; and we are inclined to waste but little sympathy upon these victims. Fielding wrote Amelia to throw light upon prison life. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield and Dickens's Little Dorrit give glimpses of a place of shadows and despair. Not until Lombroso, in Italy, and John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, in England, was there any intelligent inquiry into the cause of crime or effort to reform the criminal. But Dante shows us punishment as the consequence of sin, and not as imposed by a higher authority, and a consequence as inevitable and as inexorable as natural law. From it there is no escape; from it there is no desire to escape. The doorway of the city Dis is guarded only against those who might unsanctioned enter. No hellish Furies girt with greenest hydras deny return, for no soul attempts return. Homer places Cerberus at the gates of Hades, where Ulysses finds him when, under the direction of Circe, he comes to ask counsel of Tiresias.

Here Hercules looked for him in the performance of his twelfth labor. The ancient theologies needed a guardian at the gates. The soul that sinned would, if possible, escape the consequences of that sin. Even Milton knew no higher law. When Satan, "with thoughts inflamed of highest design," reaches the confines of hell, his passageway out is challenged. And so the gate-keeper:

> The key of this infernal pit by due
> And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King
> I keep: by Him forbidden to unlock
> These adamantine gates.

Three gates of brass, three of iron, and three of granite rock, "impaled with circling fire" that not all the Stygian powers can move, and that on their hinges grate harsh thunder—all this is Milton's precaution against the escape of the sinner from the consequences of his sin. But Dante knows better. There is no return for those who pass the portals of the doleful city. Cerberus has otherwhere his place and otherwise his mission than as gate-keeper of the soul. In Purgatorio the desire for punishment is equal to the old desire for sin. It is only when the present desire for punishment unites with the will to be free that the gates open upward with earthquake and shout. In the Inferno sinners are held in bondage by their sins. Hypocrites still wear a cloak, but now a cloak of lead. Dionysius and Attila and Sextus and Guy de Montfort, tyrants and slayers, are plunged to their eyebrows in boiling blood. The Archbishop of Pisa starves Ugolino and his four sons in prison, and in unforgettable lines we hear the boys offer their flesh to the famished father. Now the Archbishop and his victim lie frozen in eternal ice, and Ugolino gnaws forever upon the skull of his heartless foe. Permanence of character before the science of psychology was born. Permanence of character centuries before your philosopher Ulrici taught that in time we build the bodies we shall inhabit in eternity. Centuries before your logician Whately showed that the arguments proving that sin does not go on forever prove just as surely that sin could never begin. Centuries before Lady Macbeth despaired with all the perfumes of Arabia to sweeten the blood smell on her dainty hands.

Dante is modern in his criminology. Only of late years have we had such a science. Until recently society has been more intent upon punishing the criminal than interested in studying him. To be sure, as early as Aristotle there were observed certain correspondences between the character and the facial expression. In the middle of the last century English and Continental writers, notably Camper and Maudsley and Mayhew, were studying the cerebral conformation of the convict. Yet not until Lombroso's The Criminal, in 1876, were these scattered and desultory observations gathered into a system and the science of criminology born. The effect of the old system is summed up by an expert, Professor Ferri. He says: "Penal justice at the present moment is a vast machine, devouring and casting up again enormous numbers of individuals who lose among its wheels their honor, their moral sense, and their health; bearing ineffaceable scars, and falling into the ever-growing ranks of professional crime and recidivism, too often without hope of recovery." The growing tendency of to-day is to fit the punishment to the criminal and not to the crime. The criminal has been discovered to be a moral, sometimes a physical, patient, and to him must be applied the arts of medicine. Our modern medical science deals with the patient rather than with the disease. So we have the "indeterminate sentence," as it is called, which is growing in favor, and the "parole system," and "absolute elimination." Dante shuts up in the Inferno those to whom the last treatment is applicable. They are hopeless, and society must rid itself of them. The process by which he reforms the other classes is striking. In Purgatorio there are three circles, and the keyword is Love. In the first circle are those who sinned by perverted love; that is, delight in things which ought to grieve —envy, pride, etc. In the second circle are those who sinned by defective love; that is, those who are slow to awaken to the goodness of God. In the third circle are those who erred through excessive love, or desire without limitation or law. At the entrance are three steps, one of white marble "so polished smooth that it mirrored me herein as I appear"—this is realization of Sin, the soul face to face with itself; the self-realization and self-discovery that must precede all spiritual reform. The second step is dark and rug-

ged and "cracked in its length and breadth." This is the sorrow and heartbreak that follow self-discovery. The third step, "massy above, of porphyry so flaming red as blood that spurts from a vein." This is the atonement in sacrifice and life-surrender by which the steeps are to be climbed. The criminal is taught to realize himself. This self-discovery is to awaken sorrow for the deed done, and the punishment is the blood atonement without which is no remission of sin, no reformation of life. Girofalo's system of criminology is modern, but not more modern than Dante.

There is in all this the reverence for personality which Henry Churchill King calls "the fundamental essential in human progress." The criminal is more than a number in a striped suit; he is a man. There is more than a desire on the part of society to be rid of him; there is a purpose to enable him to rise to the level of his richest capacity. Not simply for him a past of error, but a future of compensation. And the methods by which Dante does this are curious and striking and psychological. In the Inferno the gates open to the sound of wails and groans. In Purgatorio they open upward with glad songs of the eager people; yea, the very mountain shakes as did the isle of Delos before it was anchored to the eternal rocks.

The swing and verve of the poem change as we pass the shaggy sides of Lucifer and come out under the stars. In the Inferno the air was starless and murky. Shadows and rain and heavy hail and black mud and ice—these are the framework of the picture across which move the pale-faced tattered specters in a wild irrational frenzy, or else they sit bowed down for an eternity in hopeless stupor. These are the "eliminated"—according to modern criminology. In Purgatorio the punishment is a means to an end. This end is reached by the impact by Ideas. It is the philosophy of contrast. It is the parabolic method reduced to the concrete. The criminal is brought face to face with the antithesis of his crime. The satyr is *vis-a-vis* with Hyperion. For example, in Canto X, where the proud are being disciplined, there are introduced object lessons of humility. Figures, carved in pure white marble that would put Polycletes to shame, of the Annunciation by the Angel to the Virgin, and the attitude of utter self-abase-

ment on the part of the gentle woman. David is shown dancing in self-unconsciousness before the ark. The envious, in Canto XIII, hear a voice which says, "I am Orestes," and are reminded of this son of Agamemnon condemned to death, and of his friend, Pylades, who, instead of envying the high birth of Orestes, wishes to die in his stead and calls out to the executioners, "I am Orestes." The avaricious see Fabricius, the Roman consul who spurned luxury, and Saint Nicholas, who secretly supplied gold to a fellow townsman. This is notable. The Spartans taught their boys the virtues by an exhibition of the corresponding vices, but Dante's reformable criminals were inspired to high ideals by examples of the highest good. They were cured of their love of darkness by far-away glimpses of the day, thus antedating by centuries the modern system that declares against the contact of the first offender with the veteran crook, that beautifies the surroundings of the imprisoned, that sends the convict to the farm; there the open fields and the silvery streams will whisper of better things.

There is in all this no moral laxity, no discounting the turpitude of sin. On the contrary, no writer has ever painted evil with so heavy a brush. A comparison between his Lucifer and the Satan of Milton will show the intensity of the Italian's conception. We recognize Milton's Satan as the hero of Paradise Lost. When he appears, it is as if the star has taken the stage. There has been an air of expectancy until he stands behind the footlights. He is a god; his form has not yet lost all its original brightness. He is proudly, yet courteously, defiant. He plans to retrieve his fortunes. He claims that

> Who overcomes
> By force hath overcome but half his foe.

He appears

> High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.

He is a fallen archangel; fallen, but still an archangel. We feel as if we must applaud when the fallen hosts recover from their nine days' stupor in the burning lake and realize that their chief is not in despair, but ready to say to Beelzebub:

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will
. . . . . .
And courage never to submit or yield.

He plans a conference of the powers to determine

What reinforcement we can gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.

And the decision "War, then, War, open or understood," is a challenge to our innate hero worship. We are almost ready to take his part—the Teutonic instinct for fair play—when he must contend against linked thunder bolts and flaming swords that "by decree are irresistible."

Mrs. Browning, in her Drama of Exile, knows another Lucifer. He wears a sneer when he meets Gabriel and greets him with a gibe.

Here is a brave earth to sin and suffer in,
We'll sow it thick enough with graves as green
Or greener, certes, than its Knowledge Tree.

On the edge of the sword glare he meets Adam and Eve. Eve recognizes him with a shudder:

Adam, hold
My right hand strongly. It is Lucifer,
And we have love to lose.

He taunts them:

Beautiful Eve, the times have somewhat changed
Since thou and I had talk beneath the tree,
Albeit, ye are not gods—as yet.

Adam gives his measure when he declares:

Now I know thou art fallen below hope,
A spirit who expected to see God,
Though at the last point of a million tears,
Could dare no mockery of a ruined man.

Well done, Adam. There is nothing in Milton like that. The world moves. The flash of your indictment savors of the explosive challenge and anathema of Faust: "Hence, and begone, thou son of filth and flame!" But Dante's Lucifer is the climax of horror.

He stands in the bottom of hell firm fixed in the ice. His batlike wings are broader than sea sails, with the flapping of which all Cocytus is frozen. In his three mouths he champs three traitors, tearing with his claws their skin in ribbons. Six eyes are there, from which adown three chins trickles bloody foam. It is a horrible conception. It is a nightmare picture of moral death. It is sin and the supreme sinner throttled by Omnipotence. In the Dantean scheme he is the author of sin, and now he stands at the depths of the deepest hell fixed eternally in the icy waters into which are precipitated all the rivers of Inferno. These rivers, as has been said, have their source in the tears of humanity. Hence with relentless sequence these tears, caused by human sin flowing downward into the deep places, engulf the father of sin and the author of human tears in a black Tartarean frozen flood from which there is no escape.

This great poem meets the demand of the age with the loftiest idealism, the most transcendent supersensuousness. This may seem paradoxical when we follow him through Inferno and note his passion for the tangible. The spotted leopard and the shewolf that disputed his passage through the dark wood; the pronged drag-hooks with which the demons plunge the senator of Lucca into the boiling pitch as cooks thrust the flesh down into the boiler; the suicides that take root and grow into gnarled and grotesque trees where the filthy and unseemly Harpies make their nest—all this is of the earth, earthy. But he has not reached his level yet. He is still breaking the shell; still struggling toward consciousness. It is only when we pass into the Paradise that we read Dante's soul. And there is nothing this age needs more than an emphasis of soul. "We are faced by a pitiful materialism that exalts the stuff, glorifies the ponderable, and tends to strangle the noblest instinct of our being. We measure an evolution as a people, our enlargement as individuals, in terms of the invoice book and the market place." Even our schools have been caught in the same swirl of matter. Once they dealt in ideas, now they concern themselves principally with gases and minerals. Once the children learned to parse sonorous sentences from Milton, or to paraphrase the stately periods of Addison, or to translate the deathless songs

of Homer. Now much of this is elective—that is, secondary—while the time is given to the fermenting process in baking a loaf of bread, or the amount of energy in a pound of anthracite coal. We are beginning to settle the profoundest questions of ethics with physical counters. Judas Iscariot, we are told, was perhaps imperfectly nourished when he was a child. Nero had, perchance, a clot of blood pressing upon his brain. Philip II was but obeying the impulses of some savage ancestry. Heredity and environment—upon these are we laying the sins of this generation: "morality is the harmonious adjustment of the brain molecules. Religion is an instinct begotten of the ghost stories told about the forest fires by our wandering semisimian forebears." Mr. Percy MacKaye puts it all in the mouth of Michael in Mater, one of his latest plays: "Something doing. It's the quack showman's motto of the age. Under that banner we harvest a million acres of wheat to fill one hundred millions of mouths, and we rear up mouths to be filled with the wheat. Under that banner we move a continent of freight cars to consume steel rails, and we disembowel the continent for steel to move the cars. He is a glorious Titan—your God! His brow is of gold and his bowels of brass; his biceps of iron and his thighs of silver; his beard is black smoke; his heart is pure steel. Within his head he has a billion wheels. 'Behold me,' he cries to the heavens. 'To this stature have I grown. Am I not busy? Am I not big? I am the Lord of hosts—I am Prosperity.'" Bronson Howard writes that there is always one topic that is supreme among playwriters and playgoers: "In France it is marital infelicity; in England, caste; in the United States, business." We need to call a halt in this materializing process. We need to listen to every voice that brings to us a spiritual message. Among the recent exponents of a fuller life is Professor Eucken, of Jena. His trumpet gives no uncertain sound. He writes in the introduction to his Life of the Spirit:

> The greatness of our age lies in work, in the subjection of the world of objects. This work has gained more and more brilliant triumphs. But these triumphs have not been accompanied by a corresponding growth of the soul. Hence all technical achievements do not preserve us from inner emptiness. Life must be raised to an essentially higher level.

And yet other voices are being heard in protest. Bergson, the great Frenchman, with his emphasis upon intuition; John Masefield, the new poet, and his Everlasting Mercy, in which he makes Saul Kane, the vagrant, say, after the deep peace has burnt into his soul:

> The station brook to my new eyes
> Was bubbling out of Paradise.
> The waters rushing from the rain
> Were singing, Christ is risen again.

Kennedy's "Servant in the House"; "The Return of Peter Grimm," by Belasco; Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"; and even the quixotic Chesterton, who loves nothing so well as to break a lance with some settled and axiomatic article of intellectual faith, and who jeers in his latest book, A Miscellany of Men, at the absurdity of attributing progress to materialistic need or endeavor—all these, named at random, and outside the conventional agencies of the church, show the emphatic protest of the moment against the current apotheosis of matter. To all this we may add the Paradiso of Dante. He has here shaken off all the fetters of sense. On the last pages of the Purgatorio he paints for us an exquisite heaven. He enters the glorified Garden of Eden. Beginning his journey in the dismal forest of sin and doubt, he reaches at last those musical groves of ecstasy through which flow the two rivers —Lethe, which washes away all memory of sin; and Eunöe, which restores the memory of all good. This heaven is a transcendent earth. Many of us would be content to stop here. But Dante's soul is winged for loftier flights. He is here but getting ready to mount the stars. His heaven must be something other than an exalted earth experience; something in which there is no trace of matter, no mixture of dust, no suggestion nor suspicion of decay. Hence the Paradiso. It is a stupendous conception. I know of nothing like it in literature. It begins outside of human experience and reaches beyond ordinary human imagination. Its foundation is laid above the mountaintops and it is built upward. Dante realizes his incapacity to portray as we realize our incapacity to interpret. He invokes Apollo for inspiration to "make manifest the shadow of the blessed realm imprinted on my brain."

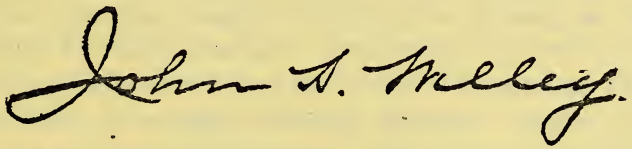
His symbols are purely ethereal; more sublimated even than the gates of pearl and foundations of jasper and sapphire of the Patmos vision. These symbols are motion and music and light. His redeemed saints whirl in an ecstatic cosmic dance. He himself rises superior to gravitation, drawn by a voice from out the heart of a flashing light which turns him as the needle to a star. This motion is in itself music, giving a chiming sound in harmony and sweetness. Light is there as if God had "adorned heaven with a second sun." The souls themselves are light, so radiant that they stand out in light against the background of the sun. They increase in dazzling light as proof of their good will. They read each other's thoughts as color is seen through plates of glass. Whenever they wish to learn the purpose of God, they wheel in dazzling circles in divine communion and so look deep into the being of God. The white rose appears, formed by rank upon rank of the redeemed, but he can see it only after a blinding flash which not destroys, but gives power to his vision. Shadow is substance and substance is shadow. He takes for reflections in a mirror the forms he sees, and is told that this is the first reality he has ever seen. And as a result of all this—this circling fire, this convent of white stoles, this tawny river whence sparks drop into the blossoms like rubies set in gold, this divine love breaking itself upon a thousand mirrors, but ever remaining one—as a result of all this he gathers himself together at last and writes, "But already my desire and will were rolled—even as a wheel that moveth equally—by the Love that moves the sun and other stars." All hail! thou brother protestant against the gospel of clay! Thine is the breath from the four winds in the valley of dry bones. There is nothing of the material in Paradise; and this poor earth, choked with matter and stricken with figures on a dial and balances in a book, may look out through the ironbarred bank vaults and across the cemeteries toward this dazzling realm, and so make ready to mount to the stars.

It is scarcely necessary to show that his view of the relation between church and state is a modern one. I need only mention that he finds Pope Celestine V in the Inferno; that Gregory the Great sees the error of his judgment when he reaches heaven and

smiles—perhaps at the gullibility of men and women who believe him infallible; and Peter blazes out against him "who usurps upon earth my place, my place, my place, which in the presence of the Son of God is vacant."

In all this does Dante prove that he has a message for our modern days. As a prophet he stood high enough to see over the earth's curvature of six hundred years. Amid the phantasms and Brocken specters of the twelfth century he discerns the Zeitgeist of the twentieth century. The poet who comes to his kingdom after six centuries of world growth proves the possession of kingly qualities. So must he be the poet born in a golden clime of whom Tennyson writes:

> He saw through life and death;
> Through good and ill;
> He saw through his own soul
> The marvel of an everlasting will
> An open scroll.



Art. III—LUTHER AND THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST[1]

The last time I had the honor to address the faculty and students on similar occasion was on Thursday afternoon, September 22, 1904, when I chose for my subject "Luther and His Latest Critic," an address which was published in The American Journal of Theology for April, 1905. Since that time I have made various studies in Luther, some of which I have given to my classes and others I have published in theological Reviews. This summer I made a special investigation of his doctrine of the divinity of Christ, drawn to it partly by my interest in Luther, partly by my interest in the History of Doctrine, but chiefly, perhaps, by the critical situation in which we stand to-day in regard to that doctrine. You are aware that the scene has been changed since the time, say, that I left the theological seminary for the pastorate. At that time, and for some time after, no one in evangelical churches thought of denying the divinity of Jesus. That was left for the Unitarians. But for the last twenty years or so, and especially in the last ten years, a tremendous change has taken place in so-called orthodox churches. Many of our ministers are no longer Trinitarians. They refuse to call themselves Unitarians for the reason given by an able and scholarly young minister who was being examined by a Congregational council for ordination, and who, after making several liberal answers, was asked whether he was not a Unitarian; he replied, "No, because I do not profess to know the nature of God." These men would say that Christ revealed God in a unique way, that God was in Christ in a unique way, that through Christ we know God as we would not know him otherwise, that Christ's value for religious knowledge of God is therefore inestimable—all of which assertions are commonplace with Unitarians—but they would not say that Christ was preëxistent nor that he was the Eternal Son of God the Father, and thus with the Father and the Spirit to be worshiped and adored. They would not deny the doctrine of the

[1] Delivered as Matriculation Day Address before faculty and students of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

Trinity, but they would say that it makes no appeal to them; they neither know nor care anything about it. Now the newness of the situation is this: that whereas twenty years ago such men as those were not in our churches, now they are, and in large numbers. That is a fact both appealing and appalling to a student of church history. What are the causes of it? Ah, that is a hard question. Perhaps such as these: (1) the general lowering of interest in strictly theological studies on account of the invasion of natural science and of other pragmatic sciences. This is seen even in our theological schools, where many students seem much more interested to know the views of Giddings on marriage than to know the views of Wesley on Christ. (2) The growth of materialism, due to the vast increase of wealth within the last twenty years. This has let loose a subtle spirit of worldliness which affects college studies and the whole outlook of the modern man. (3) A theory of knowledge due to a certain philosophy. (4) The progress of Biblical criticism, which has profoundly touched the attitude of many toward the New Testament documents. (5) The conception of the reign of law, excluding an overruling providence and the supernatural. Connected with this is the belief in evolution, and the widening out of that belief to cover not only the physical sciences, but all departments of knowledge; a belief which has conquered the world since 1859, the date of Darwin's Origin of Species. All college professors are now evolutionists, many of them materialistic evolutionists, and the most of those who are theistic evolutionists are yet sufficiently liberal in their religious views. The church is handicapped, therefore, as she approaches young men for her ministry who are thus from the very start predisposed to a world-view contrary to that which she has received. (6) The Ritschlian theology and other influences from Germany. These are some of the causes of the new situation we find ourselves in in regard to the divinity of Christ and the doctrines that stand or fall with it in our evangelical faith. For this reason it becomes every teacher in this school, whatever may be his department, to see to it that his work makes for faith; that all the time, directly or indirectly, he is building up the Kingdom; especially that he is building up the truth as it

is in Christ on which the Kingdom stands. Consequently I offer my humble quota on this occasion in a brief consideration of Luther's significance in this matter of Christ's Person, in which if the church is defeated she has received her Waterloo. And I do well here to speak of Luther. Between the death of Saint John and the conversion of Wesley he is by far the most important man in the field. His work overtops in spiritual significance, in richness of results for Christian life and theology, that of all others. Every year he is being more thoroughly studied, every year better understood, and every year the fructifying influence of his teaching, like a seed which never seems to lose its power, springs up in new and unexpected phases of spiritual beauty and strength.

You know very well, of course, that the Reformation did not arise primarily as a theological movement, but as a movement in the religious life, but there is no movement in religion that does not have theological roots and bearings, and the deeper and more permanent the movement the deeper does it cut into the theological realm. This was preëminently true of the Reformation. As to its spring and full meaning I give two quotations, which accurately express it. The first is from Baumgarten-Crosius:

> It was neither the vulgar jealousy of the monastic orders against each other, nor yet any mere theoretical interest, however noble this may have been, which led Luther in the path of reform. Luther became a reformer because he had learned at the confessional the spiritual wants of the people. . . . . It was from heartfelt sympathy with the simple, honest souls whom he saw abandoned to the arbitrary will of the priesthood and deceived in respect to the highest good of life.

The second is from Hagenbach:

> The Reformation of the sixteenth century was neither a mere scientific correction of doctrine nor a revolution which affected only the external relations of life (church constitution and worship) without touching doctrinal questions. It was rather a comprehensive reformation of the church on the basis of the newly awakened evangelical faith as it manifested itself in its practical and moral aspects. As primitive Christianity did not present a complete scheme of systematic theology to its adherents, so those who restored a pure and scriptural religion did not make it their first object to establish a perfect system of doctrines. The heart and the action of the heart preceded, and then gradually scientific forms of statement followed. Thus the publishing of the ninety-five theses

[October 31, 1517] in which Luther came out against Tetzel on high moral grounds, and the zeal which Zwingli displayed about the same time in combating the prevailing abuses of the church and the corruptions of the age, became the signal for further contests. The attack upon the theory of indulgences shook the scholastic doctrinal system to its very foundations; starting from this, the opposition to all that was unscriptural in the constitution of the church, as well as in its doctrines, soon spread farther, though its success was not everywhere the same.

In the Indulgence controversey itself was involved the question, How can a man obtain peace with God? and that soon became an absorbing question to Luther. That question was solved by reviewing Christ's (Matt. 11, 28; John 3. 16) and Paul's (Rom. 3. 28; 5. 1) doctrine of justification by faith in Christ alone. But that doctrine depends upon that of atonement, and that in its turn depends on that of Christ's divinity; for faith in a Christ who was not Reconciler and Redeemer would be futile, and faith in a Christ who was essentially less than God would be both futile and blasphemous. We come, therefore, to Luther's doctrine of Christ, and we do this all the more readily because so many of his followers have abandoned his views in this particular and have swung back into an actual or virtual Unitarianism, in which they have been followed, as I have said, by many in churches spiritually akin to Luther. Luther scholars have called attention to certain interesting points of view in which Luther considered the doctrine of the divinity of Christ which give a freshness and power to his message not possessed by the mediæval theologians with whom he in substance agreed. (1) He started from the historical Christ as we have him in the Gospels, and not from speculations concerning the Trinity. This does not mean that he looked upon Christ first as a mere man and was later convinced from the Gospels that he was more, but it means that the New Testament word which sets before us the Saviour shows us, not only as an historical witness, but also as something brought home to the heart with power by the Spirit, that the Christ of whom it speaks has the divine and human bound up with him from the first. The faith in Christ's divinity springs not from logical reasonings, but it is the effect in the heart of the revelation in the Gospels of the Son of God who has become man. From the

heart this faith proceeds, on the heart it stamps itself and becomes a firm faith. The Son of God as we know him in the Word only, he who suffered and died for us, he who rises again in us—that is the only Son of God he wishes to believe in. "I will know of no Son of God," he says, "except him who was born of the Virgin Mary; who suffered; this Son who has intertwined himself in humanity and is a Person."[1] Only as we come to know him as he became a man, as he worked and suffered, we find out his nature as God, which is love, and then the Deity as Son and Spirit. It was for this reason that Luther found fault with the mediæval theologians for always flying away to the divinity of Christ and for mistaking, misunderstanding or ignoring his humanity, whereas it is exactly through and in and by his humanity that we know him as divine.

Don't try to seek out my divine majesty. Human reason and wisdom cannot understand me; I am too high and great. I shall make myself small enough that you can understand and grasp me. I shall give to you my only begotten Son. That means to make small and conceivable the divine majesty, so that no one can or should complain that when he has to do with God he does not know how to conduct himself [Erl. Ausg. 57, 163f.]. The Lord Christ gives the apostle Philip a slap. The latter cherished strange thoughts concerning God; where God the heavenly Father was, what he makes, whether he lets loose swallows in heaven, and he asked Christ: Show us the Father and it suffices us. Then answered the Lord Christ and said: Right here is the Father. And pointing to himself, he said: Who sees me, he also sees the Father. Will you creep up another way to heaven? He says: Here, brother, the Father is in me and I in the Father. Hold your eyes fast on me; through my humanity you come to the Father; the Father incloses himself in my humanity; through my humanity the Father has laid himself open to the whole world. So he (Christ) fastens him (Philip) on his humanity, tears him away from his erroneous thought [Weim. Ausg. 16, 145; cf. 9, 449]. You might well creep and gape high after majesty, but you will run lustily on your head and throw yourself. For the devil also has pleasure in such fine high thoughts, can very well put on a mask as though he was God and clothe himself in idle glory and majesty, as he did to Christ himself. In fact, he can fare so high that he cannot get any higher, as he wills to become equal to God and sit in his seat. But God has gotten even with him in that he (God) has humiliated himself in the deepest way and hid himself in the smallest form, as in the lap of the Virgin, and will not

[1] Erl. Ausg. 11, 130.

any to find him in any other way. The devil cannot come down there, because he is a courtly proud spirit [Erl. Ausg. 50, 213] That Christ is God—that he has for himself; it does not help me, and on that account he is not my Christ; but because he is also truly man—that is what goes for me [Weim. Ausg. 16, 85f.]. For what is the good, if you confess that he is God, if you don't also believe that he is man? For in that you have not the true, right Christ, but a ghost of the devil [Erl. Ausg. 23, 261]. The ladder does not stand in heaven, but on earth—that is, Christ has in himself the most humble bearing and nature. When you scholastics bare your head through heaven and look around there, you will find no one, for Christ lies in the crib and in a woman's lap. You will fall down again and break your neck. Therefore, Thomas and Philip, begin below, and not above [Weim. Ausg. 9, 406].

In thus breaking in on his Christology from the road of the Gospels, and not from that of creed or speculation, Luther revolutionized this doctrine, I mean as compared with the mediæval view, and made it once more a warm vital current. This will appear further in my second point.

(2) Luther has no patience with scholastic tendencies to separate the two natures in Christ, or to make him a kind of portent, half God and half man. He thought of Christ as one person in the simplest way, but a person formed by the innermost union of the Eternal Son with our whole nature. There was no part of our nature that Christ did not have, and there was nothing of God that he did not have. The genuineness of Christ's human nature was fundamental with Luther. Christ grew like every other child and advanced in wisdom and knowledge. He had a truly human soul. "We ought to let Christ be a natural man," Luther says, "precisely as we are, and not make a difference between his nature and ours save in the matter of sin and grace." "We cannot draw Christ too deeply into nature and flesh—How could God show greater goodness to us than in entering thus deeply into flesh and blood?" A part of Luther's emphasis here was to throw overboard the Roman Catholic placing of Mary in lieu of Christ; a placing that was helped along by the practical oversloughing of Christ's human nature by his divine. The mediæval church was practically Eutychian or Apollinarian. That is, it emphasized the divinity of Christ, not too much, but onesidedly, at the expense of his humanity, so that Christ came to be clothed

with the attributes of the righteous and vengeful God and Mary with the attributes of the human Christ. In worship and affection, therefore, Mary practically took the place in the Roman Catholic Church which Christ had in the early church. She was the kind mediatrix to whom the sinner could go and be sure of succor. Luther thrust this miserable idolatry aside in restoring the human Christ to men. What is commonplace to us came as almost a fresh message to the men of his time. Christ as deity had receded behind the terrors of Sinai; Luther brought him out as the gentle Man of Galilee who spoke the Beatitudes. Everything was as natural to Christ, says Luther, as to other men, except only sin. All our natural imperfections he bore just as we do. Therefore in his present state, in full humanity and full divinity in glory, Christ is to Luther the "heart and sun of the world, the eye full of soul, which stand in a vital connection of love and power with all points of the periphery. To the Church he is the faithful and loving bridegroom, the Head, who is as it were the 'sensorium commune' for everything which concerns his people, and whilst standing at their right hand with his almighty power is conscious of and feels their sufferings as though they were his own. At such joyous festivals as Christmas he did not ask, What is still lacking to the perfection of the child Jesus? but saw in the seed the full ripe fruit, and felt that victory and perfection were already germinantly there after a divine fashion, although they needed to be first historically realized." The Spirit of God indeed dwelt in him, but it responded to his growing consciousness. In later life Jesus sometimes spoke according to his human nature, in other times according to his divine. It is in his manhood that he is now become exalted above all things, because in his deity he did not have to become thus exalted. "Christ created all things as God, and though as man he created nothing yet all things are subject to him"—subject to him as man. I might add here that the exigency of the Lord's Supper controversies led Luther to emphasize the present glory of Christ's humanity, which has now received all the attributes of the divine, so that Christ's body can now be present everywhere. This union was also so intimate that it could be said in a true sense that God suffered on the cross.

In fact, in Luther's later life he was inclined to emphasize more and more the all-engrossing divinity of Christ's humanity, so that the real humanness of the latter was in danger of coming off short.

(3) This emphasis on the historical Christ made him the sole principle of the knowledge of God and of salvation, and this, Harnack says, was the great reform which Luther effected both for faith and theology. Only by Luther, says Harnack, were Matt. 11. 27 and 8 Cor. 1. 21-25, 2. 4-16, restored to a commanding position; though I by no means agree with Harnack when he says that the effect of this was to sever the roots of the dogmatic Christianity unless he means that the effect was to sever the roots of certain barren Christological speculations. God's grace, Luther taught, is manifest only in the historical work of the historical Christ. "Confessing the deity of Christ," says Harnack finely, "could never become *doubtful* for him who knew—in the sense of believing in—no God at all save Christ." Says Luther:

> We must neither worship nor seek after any God save the God who is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; in this true God Christ is also included. . . . Anything that one imagines of God apart from Christ is only useless thinking and vain idolatry. . . . When one loses Christ all faiths (of the Pope, the Jews, the Turks, the common rabble) become one faith. . . . Begin by applying thy skill and study to Christ, there also let them continue fixed, and if thine own thoughts or reason or someone else guide or direct thee otherwise only close thine eyes and say: I must and will know no other God save in my Lord Christ. . . . See open there to me my Father's heart, will, and work, and I know him, and this no one will ever see or come upon in any other way, however high he soars, speculating with his own clever and subtle thoughts. For, as I have already said, that is the only way of transacting with God that one make no self-prompted approach; and the true stair or bridge by which one may pass to heaven, that we remain below here and keep close to this flesh and blood, aye, to the words and letters that proceed from his mouth, in which by the tenderest way he leads us up to the Father, so that we find and feel no wrath or dreadful form, but pure comfort and joy and peace [On John 17. 3]. See how Christ in this saying interblends and unites knowledge of himself and knowledge of the Father so that it is only in and through Christ that we know the Father. For I have often said that, and will still go on saying it, so that even when I am dead people may think it over and guard against all teachers whom the devil rules and guides, who begin at the highest point to teach and preach about God, taking no notice whatever of Christ, just as up to this time there has

been in the great schools a speculating and playing with his works above in heaven, with a view of knowing what he is and thinks and does by himself.

(4) From all this it follows that Luther looked upon man as capable of God, capacious of God, so that there was nothing in man that offered any resistance to the most perfect union of God with man. The Kenosis, the self-emptying, referred not to Christ's laying aside the attributes of the Godhead before he became man, a Kenosis on the divine side, but it referred to the fact that as man Christ laid aside the exercise of his full divinity, a Kenosis on the human side. His manhood offered him every opportunity to reveal his divinity. It was patient of full deity, but he chose to empty himself even as a man and to appear as a servant. For this reason Luther could call Mary, with some of the ancient creeds, mother of God, not because she brought forth God, but because the human child Jesus whom she did bring forth was not only capable of full deity, but had full deity and was in essence full deity; that is, that in the child Jesus that "union had taken place which constituted Jesus the child of noblest descent, the divine human child."

(5) This union meant a deification for us. The incarnation showed that we are also capable of the divine, capable of receiving God, though of course not of becoming God in a strict sense. One of his earliest expressions might also have been his latest: *Nostra assumsit est conferrat nobis sua;* and, *Tu assumsisti meum et dedisti mihi tuum, assumsisti quod non eras et dedisti mihi quod non eram.* He has assumed our nature that he may confer his upon us; and, Thou hast assumed mine, and thou hast given thine to me, thou hast assumed what thou wast not and thou hast given me what I was not.

(6) Luther thus looked upon the Divinity of Christ as a doctrine of salvation and for salvation. It was not simply a speculative truth but a truth of religious experience. Because he is the Son of God he saves us, and can save us, and only because of that. As such he is the object of our faith. If he had only the purity and goodness of a man it would not have been sufficient to make him our Redeemer. Only because he was God could he

work out our salvation. Thus we can through faith in him overcome sin, death, and hell, receive the divine righteousness, the revelation of life, and the new creation—all this as the work of the one divine power; he who is *naturaliter et substantialiter Deus.* We know he is thus divine, because he keeps Christendom against all the power of the devil, and because of the infinite divine potency with which he freely gives us grace, forgiveness, peace, life, and victory. The promise of giving what we ask (John 14, 14) belongs only to God. The human heart dare build on nothing except God. The divinity of Christ lies in fact in the first word of the creed: I believe. The one in whom I say I believe and set my trust—that one must be God. For this reason Luther did not, as I have already hinted, care much for speculative discussions of Christ's person. He reproves the sophists (scholastic theologians) for wonderfully mixing the Two Natures, which he calls only a sophistic knowledge of the Lord Christ. "For Christ is not called Christ," he says, "because he has Two Natures. But he carries this glorious and comforting name on account of his work and office. That gives him the name. That he is by nature God and man is, of course, true; but that his office means that, that he has poured out his love and become my Saviour and Redeemer—that is my consolation; in that I am interested; namely, that he wills to make free his people from their sins." It will be seen thus that, although Luther brought the doctrine of Christ's divinity into practical relation with salvation, he taught that doctrine in the strongest way. He says: "Christ stands at the center, Christ, who is God's grace, mercy, righteousness, truth, wisdom, and all who believe in him become partakers of his righteousness without any merit of their own. Christ is our only hope and help. He is the only true God, having whom we have no room for any strange god. God has laid down everything he was in Christ in order that it might become ours. The eternal God dwells bodily and fully in Christ." At the Leipzig Disputation he defended the saying of Hus that "two natures, divinity and humanity, are one Christ." Luther did not go into this question farther, but emphasized the saving significance of Christ's person, he who has in fullness the life and virtues of God and mediates

them to us. In Christ God is not only present as he is in all other creatures, but he lives even bodily in him, so that he is one Person, God and man. Of Christ, faith says not only that God is in him, but also that Christ is God himself. Deity dwells in him altogether and even bodily, as Saint Paul says in Col. 2. 9, so that outside of Christ there is simply no God nor deity. We must not say that Jesus Christ as a man suffered for us, but that God and man, as God's Son, truly suffered for us. The question has been agitated, What was Luther's attitude to the ecumenical creeds and the Christological decisions of the councils as set forth in those creeds? If you have followed my discussion you would say: Luther's interest in the creeds is a religious one; not their so-called metaphysical content, as religious truth, as truth for salvation; that it is which gives them their value. So we actually find one of the ablest Church History scholars of Germany, Kattenbusch of Giessen, made this question the subject of a brilliant monograph—an address before his University at the Luther celebration in 1883. Let me give you the concluding words of his pamphlet:

It must be my last task to point out how Luther's judgment concerning the ecumenical symbols is to be distinguished *in specie* from the claims of theology which allow its general task to be indicated by him. Luther's judgment over these symbols is purely a religious one. With him the symbols come under a point of view where they appear no longer as a copy, but as the original picture of Christ. [That is, they are looked upon as setting forth Christ himself, and only thus are they valid.] This happens again under reflections which make the symbols to appear as the immediate organs of God and of Christ which are not touched by human willfulness and cleverness. That they contain articles of faith Luther establishes by a comparison with Scripture, a comparison which says to him only how one must understand them *when they are supposed to be articles of faith.* That they allow themselves so to be understood—that is the sufficient guarantee that they have been in God's hands an organ which brings before our spirits a real picture of Christ. "When a child hears that, he thinks that Christ has overcome the devil: that is a right Christian thought." The symbols of the churches are nothing else than an assertion of the Apostolic Symbol. With him they are practically the same thing. The Apostolic Symbol, however, is very old. Any other thought than that at least the "best pupils of the apostles" gave it out Luther never had. Therewith the single sentences of that creed, which sentences at the bottom run together always into the one thought of Christ as the "Lord" (which signifies the evangelical understanding of God),

come to stand under that consideration which Luther turns upon everything which God always maintains (*erhalten*). God maintains only faith or the Word. What always maintains itself (endures) must be maintained by God, is therefore *faith* or *Word*. This argument Luther set out many times (see especially his Von den Conciliis und Kirchen). But this absolutely religious consideration of the symbols, that is, the only consideration true of them if they belong to God, is again to be distinguished from the relative empiric one, particularly if they have historically arisen and belong to man. If Luther had been asked about this aspect of the matter, if one had showed him that even the Apostles' Creed had arisen under other circumstances than those of which he was aware, and historically was meant to serve as an organ of another conception of faith than that which he thought, he would have answered as he did when he was asked whether he rightly understood what they desired to do in Chalcedon: "Whether I understand this council aright or not, I have the Scripture, and I understand that aright; and according to that Scripture the council itself must hold, and which is more certain to me than the council" (Von den Conciliis, etc., 329, 316). Therefore we evangelical theologians in Luther's spirit are justified to free ourselves from that "historical" sense of the ecumenical symbols which science has to establish, if that sense is not absolutely an expression of the authentic picture of the real Christ. In other words, it means that Luther, by his acknowledgment of the ecumenical symbols, simply refers us to the revelation of God in the historical Christ himself, when we would follow systematic theology.

I don't think anyone need object to that. If Luther had taken over the ecumenical creeds as a man might take over his wife's luggage on a journey or his last year's overcoat, it would not have much theological significance. But if he took them over because they expressed the truth concerning Christ, which he believed and must believe as a religious man, as a teacher seeking a basis for salvation of sinners, then it has very great theological significance. It is certainly only the religious content and truth of the creeds which concerns us, or which binds us, only as they set forth Christ and the things for which he stands. As a matter of fact Luther's attitude was twofold toward the ecumenical creeds: (1) He held them, (2) but he held them under Christ. That means that he held them because he considered that they set forth the truth about Christ, and it was the truth always in its practical relation to salvation with which he was concerned. Luther's expositions of the Apostles' Creed were determined by the practical bearings of his doctrine of justification by faith, and

when he emphasized the decisions of the Council concerning the Trinity his interest was not in the mystery, but in the practical sweep of the facts of the redeeming revelation of God. We must also remember, as already said, that Luther was chiefly concerned in the historical Jesus as he in whom God must be seen and known in his saving love and power; and that therefore Luther looked upon the Three Creeds (Apostles', Nicene [Niceno-Constantinopolitan] and the so-called Athanasian) not as giving certain statements about Christ, but as giving those statements in their religious and saving significance and relations: only thus are they articles of faith. That Christ is God and the second person of the Trinity is for us sinners in itself alone no valuable part of the confession of faith, but it has its value only in this, that it is God in Christ who has taken humanity to himself for salvation and eternal life, and thus it is an article of faith. This Kattenbusch shows. But we must remember also, as Möller (late professor at Kiel) says, that the other side of this is also true; that Christ's work would be in its turn no subject for faith if he were not God and God-man, and that for this Luther took the symbolical expressions of the ancient Church as correct and corresponding to the Scriptures. Luther had no idea of a progressive development of doctrine, and the decisions of Councils appeared to him as the immediate result of the assertion of Scripture truth against all possible heretical attack. When he drew up the Schmalkald Articles in 1537 he started with those articles on which there was no dispute.

I. That Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, three distinct persons in one divine essence and nature, are one God, who has created heaven and earth.

II. That the Father is begotten of no one; the Son, of the Father; the Holy Spirit proceeds from Father and Son.

III. That not the Father, not the Holy Spirit, but the Son, became man.

IV. That the Son became man thus: that he was conceived, without the coöperation of man, by the Holy Spirit, and was born of the pure, holy (and always) Virgin Mary. Afterward he suffered, died, was buried, descended to hell, rose from the dead, ascended to heaven, sits at the right hand of God, will come to judge the quick and the dead, etc., as the creed of the apostles, as well as that of Saint Athanasius and the catechism in common use for children, teach.

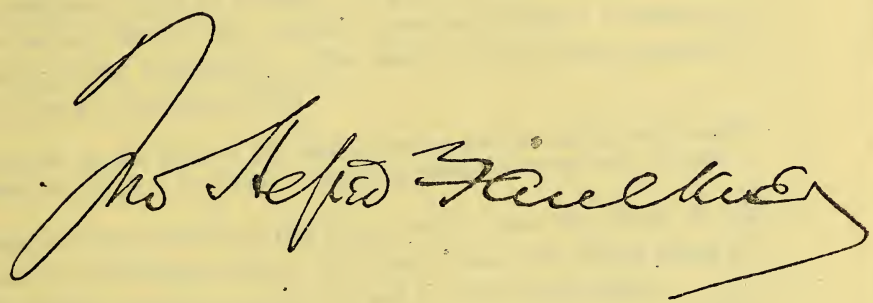
Concerning these articles there is no contention or dispute, since we on both sides confess them. Wherefore it is not necessary to treat further of them.

The doctrine of the Church concerning Christ stood fast with Luther. But, so much being said, he did not care specially for terms or definitions, in this respect reminding us of Wesley. "If my soul loathes the word *homousion*," Luther says, "and I am unwilling to use it, I am not a heretic. For who will compel me to use it, provided I hold the thing which is defined from the Scripture by the Council?" He objected to the word Trinity, because it "sounds cold" and was "discovered and invented by men," though the word itself is not important, as the expression "original sin" may express a fact though it too is not found in Scripture. He denied all binding authority to Councils; we are free from all Councils. Even some of the decrees of the Apostolic Council no one observes. Decrees of Councils are true only because they give forth old truth, and the old truth is known to be truth by us because it is attested by Scripture and the heart's witness through the Spirit. Luther has a strong grip on the doctrine of the unity of God, and that was one reason why he did not like the word Trinity. Also *Dreiheit* (threeness) "sounds entirely too ironical." "There is indeed in the Godhead something threefold (*ein Gedrittes*), but this same *Gedrittes* consists of persons of the one only Godhead." Just as Luther emphasized on one side the humanity of Christ, and his humanity as revealing his divinity, so on the other he emphasizes his divinity. Father and Son are "one nature, one will," "one heart and will," for where one part is "there is certainly the entire Godhead." But remember this: Luther learned the divinity of Christ from the saving love of God there revealed, a love which saved *him*. Because he found here the power and love of God to lift his feet out of the miry clay through the Holy Spirit, and because he found this revealed also in Scriptures—therefore he believed in the Trinity. Can you and I find better reason for holding to the same truth? His followers in Germany have long since—many of them—left his views concerning Christ. So far they have emasculated his gospel. For epoch-making men in the Christian Church who touch

the spring of a new life for sinful men, and make the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, have held with him that the fullness of the Eternal God appeared in Jesus Christ, and that of that "fullness have all we received and grace for grace." For, says Kostlin, "he learned to know God in the Christ who became Man, took hold in faith of the grace and love here revealed and offered to him, perceived in the anxieties and terrors of his own conscience a foreign work of God (*alienum opus Dei*), by means of which God desired to reach out to him his proper work (*opus proprim*) of pitying love, and on account of the present Christ and his salvation turned away his gaze from the eternal counsel concerning the salvation or condemnation of individual souls which is dark to us, and purposely by God concealed."

Finally a word on von Kügelgen's efforts to Ritschlianize Luther on this subject. I have read carefully his book, and have to thank him for valuable citations. I think he gives on the whole a true statement of Luther's views, but the inferences which he sometimes draws from those views are not correct. For instance, Lobstein calls attention to the fact that the passages from Luther concerning Christ's humanity do not at all show that Luther had any purely historical or human interest in Christ in the modern sense (such interest as is the motive of the modern lives of Christ), but only that in *this same human Christ we find God and have God.* Luther's only interest is one of salvation. For that we must have and do have in Jesus the full presence and power of God; that is God himself. So also von Kügelgen's remarks on the Miraculous Conception are misleading. Of course Luther's interest was in the saving power of the Christ who thus came, not in the method itself of the coming, nor that he thought that method of no importance, if his attention had been called to it on its larger relations. I do not see that von Kügelgen has made the footing of the semi-Unitarians in Germany any easier by his exposition of Luther's views. The Church has never had any deep interest in the purely metaphysical questions of Christ's person. It was not that interest, but a religious or soteriological one which was back of Athanasius, and which caused the Ancient Church to preserve the primitive testimony. It is so to-day. Throw meta-

physics to the dogs, the missionary passion of the Church, the needs of sinful men and the experience of Christian people would still demand and preserve the Divinity of Christ. Luther's reasoning therefore is still valid. Von Kügelgen's inclination to make Luther a Ritschlian, or at least his interpretation by Ritschlian presuppositions, fails. Luther was not "modern" in his conception of Christ, but mediæval, ancient, primitive. What was new in him was not this, but was, as W. Köhler well says, the doing away with the mechanical process of salvation by connecting the latter with faith, and—I might add—faith as a living apprehension of Christ as one's own Saviour and not as a belief in doctrines, and then the emphasis on the "Christ *for us*." And this is the eternal rock of the Divinity of Christ.



Art. IV.—RELIGION AND THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

There is one cardinal rule in art, and the word includes all written documents worthy of the name of literature, that the self-seeking be eliminated. So long as under the printed lines hovers the spirit of material acquisitiveness—the desire to get something—the page is disfigured for literary ends and purposes; it loses its literary quality. Literature must keep aloof from mere self-seeking if it desires to live and fructify the mind and the soul. Literature needs grace to keep it sweet. Grace is a word common to religion and art. Grace is the lure of art; grace is the sanction or gift of religion. What is grace? After listening to a sermon lately that touched upon the subject, I was set to thinking upon a definition. The words of Tennyson recurred to me, from his "Locksley Hall":

> Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Grace is the music that life gives forth when the chord of self ceases its discordant quaver; it is the richness of living when the soul finds something outside of itself to adore and admire.

Now, if religion has the last word to say on Love and Life, as we believe it has, then must its relation to literature be of the most intimate kind. We speak that we do know, we testify that we have seen. Without this personal seeing and knowing there is no literature; and the personality of a man is to be interpreted by what he loves. He cannot keep away from things and issues in an impartial way; he must like and dislike. To be wholly aloof and impartial, as some one has finely said, is left to God and the angels.

Of late there has been an ominous tendency to sever moral belief and high art, as if a man could lay aside his creed when he entered the domain of what are termed the fine arts. There are teachers to be found to-day, even in institutions professedly religious, who regard art as simply sensuous; who would divorce

religion from literary æsthetics; who pride themselves upon their moral impartiality when they come to questions of literary taste and interpretation. But a man cannot be loyal to Christ and hold so flabby a rule of life. The spirit of whole-souled love will allow of no such treason.

There is another aspect of literature that brings it close to religion. The object of all art and all literature is the enhancement of life. What is life? Life in essence may be termed the unifying principle within us which finds its delight in rising superior to all limitations of physical surroundings. When the different powers which give life manifestation and expression act vigorously, when they triumphantly overcome all obstacles, then are we happy. We long for an enhancement of this power, and it comes in a subtle and mysterious way: through exquisite music, through a beautiful landscape, through the contemplation of a noble act, through the inspiring words of a gifted speaker. "Our deepest moral emotions," says a noted writer and teacher, "such emotions as justice, veneration, and religious aspiration, bear witness to our unconquerable feeling of a life, superior to physical relations, that imposes law upon all actions, but will not itself be limited or confined." It is this enhancement of the spiritual life which lies at the base of the evangelical appeal; the renewal of life that comes from a sharing of the divine life through submission of our petty wills to God's will in the name and by the merits of our Lord and Saviour. "This is life eternal, to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." Now the highest in poetry hungers after this mystic life as its ideal nourishment. This eternal life will not allow the heart to grow old, although the body grows feeble and the physical strength decays:

> Beauty may fade, and strength decay,
> Raven locks may turn to gray;
> The eye grow dim, the step grow slow,
> And the years creep on in their sluggish flow;
>
> But the heart can never grow old;
> The heart can never grow old;
> As the deathless years of God unfold,
> The heart can never grow old.

It is this primal clinging to a heavenly home, whence we came and whither we hope to go, that gives to the poet Wordsworth's noblest lyric all its passionate intensity: "The eager questionings of a Creature moving about in worlds not realized." In Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," according to the foremost critic of the day, we touch high water of English literature since the days of Milton. Are these master products of our language to be slighted as illusion and poetic vaporing, or are they to be treated as aids to faith and the proper nourishment of Christian readers? Surely the latter. There should be no divorce between the highest in literature and the most real in religious life.

We have been listening for long to the insistent cry, "Keep the Bible and religion out of the public schools," and have consented to the demand more or less willingly. Our reliance has been placed upon the Christian character and bearing of our good public teachers, mostly women. It is very true that a majority of them have received a sound religious training in Christian households and carry about with them the Christian atmosphere and outlook. The highest praise is due these worthy spirits. But we cannot count upon the supply lasting indefinitely, with the ominous breaking up of our home life and the increase in numbers of the emancipated woman, tired of the old creeds and the old rules and regulations in thought and conduct. Moreover, the State institutions, where many of them must go to get their diplomas, are cold and negative in their ethical and religious influence. The complaint is general that many bright minds return from the discipline out of touch with warm Christian activity. And now even at professedly Christian colleges is heard the slogan, "Keep religion out of art and letters" as an alien and embarrassing element, unfriendly to culture and sensuous idealism. A superior smile—the Galliolike Unitarian sniff—is present if any insistence is made upon the old fundamentals of Christian truth: a God who has revealed himself to man; a devil who has to be resisted daily and hourly; the mystic life of the Saviour in a renewed heart; the constant need of prayer. A lady with whom I was talking the other day on the interpretation of life—an accomplished authoress interested in social problems—was

astonished that I, a literary man, had not thrown away the outworn theology of the past, with its heaven and hell, its doctrine of sin and atonement, its redemption offered to the sinner, its divine adoption and sanctification. To her theology meant only a distorted mind and mental habits of cold cruelty. What had artistic culture and literary finesse to do with such a Puritanical survival? I soon set her right on the matter in regard to myself. Did she for a moment suppose that I would hold the position I did, in a college founded and nourished by Methodists, and not believe and teach good Christian doctrine? Nay, verily, I was no such emancipated man. I was still a bond-slave, as Paul was—the bond-slave of Christ. One of the advantages that I esteem most highly as professor in the University of Southern California is that I am held down to no embarrassing neutrality in matters of religious faith, but am expected to speak out on occasion and not remain always a dumb dog. A long residence in the Far East—for thirteen years I was professor in the Imperial University of Japan—convinced me by hard experience that the bondsman of Christ has the clue to the interpretation of civilization. It is customary among the emancipated to talk in a superior, patronizing way of missionaries and missionary labor as something antiquated and futile. And yet those who know the situation best are aware that, as in the case of Japan, the missionaries and those like-minded come much nearer to the heart of the people than those who profess a more up-to-date culture. The man who does not understand the mind of Christ—however humbly—and try to regulate his conduct by it has not the secret of our civilization, nor can he well interpret another civilization. This remark was made to me the other evening at a quiet banquet by a well-known literary man, not a Methodist, but a Catholic; and we were talking, not of religion, but of literary acumen and values. Our religion is Christian at its core, or it will die. "I need not tell you," says John Henry Newman, in one of his most impassioned passages, "how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island of Britain and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when

all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ, like a vision of glory, came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth. It was poured over the whole land till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. . . . The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was bright; it was beautiful and pleasant; it was soothing to the griefs; it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own."

With the translation of the Gospels in these far-off centuries begins our literature as well as our civilization. The noble King-Alfred-like life that came with Christian doctrine imparted to the earliest translations a sweetness and a charm that we are apt to ascribe entirely to the Authorized Version of 1611. In teaching the West-Saxon Gospels to my classes I have been surprised and pleased to find sympathetic students delight to catch the soft modulations of the oldest English rendering of Sacred Writ—it was a new experience to them. The cadences seemed to voice the religious aspirations of these early ancestors of ours. This is a side of these records that is well worth the careful attention of teachers—a side that is neglected. This very religious enthusiasm with which our literature began has been molding it ever after. Our greatest romantic poem, the browsing pasture of poets who wish to be well nourished since for their work (I refer to Spenser's "Faerie Queene"), is Christian, not pagan, in its teaching and flavor. The greatest of English epics, "Paradise Lost," has for its clearly defined aim and end "to justify the ways of God to man." In the third book we find a fervent expression of the author's own faith:

> O unexampled love!
> Love nowhere to be found less than divine!
> Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
> Shall be the copious matter of my song
> Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
> Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

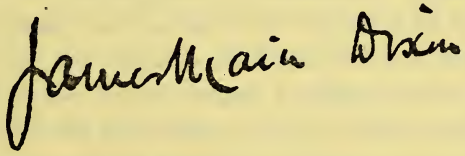
Milton's contemporary, John Bunyan, the last and greatest of the allegorists, is inherently and essentially a devout Christian, and his noble book, the Pilgrim's Progress, should be handled sympathetically to be handled efficiently. As a piece of literature necessary to the serious student of the century and still warm to the human heart to-day, William Law's "Serious Call" demands the closest and keenest attention; and the teacher ought to be no superficial fledgling, but a reverent mind. So with William Cowper, the poet of Olney; to treat him as a fanatic marred by a religious "bee in his bonnet" is to misinterpret. All that religion did for him in sweetening his life and turning genius and literary faculties that might have been lost to the world to the creation of hymns that are a heritage for the race should be explained carefully, sympathetically, and judiciously; not with the cold sneer of the worldling. Again, with Tennyson, whose "In Memoriam" has been a comfort to the doubting and distressed in mind for two generations, a never-failing source of help and spiritual encouragement. To the neo-pagan it is somewhat of a puzzle, and he fails to grasp its motive and secret. Like other great spirits, Tennyson came through a spiritual conflict and emerged from it a believing Christian—a twice-born man. It is a bootless task for a critic ill-instructed in Christian faith and priding himself on his indifference to write a commentary on "In Memoriam." Its solution as a soul problem lies in the domain of theology. We need a vivifying of theology to-day—a new vocabulary explaining all the old fundamental issues to our generation in a language that they will understand. It must be freed from antiquated and unworkable mechanism belonging to a past age. Holy Writ and Christian life welcome the breath and wholesome influence of sound progressive thought. Tennyson was one of the first to demand their assimilation.

A literature is in its essence the expression of a civilization, registering the thoughts and aspirations of the best minds of the race. Our own civilization is a Christian civilization, influenced in a wonderful way at long intervals by dominating spirits like Paul, Augustine, Francis d'Assisi, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Chalmers. Their influence on life and conduct has been incalculable,

and has found later expression in art and letters. The universities in their inception owed everything to the inspiring mind of Saint Francis d'Assisi. Modern Germany at its best is the Germany of Martin Luther; modern Switzerland, Holland, and other Protestant countries are children of Calvin; the mind of Wesley has laid its impress in an astonishing way on our modern America; what is best in my own little native land to-day may be referred in great part to the spirit of Thomas Chalmers. And all of us are under the mighty impress of Saul of Tarsus. Now a careful study of the biographies of one and all of these men will show that they were without exception twice-born men, illumined at a critical period of their lives by light from on high and suddenly changed from ordinary into extraordinary characters mighty for good. Paul before the walls of Damascus; Saint Augustine at Milan under the spell of Ambrose; Saint Francis wounded at Perugia; Luther on the penance stairs at Rome; Calvin, the brilliant young literary man at Paris, who turned from *belles lettres* to save Protestantism in Western Europe; Wesley on the way to Oxford with Peter Boehler; Thomas Chalmers, the able young mathematician and economist who left a cold morality to be a leader of men—none of these men can be understood or appreciated without particular attention being paid to the soul change that came over them. And the art and literature which grew up later in the centers where their minds had dominated have been so impregnated with their spirit as to require an explanation based upon their ideals. They have set the clock of the centuries. Unfortunately, to-day, in our public schools, the religious neutrality on which statesmen pride themselves tends to become religious ignorance and indifference; nay, even veiled hostility. He that is not for us is against us. Our educated young people are growing up with no religious vocabulary whatever, no capacity of discussing religious subjects in adequate terms and in the proper spirit, no power of discriminating the false from the true in books that deal with ethical subjects. The influence that comes from Germanized schools is steadily neopagan and skeptical, reducing everything to the evolutionary and the godless. This is neither the properly religious nor the properly literary attitude. He who would coldly

deal with the life and mind of Saint Paul in terms of evolution, neglecting the power from on high which transformed the man from a Pharisee into a saint, is on the wrong track. Here we touch the deathless years of God, not the æons of time. Evolution has no meaning when we come to these statements in the creed: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the communion of saints, the life everlasting"; so in literature we are proud of being the heirs of Homer, of Sophocles, of Dante; they are literary stars outside the rim of evolution.

So closely connected, in fact, are religion and literature that the church may well demand that the teaching of literature in her higher institutions be more or less under her care and supervision. And this supervision should not be dull or formal, but active and intelligent. It should extend to the textbooks and the libraries, which are subtle influences for moral degradation. Let us have a whole-hearted, whole-souled education, tolerant and magnanimous in spirit, but yet devoutly Christian from first to last. So negative is the tendency in state institutions that there is a call for emphasis in our own institutions to redress the balance. We cannot afford to swim with the current. The liberty that is given us to sound a clear call for God and the Master ought not to be left unused. If we teachers in religious foundations do not emphasize the fundamentals, who will?



Art. V.—THE HUGUENOTS

Sarto, Pius the Tenth, paces the lonely walks of the Vatican and sighs, it is said, for his Venice and its sea. The gilded dome of Saint Peter's glittering in the warm sunlight of Italy is near to him and is one of the sights first seen by the visitor in Rome. It took the talents of the gifted Raphael, Angelo, and Bernini, and sixty millions of dollars and one hundred and seventy-six years, to build this greatest church in the world.

Up to the time of the Renaissance, that period of history which closed the Middle Ages and opened the modern era and was at its height in the sixteenth century, the Latin church had Christianized, civilized, and united all Europe into a family of nations under the spiritual government of popes and secular government of emperors, with one creed, one ritual, and one sacred language. During the period of the Renaissance in religion, literature, and art the spirit of progression expanded until peoples bound by common tendencies, a common culture and common efforts came into a federated existence. This expansion led to the awakening between nations of the riches and strength of their various realms, and soon there was a shuffle for kingdoms, from the heather-bound hills of Scotland to the balmy shores of Sicilian Palermo. Every move on the diplomatic chessboard augmented the interests of some dynasty and severed the interests of others. Popes wanted money for the erection of Saint Peter's and the building of the gilded dome, kings wanted kingdoms other than their own, and license for sin and crime of any nature—murder, licentiousness, and rapine—which served to bring crowns within reach, was sold to sovereigns, by pope, cardinal, and priest, as an "indulgence," and what sovereigns bought the people wanted, until "swaps" became a royal game with sacerdotal features. Principles of morality and righteousness became metamorphic to meet the case of church or throne. James V, of Scotland, provided for his illegitimate children by having the Pope make them abbots of Holyrood House and Melrose Abbey. For a price the kings of France and England took and put aside as many wives as they

chose. The corruption of the Papacy caused similar conditions among church and people. Catholic writers admit the evils of those times, and Pope Adrian VI made an extraordinary confession of Papal and clerical corruption to the diet of Nuremberg in 1522. While Italy had its Adrian, Germany had Luther, and other countries had a few monks of the spiritual caliber of these, who were men of thought and action, and whose vigor gave impulse to theology, philosophy, science, and literature. These had followers who, like their leaders, broke violently away from Papal decrees and protested against aught but righteousness in government, morality in church, and purity in the home, receiving thereby the name of Protestants.

In the fourteenth, tenth, and eighth centuries the church had been in similar conditions, but had yielded to reform under Pope Hildebrand and his successors. In the sixteenth century it resisted reform. In 1517 Martin Luther commenced his struggle against Rome; in 1520 the rupture was complete. Hence during the Renaissance came the Reformation. It began simultaneously in Germany and Switzerland and swept rapidly into France, Holland, Scandinavia, Bohemia, Hungary, England, and Scotland. Starting from religious motives, it gave directly or indirectly a mighty impulse to every forward movement and made Protestantism the chief propelling force in the history of modern civilization. The Roman Church would not reform itself, and the age of the Reformation, likened to that of the first century, deprived it of half of Europe. A number of monks in the central part of France, having heard of Luther, left their monasteries and crossed the frontier into Germany to hear for themselves the dauntless reformer. Very soon the Reformation obtained entrance into France. Men high in state and court, scholars, jurists, courtiers, nobles, welcomed the adoption of its principles and adhered to them. Especially did the strength of the movement get strong hold among the noblesse. In the Sorbonne, France's proud institution of learning, instructors accepted it and left positions of high degree to spread its tenets. John Calvin, of the picturesque province of Picardy, who had prepared for the priesthood, flung thoughts of clerical infallibility and kindred teachings to

the four winds, and with full knowledge of the condition of the times projected the "forward movement" with mighty zest. With such strenuous supporters it spread in France and adjacent kingdoms, attracting adherents in every country of Europe, starting John Knox, who also had intended taking orders, on his violent declaration in its favor before Mary, Queen of Scots, establishing in Great Britain an "English" Reformation, and because of its advancement being the cause of the Inquisition in the colonies of Spain in the Western hemisphere.

There were monarchs of note on thrones in those days. Charles V was king of Spain and emperor of Germany. Henry VIII was ruler of England, and Francis I was on the throne of France. Over by the Pyrenees, where the soft winds of southern France meet on mountaintops the breezes from the land of the mandolin and castanet, was a province called Navarre, ruled by Margaret of Valois, a sister of Francis I, said to be one of the beautiful women of her times and who held an eminent place in the history of the literature and of the reformation of her native land. Margaret of Valois advanced art and sciences, helped to establish schools and colleges, until learned men of many lands gathered about her as the patron of learning, and distinguished men and women of Europe paid her court homage. The brother on the throne of France and the sister, Queen of Navarre, bore great love for each other, but between them was a difference: she was the protectress of Calvin and his teachings and he was indifferent to the prevalent spirit of reform. In the span of thirty years one third of the population of France had become Protestant —and they were the choicest of the nation, to whom had been given, by way of opprobrium, the name of Huguenots—the history of whose rise and progress forms one of the chief chapters in the annals of France. Noting the triumphant march of the Reformation, Romanism at this period made vigorous efforts to reconquer lost territory. Its resource was in cruelty past imagination in its endeavor to get back into the Church of Rome the multitudes who had abandoned it. The indifference of Francis I gave way to a severer attitude toward the Huguenots. Sometimes his sister's influence arrested his severities. But for this untiring watch-

fulness and influence of Margaret of Valois the reform movement in France would have been overcome in its infancy. Toward the end of his reign the ambition of Francis I was to extend his power into Italy. Such ambition he reached by the marriage of his oldest son, Henry II, and Catharine de Medici, niece of the then reigning Pope, Clement Seventh. This act was final in showing his position, and his last years were stained by the massacre of all Protestant inhabitants in twenty-two towns and villages. Deeds that he sanctioned were such as these: the heating of pincers to reddish hue for the buring off of hands, the nose, arms, and breasts of those active in reform and then the final setting afire of their bodies. Thousands of the best citizens of France fled and found protection with the beautiful Queen of Navarre, until her kingdom became a powerful headquarters of Protestantism. Margaret went among the people and sat in their homes listening to their accounts of oppression, giving sympathy and help, transporting men strong in the new faith to succor them, until soon all Navarre was won. Her husband, a member of the Bourbon family, illustrious for two centuries as a great dynastic power in Europe, gave her only vacillating support. A daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, passed to the head of the kingdom as one of the house of Bourbon. In beauty, charm, and fortitude the young queen matched her mother, and in mental gifts and the dictates of their consciences the two were alike. While she ruled Navarre France had no sovereign. Francis I, her uncle, had died, likewise his son, Henry II. The wife of Henry II, Catherine de' Medici, the "sceptered sorceress" of Italy, was acting regent for their boy, Charles IX.

At this time, besides the Bourbon family, there existed the family of Guize, which was ambitious for regal favor and prominence, and it showed itself in bitter warfare upon the Huguenots, whose cause was supported by the mighty Bourbons. The Guize family was much in evidence at this period. Jeanne's kingdom was wanted by several rulers. She had to resort to war, and she and Catherine de' Medici summoned forces in battle array. The onslaughts made on the little province excited sympathy abroad. Queen Elizabeth of England sent a fleet and money to aid it. Jeanne had two statesmen renowned in valor, Condé and Coligny,

into whose hands she intrusted affairs of state, and while the name of their queen comes down in history as one of the strongest and most brilliant of characters, they rank among the world's great warriors. When Catherine's men saw the strength of the mustered force of Navarre, they weakened and lost. Though Jeanne d'Albret's army won, it was with the loss of Condé, who was cruelly murdered by a member of the house of Guize. Then, while the lilies of Bourbon were hid away among the black drapery of flags, the queen was called to rally her men, and, riding between the lines, with the little son of Condé on one side and her own young son, to be known as Henry of Navarre, on the other, she said to the militia halted before her: "Because Condé is dead, is all lost? Nay! Soldiers, I offer to you everything in my power to bestow: my dominions, my treasures, my life, and that which is dearer to me than all—my children! I make here solemn oath before you all—and you know me too well to doubt my word—I swear to defend to my last sigh the holy cause which now unites us, which is that of honor and of truth." Catherine de' Medici was compelled to make humiliating concessions to the Queen of Navarre, and she granted to the Huguenots the free exercise of their religion in all France except Paris, placing in their power as a guarantee four cities, one of which was La Rochelle. Her son, Charles IX, by this time had taken the reins of government, but the mother, of unmatched craftiness, ruled the son. Having failed to overthrow the Protestant cause in open field, she turned to treachery, feigned friendship for the Huguenots, for Jeanne d'Albret, and received at court the commander, Admiral Coligny. The Protestant party mistrusted her overtures, and Jeanne turned coldly from propositions she made. The queen mother's culminating semblance of good will was in an artfully contrived proposal that there should be a marriage between her daughter, Marguerite, and Jeanne's son, Henry. Slow to concur in this, but being overcome by others who were less suspicious of stratagem, the Queen of Navarre reluctantly yielded, not hopeful, like her people, that the marriage would end the strife.

The wedding was celebrated with great splendor in Paris at Notre Dame Cathedral on August 18, 1572, and was followed by a

succession of feasts and gayeties. Paris was filled with the military that had come from Navarre as honor guard to King Henry. The city was in a gala mood. Catherine de' Medici had succeeded well so far in projects known only to her, to the Duke of Anjou of the house of Guize, and to the young King Charles IX, from whom she had wrung a consent for the assassination of Coligny and principal members of the Protestant faction. A crime that must forever blot the name of France with infamy was the result of the marriage plot. A secret council had determined that after wedding bells had ceased to ring all Huguenots then gathered in the city for the marriage celebrations and those throughout the provinces should be killed. The ringing of the bells of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois to early prayer on Saint Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572, was the arranged signal for the slaughter to begin. From an open balcony of the Louvre the royal family waited in breathless silence for the first pistol shots. A servant cut off Coligny's head and took it to the queen mother. And this was the man to whom had been paid this tribute: "A believer whose humble piety probed its own failings to the quick, but flung the mantle of its charity over the errors of others—that is Gaspard de Coligny, admiral of France, the military hero of the Reformation whose only faults seem to have been excessive virtues —Gaspard de Coligny who lived a saint—Gaspard de Coligny who died a martyr—France has no more stainless name!"

Guards marched the retinue of the King of Navarre, then a guest in the Louvre, into the quadrangle of the palace and hewed them down before their royal host. "Kill every Huguenot; it is the king's command," shouted court leaders as they galloped through the streets. The Louvre flowed and the streets of Paris ran with blood. Bodies lay in lanes and passageways, and the Seine swelled with them. The horrors perpetrated in Paris were followed by similar ones all over France. Where fashionable Paris, London, and New York now go to see the races, at Auteuil and Saint Cloud, grave diggers buried the bodies of Huguenot men, women, and children found stranded on the roadside. Gay Trouville, from whence come many fashionable modes, had ill-fated Huguenots by hundreds strewn along its banks by the sea. Fif-

teen hundred were killed at Lyons, four thousand at Toulouse, six hundred at Rouen, and many more at Dieppe and Havre. In La Rochelle, known for its harbor full of little boats gay with their colored sails, and a favorite spot with artists, were slain many of the noblest sons of France. The third day the king's trumpet brought the perfidious carnage to a stop. On the fourth day a dead silence fell upon the streets of Paris. Fifteen thousand had been killed in the city. Those who had been slain throughout France brought the number up to one hundred thousand. "Let us pass quickly over Saint Bartholomew's Day," say historians and writers, loath to fill pages with accounts of the bloody scenes for which France paid dearly in the horrors of the French Revolution, which came in later years. Thousands of Huguenots sought refuge in Great Britain and Holland, and hundreds looked to Germany and Switzerland and elsewhere for help. In Canterbury Cathedral the tourist of to-day is pointed to a portion of the crypt, walled off, which was given as a place of worship to the few refugees reaching Canterbury after the massacre, and once a year now their descendants celebrate in that old place the advent of the Huguenots.

Henry of Navarre demanded concessions from the throne which, when granted, aroused the Catholic element to form a Holy League whose object should be to annihilate the Huguenot constituency and overthrow the government. In the course of events Catherine de' Medici's sons died, and by the wheel of fortune a Bourbon was heralded King of France in no other person than that of Henry of Navarre. One of the first events in his new career was a famous combat with the Holy League, the battle of Ivry. From that has come down, in novel, history, and poem, his famous admonition to his men: "If you lose your ensigns, cornets, or guides, the white plume that you see in my helmet will lead you always on the road to honor and glory." His policy, and the grace and good nature which he is recorded to have possessed, won all hearts. His platform was that the state should rise above religious partisanship and compel all to respect public peace. He found commerce interrupted, agriculture desolated, industry inactive. He proceeded to resuscitate France and

constructed roads and canals, built up manufactures and mining, and promoted discovery and trade. The first agricultural colony in the new world he planted, and it was done upon principles of religious equality and freedom. His solicitude for the prosperity and tranquillity of his kingdom acquired him great popularity. Though a man of brilliant courage, he was baffled in three years' time by the course his political counselors advanced. Yielding for conciliatory reasons to their importuning, he embraced Catholicism. Having made concessions to one element, which he did with no zest, the king evened up this action by making a proclamation which should put the Huguenot party on an equal basis with the rest of his subjects. Then followed the famous treaty bearing the name of the "Edict of Nantes," issued by him in 1598. This granted to the Huguenots liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, the holding of public offices, and the privileges of schools; by it he reconciled Catholics and Protestants and established peace throughout France.

As a monarch, Henry IV, the title by which he was known after having been placed at the head of the government, received great praise. In private life in the latter part of his career his vices would have broken the heart of Jeanne d'Albret had she lived to know of them. He obtained through the Pope a divorce from the wife he married amid splendor in Notre Dame, in order to marry the Pope's niece, Mary de' Medici. His people, because they saw in him only the king who promised the disabled soldier an asylum and the peasant a chicken in the pot every Sunday, forgave him his mistresses and his bastards, for that sort of thing had been seen in about every reign, and when he fell at the hands of an assassin, their grief was great, for their king was their idol. Next to rule was his son, with the title of Louis XIII, whose prime minister, Cardinal Richelieu, managed affairs of state with brilliant success and took Nova Scotia and other territory on the American continent in the name of France, but he was no champion of the Huguenots, who soon felt his restrictive authority as he took position and place from them. In direct line the next to succeed to the throne was one whose reign has been depicted far too gloriously, Louis XIV, Jeanne de'Albret's great-grandson, and

the grandson of the deviser of the great edict which in thirty-five years had given such impetus to commerce that France had come into the front ranks of the mercantile interests of the world. Trade had increased; so had the number of the Huguenots, until at this time one third of the business of the country was in their hands. And always in their ranks had been scholars, inventors, and scientists. Their word had become so good that "to be honest as a Huguenot" passed into a proverb, and because of this nearly all the foreign trade was controlled by them. The government of Louis XIV developed into complete despotism. His dazzling ceremonies, vast military enterprises, and extravagance were without limitations. When penance had to be done for his flagrant conduct, his intolerant spirit pressed hard upon his Huguenot subjects, from whom he took their privileges and occupations. They were excluded from schools and colleges. Their women were not allowed to be milliners, laundresses or midwives. Industrious and thrifty Huguenots began going by thousands into the Protestant countries of northern Europe, Great Britain, and America. The flight of the French Protestants exercised a highly important influence upon European politics, and their treatment in their homeland excited the general commiseration of Europe until nations vied with each other in extending sympathy and help. England was foremost in hospitality, and proclaimed that it would shelter the newcomers, give them passports, extend them the privileges of schools, colleges, and citizenship. Denmark and Germany gave them prompt protection. The cantons of Switzerland invited them. Those who went to Holland were freed from taxes for three years.

The profligacy of the king grew apace. He forsook his queen, Maria Theresa, for Madame de la Vallière, and Madame de la Vallière for Madame de Montespan. He left Madame de Montespan for Madame de Maintenon, ever and anon taking counsel with his confessor, Père Lachaise. His marriage with Madame de Maintenon was the result of a compact made with her by the priests, who would grant their union if she would use her influence to recall the Edict of Nantes. The conjurer-wife was successful in doing this, and Louis XIV annulled the edict, which

was fatal to Protestantism in France and fatal to his country, for never since the revocation has France risen to an equal place in power and influence with other countries of Europe. All Protestant worship was abolished; churches were torn down, some of them being beautiful edifices seating fourteen hundred people. Men who refused allegiance to the Catholic Church were thrown into dungeons and the women were put into prisons. Into mountain fastnesses and wildernesses the pursued Huguenots made their escape, the Psalms being their Marseillaise to which they marched. When their sacred edifices were destroyed they continued services in caverns by the sea, where their singing and psalm-reading would be lost in the sound of winds and waves. Their business, schools, churches, and colleges being taken from them, the time came when there was no alternative but to flee the homeland, and they began going, going by thousands into the countries that bade them welcome. From Normandy went one hundred and eighty thousand. Ten thousand would leave cities at a time, some cities being left desolate. It was computed that one hundred thousand manufacturers and workmen departed into England. Towns noted for the making of fine linen were extinguished. The lace-workers of Valenciennes departed. Places famous for their hat trade closed up. Amiens, renowned for its cloth, stopped its leading business. Lyons and Tours, which had achieved wealth by their manufacture of silks, satins, brocades, and velvets, purchased throughout the world, were abandoned cities. After the revocation the whole of the silk industry was carried into England. The towns in other countries receiving the Huguenots became prosperous centers for arts and manufactures. There was scarcely a branch of trade in Great Britain but profited by these new industries, and England was repaid tenfold, in her commerce, by the skill and intelligence of the people she befriended. Having held social positions of rank, it was not surprising that the newcomers in England entered its cultured circles and formed marriages among the élite. Many of the ships that visited the fishing banks or cruised along the shores of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence in the interests of merchandise were owned by Huguenot merchants and manned by Huguenot sailors.

France lost one hundred thousand inhabitants, sixty millions of money, nine thousand sailors, and twelve thousand and six hundred soldiers. Drained of its finest blood, and its flourishing industries ruined, Louis XIV called a halt upon the exodus. Frontiers were strongly guarded by troops, shores were closely watched by coast guards, and ships of war cruised at sea to search outward-bound vessels. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, and the penalty of death or the galleys for life for those caught escaping, emigration could not be stopped, and the Huguenots, assuming all sorts of disguises, went in all directions seaward with the hope of sailing away to more compassionate shores. Their stories of escape were thrilling tales of adventure. The men went as valets, beggars, and farmers; the women as tillers of the soil and as peasants. They concealed themselves in barns and farmyards by day and traveled by night, muffling the wheels of their wagons. Parents packed children into the paniers of donkeys and covered them with fresh vegetables, and so went from market to market. Occasionally humanity transcended royal decrees and Romanists cautiously helped on the fugitives. Women of gentle birth, sixty and seventy years of age, traveled leagues on foot hoping for protection somewhere. Girls of fifteen drew wheelbarrows across provinces with salable trinkets. Those who were caught escaping suffered tortures and slavery worse than death. Soldiers went from village to village perpetrating deeds that drove women insane. Every torture which could be committed without killing outright was inflicted. For colossal brutality and iniquity the quartering of the dragoons in the homes of those who had been overtaken in pursuit surpassed all that had gone before. Orders had been given that the dragoons in squads should make their homes with them; be supported by the heads of families and have every license with their women and children. With drawn swords a dissolute soldiery compelled submission, and any repulsion meant the piercing of tongue with hot irons or the sewing of the eyes, and the scenes of outrage which occurred during the dragonades have scarcely their parallel in civil or ecclesiastical history. "They of themselves are enough, says one author, "to ever attach to the name of Louis XIV the

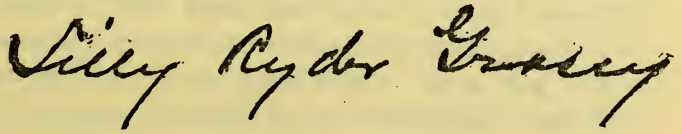
name of Louis the Infamous, who in history has mistakenly been called Great." Many men of the Huguenots were heroes of colossal type, and many women among them were heroines and princesses who were saints without idolatrous homage. There were writers and historians who took time amid all the changes to write books. Paré, the father of modern surgery; Papius, the herald of the steam engine; Palissy, the potter; Marot, the poet; Cuvier, the scientist; Guizot, the historian, whose mother educated him while they lived on the banks of Lake Geneva, and who was a living type of the Huguenots, all belonged to the Huguenot families that survived perils and persecutions.

In American history there is no chapter more fascinating than the Huguenots' flight to our shores. Many came from Acadia, the land of Evangeline, whose own family was of the company of French settlers sent away to Nova Scotia by Cardinal Richelieu. A tale of achievement that has been given place in the records of Huguenot endurance, and is yet recounted to summer tourists in Nova Scotia, is that of Madame de la Tour, wife of the Huguenot lieutenant-general of Nova Scotia under Louis XIII. In the absence of her husband, who had been called to the court of France, she was left in charge of the fort. When a rival for her husband's position, who had misrepresented him to the king of France, entered the harbor with his vessel and laid siege, Madame de la Tour inspired her few soldiers to action against him and was completely victorious, shattering his ship and killing his men. When edicts became as pronounced in French colonies as at home, Huguenot settlers began coming from Canada across into Maine and New York; from Martinique into Florida, South Carolina, and Massachusetts. Unhappily, those reaching Florida fell into the hands of Spaniards, who inflicted upon them the tortures of the Inquisition at the command of Philip III of Spain.

After the revocation one hundred and fifty families of the Huguenots went to Massachusetts. Have their names been perpetuated? Faneuil Hall in Boston was the gift in 1740 of a Huguenot and bears his name. Paul Revere was the son of a Huguenot refugee. Priscilla Molines of the Mayflower, who

turned the head of Miles Standish and won the heart of John Alden, was a Huguenot. It was the son of a Huguenot who drew up the surrender Cornwallis should make to Washington at Yorktown, and a Huguenot, John Jay, was the president of the first Continental Congress. Fourteen years after Hendrick Hudson discovered the Hudson River Huguenots began settling along its west shore, founding Kingston and other towns in the beautiful Walkill Valley, bounded by spurs of the Catskills. Peter Stuyvesant, who ruled old New York, married the daughter of a Huguenot minister. The Bartholdi statue, the gift from the French to the American republic, stands on Bedloe's Island, once owned by a Huguenot and still bearing his name. In old Trinity Church yard, New York, are names of many prominent Huguenots. Desbrosses and Cortlandt Street ferries are crossed without giving them a thought, but the Desbrosses family married Huguenot women and their sons were vestrymen in Trinity, and the De Lancy family, who sold their jewels in France to seek religious tolerance somewhere, married into the Van Cortlandt family. Among those who assembled on the ruins of their churches for worship and sold their property and came to America were the families of Duponts and Durands. Evidences of their prosperity are seen in the great Dupont powder mills in Wilmington and in the establishment of Wellesley College by the Durands. Vassar College bears the name of Huguenots who gave the money for it, and Bowdoin College was founded in 1794 by the Bowdoin family which came from La Rochelle.

In many American homes the traditions of Huguenot ancestry are precious. There is in New York the "Huguenot Society of America." Similar societies are in Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, New Jersey, and England. The Society's badge, bearing the device of Marguerite de Valois, a marigold turning toward the sun, has a ribbon with the motto, *"Non Inferiora Secutus."*



Art. VI.—ITALIAN NATIONALISM

March 23, 1849, the Austrians routed the Piedmontese at Novara and that night Charles Albert abdicated in favor of his eldest son. The new king, Victor Emanuel II, was urged strongly to throw over the young constitution of Piedmont and cut loose from all liberal counsels and measures. Why not? Liberalism had had its fling and had failed. In all directions, excepting possibly France and England, the reactionaries were returning to power. Even France sent an army to crush Mazzini's little Roman republic and bring back Pius IX from Gaeta. The night of Novara the young king said to Vermicati, "I shall preserve intact the institutions my father has given." March 29 he entered the Senate Chamber, Turin, and took oath to maintain the constitution. This was the real beginning of Italy. There had been yearnings, speeches that voiced the hope, isolated struggles, but here was an actual start. For the scattered tribes of Italy a rallying point and a leader were in sight. Cavour formed a new party to carry out his policy of the Golden Mean. Austria issued a decree that the real and personal property of political exiles from Lombardy-Venetia was sequestrated. For the injustice of this act Cavour succeeded in turning the sentiment of Europe against the author of it, thereby making more conspicuous the leadership of Piedmont in the cause of Italian freedom. Cavour's policy and diplomacy prevailed. Austria was outgeneraled. After the Crimea, the Congress of Paris, Magenta, Solferino, Garibaldi's victorious Thousand in Sicily, and the French collapse at Sedan, the troops of Victor Emanuel took Rome, September 20, 1870, and the order was executed of the Sub-Alpine Parliament, voted nine years before, that "Victor Emanuel II is king of United Italy and Rome shall be the capital." It was a wonderful moment. Piedmontese and Sicilians, Lombards and Tuscans, Modenese and Romans wept and laughed together. Victor Emanuel said to Parliament: "With Rome the capital of Italy I have fulfilled my promise and crowned the undertaking which twenty-three years ago was initiated by my great father. As a king and as a son, I feel in my heart a solemn joy in saluting here assembled

the representatives of our beloved country and in pronouncing these words: 'Italy is free and one.'" Of course, Piedmont and Victor Emanuel and Cavour were not the sole agencies that brought about the union. Mazzini and his program of education and revolution must not be overlooked. Every scaffold that carried into eternity a soul of his Young Italy lifted up before the world the cause of Italian freedom. Gioberti wrote his Primacy of the Italians, Balbo published The Hopes of Italy, Massimo d'Azeglio issued a pamphlet on The Happenings in the Romagna.

We pass over almost thirty years and come to the month of May, 1898. W. J. Stillman is closing his book, The Union of Italy, with these words: "If the virtues of the past survive their former possessors, the end may yet be well; but there rings in my ears the ominous judgment, pronounced by more than one of those who had a part in the making of Italy—too quickly and too easily was Italy made." Between 1870 and 1898 what had happened?

At the beginning of its career the government of the new Italy faced three serious problems: namely, the relation of the king and the Pope, the fusing of the diverse peoples that constituted the new nation, and the interference of France in Italy through the Vatican. The last problem was rubbed off the slate as late as 1906, when the partnership of church and state in France was dissolved. The relation of church and state in Italy still awaits satisfactory adjustment. If Cavour had lived his genius might have produced a solution. But possibly the most difficult of all was the task of fusing the people of the Peninsula, so long divided politically, so dissimilar in habits and occupations, and of such varied racial origin. Failure to achieve this task resulted in the Italy of whose future Stillman wrote so despondently in 1898. Bound together by a common hatred of Austria and her allies, and by a common passion for freedom, Italians won their independence and union. But in their attempt to preserve their liberties and administer their blood-bought possessions through a central government and a general administrative system, they permitted their divergencies to destroy their harmony and all but wreck their enterprise.

Cavour died June 6, 1861. Fortunate indeed for United Italy that this calamity did not befall her two or three years earlier. Cavour, however, lived long enough to lead his hosts successfully through the war with Austria, utilize the heroic Garibaldi for the conquest of Sicily and the overthrow of the atrocious Bourbon government. Moreover, he had given the movement such solidity and momentum that, even without him, not once did it deviate from its course and not appreciably did it slacken its pace until Rome had been captured and had become in fact the capital of the new nation. Here the goal of the Resorgimento was reached, the goal that for well-nigh a century had absorbed the strength and the aspirations of the majority of the people of the Peninsula. The morning following September 20, 1870, this vast multitude awoke with a bewildering consciousness that they had nothing to do. For years they had thought, dreamed, sacrificed, fought for a free and united Italy, and now they had it. To adapt themselves to a peace basis and a constructive program of social and industrial life was not easy. Cavour was gone. The Resorgimento had produced soldiers without number, but only one statesman. Victor Emanuel was laid to rest in the Pantheon; Humbert reigned. The latter, an undoubted patriot, lacked judgment. Unfortunately, many had thought, with freedom gained, they would be in a perpetual paradise. The church had been beaten, but not conquered. At first with caution, and then with ever-increasing boldness, the Vatican strove to discredit the government and foment dissatisfaction and disorder among the people. The Union held, but that was all. There were no parties, only factions controlled by selfish policies. In the House of Deputies the largest and most compact single group was from the south, held together by the practical knowledge that in union there is strength —for plunder. It was an appalling falling away from the idealism and patriotism of the fathers. There came the staggering disaster to the Italian army at Adowah and the overthrow of Crispi, the one Premier of commanding ability since the days of Cavour. Optimism took a big slump. Humiliated, bitterly disappointed, crushed in spirit, Italians walked the streets with bowed heads, ashamed even to look into the faces of their statues.

Mazzini said: "North Africa will return to Italy. It has been ours once and it must be ours again." Writing in 1842 on The Hopes of Italy, Cesare Balbo prophesied that "Italy, as soon as she is independent, as soon as satisfaction shall have been given to the needs which must occupy her thoughts entirely to the exclusion meanwhile of all others, will have in turn to think of expansion, of expansion eastward and southward." Bismarck wrote to Mazzini and expressed to other Italians the same idea: "The empire of the Mediterranean unquestionably belongs to Italy, who possesses on that sea coasts twice as extensive as France. The empire of the Mediterranean must be the constant preoccupation of Italy." In 1878, Italy, about to seize Tunis, was deterred by the representations of France. In 1881 France seized Tunis for herself. The Cairoli cabinet was forced to resign, but France was not forced out of Tunis. Crispi attempted to undo the wrong, but Lord Salisbury's final counsel to him was, "The moment is not opportune. Wait!" It is worth remembering that from London in 1882 Crispi wrote home: "England needs a military ally in Egypt, and she would be glad if that ally were Italy. If Italy refuses, England will make some concessions to France, and then will happen what I wrote to you yesterday—France, consolidated in Tunis, will ask permission to take Tripoli. The Mediterranean will be closed to us." When Crispi was visiting Germany Bismarck said to him that if Austria should take Bosnia Italy should take Albania, or some other Turkish territory on the Adriatic. That is, Italy ought to guard against being entirely inclosed on her Adriatic side by a first-class foreign power, particularly if that power be her immemorial foe Austria. Guicciardini, Foreign Minister in 1901, spoke out to the effect that, "while Tripoli is a great Italian interest, Albania is an absolutely vital interest of ours. We can never allow Albania to fall into the hands of a first-class power, and we can still less allow it to fall into the hands of a second-class power which belongs to the political system of a first-class power." Disregarding the Treaty of Paris, Austria, in 1908, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina and moved a step nearer her ultimate goal, Salonika. The Powers were shaken, some of them were angry, Russia and

Italy were furious, but the stolen territory remained in the possession of the Austrian empire.

September of 1911 Italy declared war against Turkey. Following the outbreak of hostilities, the Italian Prime Minister, Signor Giolitti, said at a public function in Turin: "Foreign policy cannot, like home policy, depend entirely upon the will of the government and Parliament, but of absolute necessity must take into account events and situations which it is not in our power to modify or even, sometimes, to accelerate or retard. There are facts which take the shape of fatality from which a nation cannot escape without irreparably compromising its future. In such moments it is the duty of the government to assume every responsibility, since the least hesitation or delay may mean the beginning of political decadence, fraught with consequences that the nation may be left to deplore for long years, even for centuries." It is generally understood that in this deliverance such phrases as "events and situations which it is not in our power to modify," "facts which take the shape of fatality," have reference to the extraordinary maneuvers of Germany in the Mediterranean. The gun-boat Panther had gone to Agadir, but the motive for this action was too apparent, and under pressure from England and France Germany withdrew her ship. Tobruk is just along the coast from Agadir. Very likely Giolitti had in mind the failure of the Cairoli ministry to save Tunis to Italy in 1881. Italians had first perceived the possibilities in Tunisia, they had put their money there, their brains and their labor, they had made Tunis, they constituted Tunis, and then France elbowed them out of it. But here is the question: How did Italy happen to act with such decison and force when Tripoli seemed to be in imminent peril of slipping forever from her hands? We say that she acted because of a political necessity; that Tripoli is only a few miles over the sea from Sicily and Garibaldi had declared that its occupation would be equal to a regular army of a hundred thousand massed on the shores of Sicily; that it is one of the last links in the iron chain which is being forged about Italy, that its possession would furnish an Italian outlet for the surplus population which every year must emigrate from the

Peninsula to save the nation from suffocating. This, however, does not answer the question. Tunis is only a hundred miles from Italy, nearer than Tripoli; yet Italy did not go to war with France when the latter seized it. The gobbling up of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria increased the already serious menace to Italy on the east, but Italy did not declare war against Austria for this high-handed action which tore up the Treaty of Berlin. Something has happened in Italy, something that affects the character of the entire nation, and this something that has happened explains the decision and force of Italy to-day in marked contrast to her submissive policy and cringing diplomacy of yesterday.

The overwhelming defeat of the Italian army in Abyssinia was considered by Italians the greatest catastrophe that had befallen United Italy in its history of a third of a century. Outside of the Peninsula the unfavorable impressions which it created as to the stamina and skill of the modern Italian have only recently been removed by the splendid behavior of their soldiery in the Turco-Italian war. But we now know that the disaster of Adowah was a blessing in disguise. When the news first reached Rome, the anguish produced was "terrible in its tragic poignancy." There was a general feeling of despair. Many felt that the death knell of the new nation had sounded, at any rate their New Italy had demonstrated fully her incapacity to colonize. Henceforth her future, if she had a future, lay solely within the confines of the Peninsula. She went to work at home. She understood that it was a life and death struggle. Pride and courage were with her only in small measure; she was simply desperate. The peril of the situation drove Italians together again; men of discord became unpopular; the spirit of union revived. The people sang of the heroes of the Resorgimento and vowed they would yet prove themselves worthy of them. And they did! In fields and factories and schools and government their efforts were crowned with success. Success begat confidence. They redoubled their efforts, the spirit of the Resorgimento returned, until, following the outbreak of the present war, Cavaliere Palliccia could write:

> No one expected the prompt and energetic beginning of military action; no one would have imagined that Italy could prepare and land

unexpectedly in one week an expeditionary force in Marsa Tobruk. No one, perhaps, knew that Italy was no longer obliged to let her financial and economic needs rule her foreign policy. No one, perhaps, knew that Italy had 824,000,000 francs ready, sufficient to finance the war for over a year; that the Italian budget, which in 1896 had a deficit of 413,000,000 francs, shows this year a surplus of more than 40,000,000 francs, in spite of the heavy extraordinary expenses caused by the Sicilian earthquake and the Vesuvian eruption; that the deposits in the postal savings bank, which amounted in 1894 to nearly 425,000,000 francs, have risen to 2,000,000,000 francs; that the economic life of the nation is no more at the mercy of foreign capitalists.

The Marquis di San Giuliano insists that Italy gave to the world the principle of Nationality. He bases this claim on the fact that at the University of Turin Professor Mancini stated for the first time that the principle of nationality is the rational basis of International Law; namely, the right of a people, bound together by ties of blood, language, and territory, to dispose of their own destiny. Said he: "It is impossible to pass over the immense influence which this doctrine, originated in Italy and inspired by her own conditions and needs, has exercised on the history of Europe during the second half of the nineteenth century, and is now exercising in different forms beyond the boundaries of Europe." When France appropriated Tunis, Italy felt the bitter injustice of it, but, as I have said, she submitted. To be sure, the nation demanded the resignation of the Cairoli ministry, a few Italians had the temerity to hiss a passing regiment of French soldiers in Marseilles, and Crispi besought England to do something, but Italy did not fight. The nation was angry and humiliated, but submissive. When Austria seized Bosnia and Herzegovina there was an outcry, spontaneous and fierce, demanding "War!" For forty-eight hours war seemed inevitable. The clamor for war at this time arose mainly from a new group. They were young men, "mere upstarts," so the journals reported, but their ideals happened to be in harmony with the aspirations of the crowd in the streets. Their numbers increased rapidly, men of influence and poise joined, societies were formed, papers were edited, conventions were held, and the government soon felt the drive and force of the new movement. I say new movement; it would be more exact to say newly organized movement, for the

movement itself began with the defeat of Adowah. These young "upstarts" started out to rediscover the heroic soul of Italy, the soul of the Resorgimento that made possible free and united Italy. Tolstoi, in his Recollections of Sebastopol, takes you for a tour of inspection. "You walk with calmness, your soul elevated and strengthened, for you bring away the consoling conviction that never, and in no place, can the strength of the Russian people be broken; and you have gained this conviction not from the solidity of the parapets, from the ingeniously combined intrenchments, from the number of mines, from the cannon heaped one on the other, and all of which you have not in the least understood, but from the eyes, the words, the bearing, from what may be called the spirit of the defenders of Sebastopol." The young Italian Nationalists, reading the Recollections of 1848, 1859, and 1866, discovered that they were the descendants of men as heroic as the pages of history chronicle. They blushed to think that a nation born of such blood had become slaves instead of masters. They were convinced that the soul of the fathers was not dead, but temporarily lost. They would find it! Once found, they were firm in the conviction that "never, and in no place," could the strength of the Italian people be broken. Boldly they preached war. Maurizia Maraviglia said: "We wish that the idea of war should enter into the spirit of the people. To educate the country to the sentiment of war does not mean that we should provoke it at all costs; it merely means that we must create a state of mind and fact such as will enable the government to conduct its foreign policy without misgivings." Professor Sighele declared that Italy must be imperialist in order to prevent the closing up of all those openings whence the nation receives its oxygen. He insisted that the Italians "do not possess a collective national conscience, and the formation of this conscience must be the first aim of Nationalism." Corradini wrote The Distant War, in which he flayed the Italian government for servilely accepting the defeat of Adowah. He urges his countrymen to be the masters of their own destiny. He attacks Socialism as anti-patriotic. He goes to Tripoli, stumbles into some Roman ruins, sees for himself the oppression of his brethren, and dispatches to Rome his opinion of

the government that stands such a state of affairs rather than fight. "When our generation shall be in power," he writes, "shall we know how to make good the errors of the past? For the present we are obliged to go about the world with blushes on our faces, ashamed for that which has been committed and afraid for that which may be done. We have become a laughing-stock. People have dared to cover with infamy the beautiful body of Italy because we have been left in the hands of antique ministers without souls; in the hands of a lot of dirty bureaucrats, covered with dust and ink, whose sole anxiety is to lay their hands upon booty."

It is indicative of the strength of the Nationalist movement that it has swallowed up Socialism. It seems but yesterday that Socialism was threatening the destruction of Conservatists, Clericals, Monarchists, Radicals, Republicans, and even the Throne itself. To-day there are men who still call themselves Socialists, but there is no formidable Socialist party. The Nationalists have taken it into camp. The Socialist Labriola, like the most rampant of Nationalists, chastises the German Socialists for their criticism of Italy's action in declaring war against Turkey. Enrico Ferri, in the presence of the king, says frankly that the Italian monarchy was a child of the Revolution, and that, "with the stigma of divine right removed, the principle of a really democratic monarchy is not incompatible with Socialism." Bissolati, brainiest of Italian Socialists, goes to see the king, supports the government with all his strength, and at the present moment is urging upon the Giolitti ministry the importance of securing a permanent foothold across the Adriatic in Albania. The nation is bigger than any single class in the nation. Hence the capitulation of Socialism to Nationalism in Italy.

Success in war has shown that the virility of the new nation can stand the test of battlefields. Adowah closed the nineteenth century in gloom; Ain-Zara and Homs and Bengasi open the twentieth century with glory. Italy is again throbbing with one great spirit from the Alps to the sea, the "national conscience" is born.

B. M. Tipple

Art. VII.—A NEW INTERPRETATION OF THE BOOK OF JOB

That the Masoretic text of Job is a literary composite no one doubts. Although the minute classification of Siegfried may perhaps require omniscience for its justification, yet the ancient dislocation of many passages in both the Hebrew and the Greek texts remains certain. In this discussion we do not seek to go behind the Masoretic text, but take it for granted that the latest revisers of this poem did not carelessly pin together "stray fly-leaves" from disconnected traditions of antiquity, but supposed themselves in their final recension to be offering to the Jewish public a religious book containing an argument which, on the whole, they accepted as being religiously profitable and fairly consistent. Of course it is not to be denied that what might seem consistent to the Semitic mind would perhaps appear to the European very illogical, yet it hardly seems, on the other hand, wholly consistent for us to suppose that the best representatives of the race from which we took our religion lacked intellect to such an extent that they were not able to recognize plain contradictions such as nearly all modern writers have supposed to exist in this book. Neither is such a conclusion altogether modest. That the ancients were not fools is one of the most certain conclusions of the archæological discoveries of the last half century. The early translators of the Book of the Dead found little but nonsense, but all Egyptologists are now quite sure that, if a translation or interpretation yields only nonsense, this proves that the real meaning has not been grasped. Nöldeke has told us that when one first begins to examine the Koran everything seems confused and chaotic, and only after prolonged study are symmetry and depth of thought disclosed. This is at least equally true of the Talmud. May it not be possible that, after all, some unity of thought may be discerned in this "most magnificent and sublime book of Sacred Scripture" (Luther); this "most wonderful poem ever produced by any Semitic people" (Nathaniel Schmidt); this "greatest poem, whether of ancient or modern literature" (Tennyson)? The writer be-

lieves that the light thrown by recent research upon the era in which, according to all modern scholarship, this book appeared (B. C. 550-250) may enable us now, as never before, to appreciate the questions which at that time were agitating thinking minds the world over, and by marking the parallelisms of phrase and metaphor between Job and his secular contemporaries to catch a new interpretation of the book because of this new standpoint. It seems, indeed, incredible that a new conception of the theme and argument of the Book of Job can be true, but is it more credible that a false theme and argument, wholly outside the writer's or compiler's original purpose, could be artificially manufactured and made to fit as exactly as the one now proposed?

In estimating the value of any theory which seeks to explain the fundamental meaning of a biblical book it may be well to briefly recall certain established principles universally used when studying any other Oriental work, but, unfortunately, often ignored or forgotten by biblical expositors:

First. The form of no Oriental argument can with fairness be criticized because it does not wear the straitjacket of Aristotle. In logic, as in rhetoric, Orientals have always refused to become Greeks. The dialectic of the East is more subtle and illusive, less outspoken and clear than that of the West, but perhaps no less effective. Its pedagogic success is vouched for by the number of modern commentaries which seem necessary to elucidate the Prophets, and especially the Wisdom Books of Daniel and the Apocalypse. This Wisdom literature still puzzles the reader. It was intended to puzzle. Because their humor was not French, Renan thought the Semitic people lacked humor. Too many have recently taken it for granted that they lacked the sense of logical connection because their logic was not European. The *Sebaräim* and the *Amaröim* who explained the allegories and dark sayings of the rabbis showed as much power of subtle analysis as even some modern university professors. Among all ancient people much of the religious writing was enigmatic by design. In all the Books of Wisdom among the Egyptians there is intentional obscurity and mystery, as is declared in at least six passages of the Book of the Dead (see also the Koran, iii, 15). This is also one reason

why the Papyrus Prisse is so difficult to translate. Fantastic phrases and strange metaphors and words of double meaning were chosen to hide as well as to reveal complex ideas and eternal truths. No true Oriental even to-day has respect for the teacher whose meaning he can catch without labor. The Jewish rabbis estimated the value of a biblical book or Talmudic remark by the number of thought "sieves" through which it must be strained in order to reach its deepest meaning (Pirqe Aboth, v, 21). All primitive writings suggest much that is never put into words. This is partly explained by the fact that all early teaching was largely vocal, and connections of thought could be made by traditional accent or emphasis, but it is chiefly due to the Oriental type of mind. A word-for-word translation of any Oriental work is necessarily a mistranslation. Elision or ellipsis of (to us) necessary statements was anciently universal. Wisdom must be confined to the wise. It was considered a compliment to the audience to leave the theme or some important premise so obscured that it could be discovered only by meditation. In Al-Bayan's famous commentary on the Holy Koran, just translated, intentional omissions are catalogued among the most important "figures of speech" necessary to good Moslem rhetoric. He says, significantly, "Only infidels need syllogisms"! So Jesus spake in parables that stupid or uninterested hearers should not understand. Constant repetition of words and phrases is also necessary to good Oriental writing. When Job makes each debater repeat the very words of his opponent, only changing a metaphor significantly or illuminating the old argument by some splendid sentence or new view point, he is following the ordinary Oriental habit. It needed only an added word or phrase or some hidden allusion to lift the old statement into an entirely new meaning.

Second. Works of literature, in theme, style, and content, reflect the thought and habit of the age from which they come, and the meaning of any obscure passage, or seemingly disconnected section, must be interpreted in harmony with the general meaning of the document as a whole and the racial psychology of its author or authors. In a collection of medical or legal documents it would be wrong to think of one passage as being astrological or zoölogical,

even though stars or animals seemed unduly prominent. In an historic or religious document an obscure section will probably prove in the final analysis to be harmonious with the theme, although at first it seems to deal only with unrelated statements about the "great bear," or "royal bull," or "savage crocodile," or some beast with two heads and ten horns. In any undeciphered Semitic writing the *a priori* assumption must be that the theme is religious. Few Semites have ever been vitally interested in any nonreligious theme. Of all the Semites, the Hebrews perhaps cared least for science, history, literature, or philosophy *per se*. Even the Proverbs, which deal with keen social or business observations, were based on a faith that the order of things was divinely arranged. *Kochma* (natural shrewdness) could only express a true wisdom when grounded upon "the fear of the Lord" (see Pirqe Aboth, i, 18; iii, 13, 14, 26). Hebrew themes outside of the Bible have been confined exclusively to religion and its supposed accessories. The Jewish Encyclopedia grudges even a page to any subject which cannot be twisted into some religious connection. To imagine that Ecclesiastes is a little atheistic essay written by some ancient Hebrew (Voltaire, Renan, Hartmann), or that the Song of Songs is merely a group of lascivious love ditties (Paul Haupt), or that Job is a skeptical and pessimistic production involving the denial of the divine righteousness (Eugene Müller, etc.), is, even from a psychological standpoint, impossible. But, on the other hand, to think of the book of Job as a deep theological treatise, teaching mystic Christianity (early Fathers), or the Church doctrine of Predestination (Albert Barnes), or that the "forces of Nature work in utter heedlessness of moral qualities," whatever happens being wholly uninfluenced by the good or bad actions of men (compiled Jellinck, Der Jüdische Stamm), or to think the Book to be a nature study intentionally and correctly representing the mental vacillations of a human mind when confronted with unsolvable philosophic or religious problems (Genung, Gordon), all this is absolutely inconceivable as coming from any Hebrew writer living in or before the third pre-Christian century. Nathaniel Schmidt, one of the best of scholars, in a work of much value (Messages of the Prophets, 1912), has even dared

to suggest that "What is the seat of authority in religion?" was the question which troubled Job, acknowledging that the author saw the argument for immortality, but rejected it. Through his sympathy "with the universal point of view" he "refuses to shift the argument to a ground where assertion cannot be met with evidence"; "his passion to see the truth clearly, whatever it may be, forces him back upon the inexorable facts"—and thus he very nearly "anticipates the modern attitude"! This is a startling psychological anachronism. It sounds as if the author of Job might have been an Evolutionist or modern Pragmatist in disguise! It is as impossible as that King Solomon could have written a Christian Psalm, or that the Daniel visions could have been written by a prophet of the Assyrian period, or that Job could have been composed by one of the patriarchs. It ignores historic perspective almost as completely as the expositor who fifty years ago wrote a big book to prove that *behemoth,* with limbs of iron and belching fire, was a prophetic picture of our modern steam-engine. The problem of Job must have been religious, and it must have been one in which the reading public in Palestine could be interested at that era. Further than this we have the authority of the Masoretic rabbis behind our belief that, properly understood, no large section of the text was either superfluous or antagonistic to the general discussion. To imagine, without proof, that those masters in Israel were too stupid to notice contradictions and anti-religious doctrine, or that they recognized this but were so controlled by popular sentiment in favor of such passages that they did not dare to eliminate them, is to allow the historic imagination to become neurotic. To accept the usual position, that Job was written merely to deny that sin was the sole reason for suffering, necessarily excludes large sections of the book from consideration and necessitates an attitude of negation in its author utterly alien to the Hebrew type of mind. To claim that the book has a different theme for each section (Driver, etc.) is to offer no explanation for its various parts having been thrown together by the Masoretic doctors and for its "finished and well-rounded form" (Davidson, xxiii), and in fact denies to the work the unity without which it ought not to be placed, where all literary geniuses have placed

it, among the great literary classics. To claim that the book treats a religious question, but offers no solution of it (DeWette, and many), is to throw away the only explanation which can account for the book ever having been written by a Hebrew or preserved by Hebrews—who did not belong to that modern and unworthy class of thinkers who can be satisfied with "the Ways that go to Nowhere, and the Steps that lead to Nothing." To suppose that it merely teaches that God's ways are inscrutable (Künen, Hupfeld, etc.) is to suppose that the writer has taken limitless pains to prove what few Jews, if any, ever denied. To claim that a very real and deep solution is offered to the problem of suffering, this being found not in any reasoned explanation, but in a religious experience (Duhm, Barton, etc.)—having met God, the sufferer trusts where he cannot see—this view is religiously attractive, but would be more satisfactory if the speech of Jehovah suggested such a solution either in manner or content. According to the usual interpretation this speech was not greatly calculated to stimulate faith either in God's mercy or in his justice. In fact, this explanation becomes plausible only as it assumes a future life where inequalities will be righted. Ewald, long ago, distinctly saw that the argument of Job has no validity whatever except as it finds a "basis of certainty in the immortality of the soul," though Ewald thought Job failed to perceive this. All modern writers insist that Job's solution (whatever it may be) must be limited by the earthly horizon and must not reach into Sheol. Most modern writers agree with Ewald that Job was wrong in this limitation, but believe that he made it. With this contention we take direct issue, and hope to show that, accepting a life in Sheol as one of the general conclusions of the book, most of the obscure sentences, and certainly all the chief sections, of the book relate themselves to each other in a new appearance of harmony.

Third. The theme of any ancient writing will almost certainly reflect the ideas that were "in the air" when it was written. Documents can be dated by their style of thought as certainly as pottery by its style of decoration. Each epoch which gives to the world some controlling creed, whether scientific or religious, sets its chronological mark upon literature. The thing which modern

research has made sure is this: that from the end of the Persian into the Ptolemaic era the one dominating subject of thought in the civilized world was the very theme which we believe to have been that of Job. It has also in the last dozen years been established beyond question that Palestine at this time was in the very whirl of the nations, being tremendously influenced by the art, customs, philosophy, and religion of its near neighbors. No one denies that as early as the Persian period the Jews had a well-developed angelology and demonology resembling that of Persia. Did they ignore the eschatology which was the central teaching of Zoroastrianism? In Zoroastrianism the future world had loomed large from the first, but in this era the old ethical dualism was replaced by a theological dualism (More: Harvard Review, 1912). The doctrines of the General Judgment, where the soul was weighed in ethical balances, and of a Resurrection through God's truth and justice became so prominent in the Mithraic texts, which are full of the symbols of life springing from death, that it is often difficult to decide whether a document is Persian or Christian. It was at the Job era that these doctrines made a "psychic appeal" so powerful that they "totally overwhelmed all that was Semitic outside of Israel" (Mills: Asiatic Quarterly Review, xxiii, 98-105). Even during the Exile Hebrew literature took on marked Babylonian characteristics (see Müller: Die Propheten, pp. 50-58, and the writer's Ezekiel *passim*). Is it conceivable that this later and more powerful influence did not affect the Hebrew works of this period? In Greece also it was at this very time, when this country was having most influence over Palestine, that the old intellectual teaching concerning Hades was "being fused with the warmer resurrection cults of the Orient" (Cumont)—largely, I think, because of the explanation of life's mysteries offered by this conquering faith in the other world. Certainly the "strongest religious influence in the Hellenic world" at the era of Job was the Eleusinian mysteries and Orphic brotherhoods which most emphasized the above doctrines (Farnell: Higher Aspects of Greek Religion, pp. 119, 179).

But neither Persia nor Greece was Palestine's chief teacher of religion. Judaism at this era was more closely connected with

Egypt than with any other country. All Greek learning came to Palestine Egyptianized. It was Alexandria, not Athens or Susa, which from the end of the fourth century determined the culture and literature of Palestine. Indeed, at every era from Jeremiah to Jesus the Nile Valley was a Jewish refuge from oppression. The Elephantine papyri show how thoroughly domesticated the Jews were there B. C. 400 and earlier. With Alexander they began to rank among Egypt's most influential population. They soon were able to control the banking interests and gain a monopoly of the Nile traffic. They always had intimate communication with the home land, as the above-mentioned papyri show. The excavations in Palestine during the last dozen years have proved "traces of the domination of Egypt in the fields of politics, art, trade, and religion" at every period of the nation's life "wherever a pit was dug" (Macalister: Gezer, 1912, ii, 307). One may perhaps be permitted to doubt the interpretation of a distinguished Egyptologist who has just declared that even in the Pyramid texts there can be found such a "keen moral discernment" that even then immortality was thought of as "a thing achieved in a man's own soul" (Breasted: Development of Religion and Theology, 1910, pp. 161-179); but one cannot doubt that long before the era of Job the belief in personal immortality and the conviction that moral purity was a determining element in the soul's future destiny were among Egypt's most precious teachings. Nor can one doubt that it was at this era (B. C. 600-200) that Osiris, the "god of the resurrection," who rose from the dead and could bring his followers from death to life, reigned as the supreme religious power in Egypt, and that about the middle of this period there came a marked renaissance of faith as the cults of Asia and Egypt fused in the splendid Serapis worship, in which, as in all the other most influential cults throughout the earth at this period, life after death was the controlling *motif*. By the third century B. C. the symbols of this faith had reached as far as Attica and Bargylia, and they are very prominent in the Palestinian remains. The Jews were predisposed in favor of accepting this doctrine of immortality as a part of their religious creed, for, as Cheyne and others long ago pointed out, germs of this teaching may be found

from the Exilic period, and even earlier (Ezek. 32; 37; 44; Hos. 6; 13; Isa. 22 to 25; 1; 14; 19; Psa. 16; 17; 49; 73; etc.). To the Jew Sheol never meant annihilation or a life of despair. Doubtless his eschatology was rooted in primitive Semitic conceptions (Jeremias) and he thought of Sheol as a dark and cheerless place lying at the roots of the world, yet his doctrine of Jehovah delivered him from the horrors which all other peoples connected with the soul's passage through this land of shades. Jehovah would not leave the good Hebrew's soul in *Sheol,* or would so protect him there that in the shadow death-land he "need fear no evil" and needed no magical charms or texts upon his dead body (Psa. 23; 90; 94; 152). Did Job have a lower faith than this? No one can doubt that at this era all surrounding peoples had accepted the alluring doctrine of a future world as an explanation of life's mysteries. No one can doubt that very shortly afterward the Jews themselves counted this one of their most cherished faiths. Was it not Renan who said that even Augustine's City of God hardly added anything to Daniel's conception of Jehovah's control over *Sheol,* and of a world governed and controlled by a heavenly Providence where even heathen nations were watched over by angelic guardians? What caused the change in Bible teaching between Malachi and Daniel? How shall we explain the fact that the Jewish Church split on this very question (as the Pirqe Aboth distinctly declares), one leading party, shortly after the book of Job appeared, making this very doctrine a chief test of orthodoxy? Did this book of Job have anything to do with the change of emphasis? At any rate, if Job really stated and examined this hope of a future life (as Davidson, Schmidt, etc., acknowledge he did do) and then rejected it (as they think he did), it is hard to see why the Jewish doctors of the second or third century B. C., and the Jamnia doctors later, who were so attached to this doctrine, could admit his book into the sacred canon. It is also plain that if he examined and rejected this faith he was more lacking in spiritual discernment than even the ancient Egyptian *nabi* or Assyrian *sespu* and surprisingly inferior to the ordinary theologians of his day in his own and other lands. I think it was George Adam Smith who declared that Amos taught that

future blessedness was reached through death, Hosea through suffering, Isaiah through a new creation. At any rate, Daniel teaches that this is reached through a resurrection. While Baruch and Ben Sira do not far transcend the old hazy view of Sheol, the Book of Wisdom teaches a happy immortality, and the Pirqe Aboth and 2 Maccabees emphasize the resurrection of both good and bad—as the Septuagint also does constantly in the most unexpected places. The fact is that at any date now mentioned as the era when this book appeared it was this very question of a future life which was most prominent. It ought to be noted, too, in proof of Job's subtlety of suggestion and depth of spiritual insight that he designedly makes the argument for immortality apply to the non-Jew as well as to the Jew. This may also be a hint that the book is a little younger than commonly supposed, for Köhler has wisely said, "During the war of Barchochba, and no less during the Roman oppression, the question whether the righteous among the heathen should share the resurrection was a burning question. . . . It was a question of political regeneration for Judæa. The national hope for a Messiah hinged on it" (see Testament of Job, 171). It is not probable that the Pharisees received their doctrine from Babylon. None of the prophets immediately following the Exile teaches it in this form. Is it not suggestive that at the time when his countrymen were accepting Job as inspired they were also passionately accepting this entrancing faith, which all their neighbors were also discussing?

Fourth. In interpreting any obscure Oriental document, the opinions of the writer's own countrymen, while not determinative, ought to be received with a respect proportionate to the antiquity and current authority of such opinions. While such comments are often unreliable, especially in the interpretation of an obscure saying, they are very valuable in giving the traditional view of the general meaning of the document. This rule of interpretation has often assisted scholars in understanding the Koran and the Talmud, though it must be used in corroborative rather than in direct evidence. From the earliest period many of the statements of Job were intimately connected in Jewish interpretation with the faith in a future world. Although the later Jewish rabbis were so

obsessed with the idea of the resurrection that they read it into many passages which have no slightest reference to it, yet the incidental references suggest that the ancient rabbis believed that Job taught a doctrine of future rewards and punishments. This is strikingly displayed in the twelfth century Commentary on Job, by *Berachya ben Natronai,* recently translated by W. Aldis Wright and S. A. Hirsch, and in the Testament of the Patriarchs and Job (first century A. D.). (See also Kaufmann: Die Anwendung des Buches Hiob in der Rabbinishen Agadah.) In addition to this class of testimony there has fortunately been preserved to us one comment from the highest conceivable authority, which seems plainly to give the theme of Job as the Jews themselves understood it two thousand years ago. At the close of the ancient Greek translation of the Old Testament two additional paragraphs occur, both probably pre-Christian (see Swete, Introduction: 257, 502; Sir H. Howarth, S.B.A., 1911, 54), the first of which reads:

γέγραπται δε αὐτόν πάλιν ἀνωστησιοθαι μεθ' ὧν ὁ κύριος ἀνιστησιν

"It is written [above] that he [Job] will rise again with those whom the Lord raises up." (For other "resurrection" passages in Septuagint see Job 7. 15; 8. 16, 19; 14. 14, etc.)

Fifth, and finally. In every Oriental document the symbols and illustrations used must be interpreted to harmonize with its theme and with the current usage of its age. Not to mention many minor particulars, we come at once to the two creatures, the presence of which at the climax of the poem (chapters 40, 41) have so disconcerted expositors. Modern archæology has proved that in the time of Job the crocodile and hippopotamus were in contemporary religious literature constantly associated with the thought of a future world. These animals are mentioned hundreds of times in the religious texts of Egypt, and in no single instance, I think, are they mentioned because of their zoölogical importance, but always because of their demonic character. At least six chapters of the Book of the Dead are given up to magic texts which shall protect the deceased from the dreaded crocodile, as he fights his way through the underworld. In many other chapters the crocodile and the hippopotamus, his closest ally, are re-

ferred to when incantations are used against the foes of Osiris, and this is equally true in other ancient sacred books of the Egyptians. The male hippopotamus, which in the most ancient time was a "protector of humanity" (Jejuier), was in the days of Job a demon. Horus succeeded in winning a resurrection life for Osiris because of the magic knowledge of the "Book of the Killing of the Hippopotamus." In the pictures he is represented as "the devourer" at the Judgment and sometimes as Set himself. Horus is often represented striking these monsters with a spear, or putting them in chains, or standing in triumph upon them. These creatures are constantly linked together in the texts and vignettes and, with the serpent, continued to be the ordinary representatives of the powers of evil and death far into Christian times—not only in Egypt, but in Algeria, Italy, Phœnicia, Persia, Greece, and Palestine. The classical instance of this is the Metternich stele, where the god Horus, with Bes above his head, stamps on two crocodiles and grasps in his hands other emblems of the powers of darkness. In the mysteries of Isis the goddess wears at her girdle two crocodile heads, and in the Eleusinian mysteries and in those of Mithra the devouring monster of the Judgment has crocodile-hippopotami features. At the recently discovered Tomb of Marissa in Palestine (*cir.* second century B. C.) the crocodile appears with the ibis on his back—the ibis being most intimately connected with the myth of the Osirian resurrection, since that god escaped from Set on its back. The crocodile and hippopotamus were representatives of Set, the god of the desert and the storm, of evil and chaos and death; they were among the most dreaded enemies of order and the resurrection life. If in this final crisis of the Job argument these creatures are to be catalogued zoölogically, then not only does this ancient poem, so praised by Ruskin and Coleridge and Shakespeare, close with the most trivial and superfluous anticlimax known in literature, but, by using these well-known religious symbols with a meaning unknown to that age, the author must have designedly confused his readers. The comments on Rahab and Leviathan in postbiblical books prove that these were not taken literally, but mythically or symbolically. (Enoch 66. 7-9; 2 Esdras 6. 49-52; LXX 9. 13; 26. 13, "apostate

dragon"; 40. 14, 15, 20, etc.). Job himself in other passages undoubtedly shows his familiarity with this common usage and himself follows it (3. 8; 9. 13; 26. 12). If *behemoth* and *leviathan* are mere animals in chapters 40 and 41, this is an exception to biblical usage and to the common habit of Job himself. It is also contradicted by the express description given of these creatures. Even Adam Clark, in a far-past generation, wrote of Job's description of the crocodile, "No beast, terrestrial or aquatic, deserves the high character here given," and Nathaniel Schmidt has just said: "The hippopotamus has not a tail stiff as a cedar, does not eat its food in the mountains, and can hardly be thought of as the first of God's creatures. The crocodile does not send forth from his mouth a stream of fire, and no smoke ascends from his nostrils. The great abyss (*tehom*) is not his dwelling-place; he does not cause the ocean to seethe as a caldron and the denizens of heaven cannot be imagined to be afraid of him" (Messages of Prophets, 205). Compare also, on the dull, sluggish, and harmless nature of the hippopotamus, Ewald *in loco;* Moffat, Missionary Journeys, Chapter xi. Modern natives in the Sudan drive them out of their gardens as they do obstreperous camels (compare Budge Eg. Sudan, i, 41). Cheyne and Gunkel were perhaps the first to definitely defend the mythical reference of these monsters to Tiamat (compare also Duhm's fine insight, Das Buch Hiob, p. xii); but the difficulty of reconciling the biblical description with any known Babylonian texts, and the utter failure to see any sense in such reference, if intended, make this theory impossible (see also Buddi, Das Buch Hiob, 2437). It was not Babylon, but Egypt, which in the Job era was determining the literary style of Palestine. Even the Greek script in this era was in some instances Egyptianized. It was not Marduk and Tiamat, but Osiris and Set, whose influence was met with in every stratum during the excavations in northern and southern Palestine. The influence of the Egyptian representations of the crocodile as a symbol of evil extended all over the civilized world and can be seen in Egypt and Palestine to this day. In ancient Alexandria Christ was represented in triumph standing on a crocodile (Nerontsos, Ancienne Alexandria, page 48), and in many old Coptic Cathedrals in Cairo very ancient pictures of

the baptism are similarly painted, while above hundreds of Moslem doors the crocodile is hung as a demon charm.

We now attempt a brief outline of the general argument, the thread of which, as in the Socratic Dialogue, may be found by following the thought of the chief speaker, all interruptions being for rhetorical coloring. It was not only good rhetoric, but a wise dialectic to choose as the background of the whole discussion the rather obsolete doctrine of the old theology that all sin and righteousness receive their full and appropriate reward in this life. There can be no middle ground in thought. Either this impossible theology must be true or a future life must be true if the divine justice is to be logically maintained. Many of the details of interpretation must of necessity be suppositional, but in general I hope it can bear critical inspection.

PROLOGUE (1, 2):

The angels and "the Satan" know of Another World in which the acts of men are noticed and their moral values estimated.

MAIN ARGUMENT (without any appeal to a Divine Revelation):

First Cycle of Speeches (3-14)—The awful facts of earthly life drive Job to the conclusion that unless a future life is possible God is unjust.

Both Job and his friends at the beginning of the controversy accept the earth life as the limit of human hope. Because of this, the friends are driven to affirm a lie in regard to the facts of life, and Job is driven sometimes to the affirmation of God's criminality. The ghastly facts of life are enumerated; God, who creates even the fateful constellations (9. 9, compare LXX 20. 25) and the dragon of the abyss (9. 13), who absolutely controls the "soul" of the beast and the "spirit" of the man (12. 10), and who has a wisdom equal to his power, extending even to Sheol (9. 1-15, 29-33; 11. 8; 12. 22), is responsible for this injustice, where the earth is "given into the hand of the wicked" (9. 24; 12. 26). Job describes the weary hopelessness of Sheol as it was commonly thought of by non-Jews like himself, where man "vanishes away" and even God cannot find him (7. 9, 10, 21; 10. 21, 22); points out that such treatment by the Deity of one whom he has created

and preserved is unreasonable and unworthy (10. 1-20; 12. 6-25), and shows that man, who is "like a flower," is treated worse than the tree (14. 2, 7-10; compare 5. 26; 8. 11-17; 17. 17; 18. 16; 19. 10, and note how often this analogy is emphasized by twelfth century Commentary)—unless, indeed, "thou shouldst hide me in Sheol. . . . until thou shouldst appoint me a set time and remember me! If a man die shall he live again? Then (indeed) all the days of my warfare would I wait (hopefully) till my release should come" (14. 13, 14. For bracketed words see twelfth century Commentary). If this hope fails, it is "thou who destroyest man's hope" (14. 19).

Second Cycle (15-21)—The consideration of his own personal history and condition leads Job to the conclusion that, God being just, he may expect final vindication of his innocence from him, and that after death he will find God to be his friend, who will publicly vouch for his character and redeem his reputation.

God is responsible for Job's sufferings; in heaven he is the witness who knows his innocence, though he has designedly hidden the truth from Job's enemies (16. 11, 19; 17. 4). Nothing is left for Job but Sheol (16. 22). He has no earthly hope, and when Sheol becomes "his house" his hope perishes except as it can go down with him into Sheol (17. 13-16). Here Job cries for help in vain, for "there is no justice" (19. 7); his hope is plucked up "like a tree" (19. 10). There is no hope in this world, but, as Job's hope reaches into another world, he cries triumphantly: "I, even I, know that my *goel* liveth and shall stand up hereafter upon the dust: for after my body is destroyed, then without my flesh shall I see God; whom I, even I, shall see on my side, and my eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger [enemy]" (19. 25-27). His persecutors need to be afraid of the sword "prepared for the wicked" (15. 22), for "there is a judgment" (19. 29). In this world the wicked prosper and go down quickly, without pain, into Sheol, scoffing at God (21. 7-15). Sometimes their children suffer, but that is not sufficient for justice (21. 19, 20). "Who shall repay him what he hath done "if Sheol doth not bring vengeance"? (LXX 21. 31, 33).

Third Cycle (22-31)—A wider view of the facts shows that a future life is needed to vindicate God's moral character, not simply because of Job's misfortunes. The world is full of injustice, and a just God must not only vindicate the reputation of one of his servants on the earth, but rectify in Sheol all the injustices of the earth life. He will do this, and bad men, however shrewd, will find hereafter that it would have been wise to "fear God."

God hides himself from Job and terrifies him, but he comforts himself in his integrity: "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold" (23. 1-10). Job cannot understand why "times" of retribution (24. 1, Driver) are not laid up against those who "rebel against light" (24. 13); God in this life "regardeth not," but nevertheless such sin is "folly" (24. 12); such sinners will yet "seek" and "find" for themselves "the terrors of the shadow of death" (24. 17, Syr.). In words which are probably intentionally obscure a few significant phrases stand out vividly: "Drought and heat consume the snow waters; so doth Sheol those that have sinned"; the unrighteous "shall be broken as a tree [which is torn up roots and all] (twelfth century Commentary) . . . they are exalted; yet a little while and they are gone" (24. 19, 20, 24). God's knowledge and power extend over the underworld as well as over the intractable elements of the earth and sky: "Sheol is naked before him and Abaddon ["the part of Sheol where the wicked is destroyed," Barton] hath no covering. . . . By his understanding he smiteth the Sea Dragon . . . and hath pierced the fleeing Serpent" (26. 6, 12, 13; compare 3. 8; Isa. 27. 1 and twelfth century Commentary). This power does not affright Job, who again declares his righteousness, but asks: "What is the hope of the godless when God cutteth him off, *when he taketh away his soul?* Will God (then) hear his cry, when (this) trouble cometh upon him?" (27. 8, 9.) The wicked may heap up silver as the dust, "but the just shall ultimately get it" (27. 16, 17). Worse even than the sorrows that shall fall upon his children shall be his punishment in Sheol, for "he buildeth . . . . and lieth down rich; but shall do so no more" (LXX, O. Lat., Syr.); "he openeth his eyes and he is not. Terror overtaketh him like waters. . . . God

shall hurl at him and not spare." He cannot now escape from God (27. 19, 20, 22). Man's wise research, so much better than that of beast or bird (28. 7, 8), enables him, underneath the earth, to find his best treasures, but not the wisdom which can explain the problem of suffering. Such knowledge is "not found in the land of the living," though he can hear a rumor from the yet deeper underworld that the solution of the mystery is known there. God, however, who established the place of the wicked (twelfth century Commentary) has made it perfectly plain that only he will find himself ultimately wise who, in this world, "fears God and departs from evil" (Chapter xxviii).

Job now recounts in detail the happiness of his past life and acts of benevolence and mercy; yet through "God's great force" his honor and welfare have passed away, and he now goes to death (29. 1 to 30. 23). "Howbeit, doth not one stretch the hand and cry for help in his fall?" (Verse 24.) Job was pitiful, and righteous, and therefore claims of the Almighty a "portion" different from that given to "workers of iniquity" (30. 25-31; 31. 1-4). If he had done wickedness he might justly expect the fire to consume him "even unto Sheol" (31. 12); but being innocent, he declares that if he could meet his "adversary" the Almighty he would bind the false charges of guilt upon his brow and challenge him to defend himself for the way he had mistreated him (31. 13-37).

This closes Job's defense and his indictment against God.

Elihu's Speech (32-37):

A defense of Divine Providence limited strictly to earthly horizons. Elihu admits that the friends have been defeated in the argument (32. 15); but Job is justly criticized because, in making his induction from the facts of life, he failed to take account sufficiently of the following five important facts:

(1) *Divine Love is often the explanation of suffering* (chapter 33). Affliction is disciplinary: "to withdraw man from his (bad) purpose . . .; to keep him from pride; . . . to keep back his soul from the pit" (verses 17, 18, 24, 30). Trouble may cause a man to feel the need of an angel interpreter to show him what is right

(verse 23). Then God is "gracious" to him and finds a "ransom" for the penitent and "redeems" his soul from going down into the pit (verse 28).

(2) *Exemption from suffering is no man's "right"; every good thing in life is wholly of God's mercy* (34. 1-15). When Job claims to be righteous and at the same time claims that God has taken away his "right," and that there is no profit in the service of God (except as it is found in future reward) he becomes a "scoffer," and joins himself with "the workers of iniquity." God is not only just (verse 11), but if it were not for his constant thoughtful mercy "all flesh would perish together" (verse 15).

(3) *A spirit of irreverence and pride deserves punishment as truly as open transgression.* God is no respecter of persons; he punishes openly, irrespective of earthly condition, and no thickest darkness can hide the sinner (16-30). Hath anyone ever cried, "If I have done iniquity I will do so no more," without being recompensed in some good way?—though not perhaps in Job's way (verses 31-33, Driver). By speaking against God without knowledge and answering "like wicked men" Job "addeth rebellion to his sin" (of pride) (34-37).

(4) *"Profit" in God's service consists in "delight in God"* (34. 9), *not in any "reward" in this life or any other* (chapter 35). To claim "my righteousness is more than God's," and ask, "What profit shall I have?" is irreverent and irrational. What profit would God get for mistreating one of his creatures? God gets no "profit" for the service he renders man, nor from the service man renders him (verses 5-10). The righteous can give him nothing and the sinner cannot harm him. Though men may forget this, it is only from God that we receive "songs in the night," and even our very nature which lifts us above the beast (10-11) is his gift. Job himself escapes worse punishment only because God is too lofty to hear and answer in anger an empty and arrogant challenge such as he has made (12-15).

(5) *Ignorance concerning Divine Providence is necessary because of human limitations* (chapters 36 and 37). God is "mighty in the strength of his understanding." Man cannot expect to comprehend God's reasons for his mysterious acts, but he can know

that "he giveth (here) to the afflicted their right" and to kings their appropriate rewards or penalties, and "withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous" (36. 4-14). "He delivereth the afflicted by their affliction and openeth their ear by adversity," and if Job had accepted his sufferings in the right spirit he would long ago have escaped from his distresses (15-23). God's plans are too great to be comprehended; even the storm in which he hides makes men tremble; yet even the lightning and the storm are in "loving kindness" (36. 24 to 37. 13). Job may well be silent before the "wondrous works of him who is perfect in knowledge" (14-20). "Touching the Almighty we cannot find him out"; but we can know that he is just and "will not afflict" and "regardeth not any-one wise of heart" (21-24).

JEHOVAH'S DEFENSE OF HIMSELF (38-41):

First Speech—A Divine Revelation to prove Jehovah's wisdom, justice, and kindness, and especially his power over all forces of the earth, sea, or sky. These attributes of the Almighty prove that he can be trusted to govern the universe rightly (chapters 38 and 39).

(1) The character of God is now for the first time in the poem expressed in the ineffable Name, the meaning of which every Jew knew so well: "Merciful and gracious, . . . abundant in loving kindness and truth . . . who will by no means clear the guilty."

(2) His character is to be seen from his works: he is the Creator of a world so good that the "sons of God shouted for joy" (38. 1-8); he is controller of the dangerous primeval sea, and giver of the light, that worst enemy of wickedness (verses 8-15); he is governor of the sea and the abyss below and of the darkness and light of the upper world (16-21), knowing how to use the weapons of snow and hail, to control the sirocco, the water flood, the lightning (etc.), so that these can become ministers of good (verses 22-30); he is absolute ruler of the good and evil constellations and frightful meteors (verse 36, Driver); yet so thoughtful and pitiful as to remember the young lions and the little ravens crying for food (verses 31-41). All the powers of life and generation are from him (38. 40 to 39. 1-4); he has prepared a "home" for the wild, untamed things of the wilderness, and they obey his

decree (verses 5-12); when even the kindly "stork" (twelfth century Commentary) forgets her eggs, Jehovah remembers to care for them (13-18); he can control easily the creature that "mocketh at fear" and scorneth "armed men" (19-25); it is by his wisdom that the hawk, on the approach of winter, stretcheth her wings toward the south and the eagle finds her home and her food (verses 26-30).

Second Speech—A Divine Revelation showing that God can rule Sheol as easily as he does the stars and the earth. He, and he only, can control *behemoth* and *leviathan,* those chief representatives and symbols of Sheol and of evil (chapters 40 and 41).

INTRODUCTION:

Job recognizes now that, not himself knowing how to make or govern a universe, he cannot expect to know how God does it, and is ashamed because he has tried to teach him how to do this, and therefore he lays his hand upon his mouth (40. 3-5).

JEHOVAH'S SPEECH:

(1) It is foolish for Job to attempt to justify his argument by condemning Jehovah. Job knows less about the future world (that he has insisted upon being necessary to God's justice) than he does about the earth and its mysteries. Only God has an arm strong enough and an anger majestic enough to understand how to "tread down the wicked and bury them in the dust, and bind their faces in Sheol" (6-14; note Driver on 13).

(2) Behold even *behemoth* "prepared for the time to come" (twelfth century Commentary), "made to be sported with by the angels" (LXX), even he is God's creature; only he that made him can conquer him (15-24). No one can stand before *leviathan.* "Who then is able to stand before me?" (41. 1-10.) "Round about his teeth is terror . . . his sneezings flash light . . . out of his mouth go burning torches and sparks of fire leap forth . . . and a flame from his mouth . . . he maketh the deep to boil like a pot . . . he is king over all the sons of pride" (41. 12-34).

(3) Job acknowledges: "I have uttered things too wonderful for me, which I knew not." God had twice before asked Job to "speak" (38. 3; 40. 7), and Job now, taking advantage of this, beseeches God to let him speak one word, after which he "requests" (not "demands") Jehovah to continue and "declare" (unto him

the true wisdom). The word which Job wanted the privilege of uttering was one of penitence and trust: "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I loathe myself and repent in dust and ashes" (42. 1-6). He had met God and it gave more sure knowledge than all his reasonings.

EPILOGUE (42. 7-17):

Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar are condemned by Jehovah for their lying defense of him, and Job's argument, notwithstanding the previous severe criticism of his spirit, is commended as being "right." Job shows a new spirit by praying for his enemies, whereupon God gives him "twice as much as he had before."

The Epilogue was added to teach two great truths: (1) that Elihu and Jehovah were right when they urged (supplementing Job's detailed argument) that even in this life God deals more justly with men than Job had supposed; (2) to declare in a dramatic form the truth for which Job had been contending—that the dead live on under God's care in Sheol (verses 10 and 13). Children were a parent's most prized "possession" among the ancients. Job's family was originally almost indecently small according to current opinion.[1] When he was promised "double" it would have been the children of whom he would think first. The "Testament of Job" twice speaks definitely of the fact that Job's children who had been killed were still alive in a blessed Other World (5. 10; 9. 8; compare 7. 36). The Targum actually reads "fourteen," instead of "seven," in verse 13 (see Barton, Bible for Home and School, 1911, *in loco*).

[1] Rameses II was the father of fifty-nine sons and an equal number of daughters whose names have come down to us.

Camden M. Cobern

Art. VIII.—THE MORNING STAR OF THE DARK CONTINENT

The winds were whistling through the heather on the nineteenth of March a hundred years ago when Agnes Hunter, the wife of Neil Livingstone, brought forth her second son and named him David. He was born in a little village, Blantyre, of about a thousand people, near the banks of the Clyde, a half score of miles from the city of Glasgow. His birthplace was a humble cottage as neat and clean as Scotia's seabound isle produced.

The white blood of a virtuous ancestry flowed through the child's heart as his grandsire patted his rosy cheek and said, "The blood of honesty trickles through his unsullied veins." The old man's fancy grew toward the child and he became a favorite unto him. In the long winter nights he would take David on his knee and relate the story of the generations of Livingstones who, though poor, were potent in bestowing strength of character and bravery of manhood in the time of disaster and death. The boy's spirit was stirred when he heard of the deeds of members of his family in the battle of Culloden. His heart took fire as he heard of the bravery of Keppock, the daring of Glengarry, the gallantry of Gordon, the wisdom of Lochiel, and the devotion of the Macdonalds. The story of "Butcher Cumberland" was related to him in such a way, with the fidelity of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," that he even as a boy craved to be just and to seek the right for all mankind. This grandsire impressed David with the idea that for six generations his ancestors were never guilty of dishonesty or charged with vice, and when inspiring the boy to diligence at school, he told him that he never heard of a Livingstone who was a donkey. One of the Livingstone family on his death-bed had called all his children around him and said: "Now in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could of our family, and I could never discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it

runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest."

David Livingstone's father was one of God's priestlike men, who gathered his children "round the ingle" and read the Bible with reverence. Rarely can we find such tender devotion as existed between this sire and his son. When David was but a boy his father would take him down to the beautiful Clyde and tell him stories of men who had crossed the seas to bring the light of the knowledge of the Cross to souls in darkness. He sought to direct the reading of his son, so he placed a few books in his hand and advised him to ponder them well. He was an ardent member of the Missionary Society, and from him the desire was born within the boy's breast to go to China and there tell the story of the Christ. The father's heart was touched to its depths when he found it impossible to continue his son in school, so at ten years of age the boy went to work in a cotton mill. He left his home at six in the morning and continued at work till six at night. He was a boy with a thoughtful face, large searching eyes, with a strong mouth and chin, a prominent nose, and determination written on his face to do his very best in tying the broken threads. Diligence gripped his life in all that he did. He set to work to learn the one hundred and nineteenth pslam, and mastered it. For this he was given a New Testament, which he carefully read in his spare moments at breakfast and dinner-time. He took a book with him to the mill, and every spare moment there he used in improving his mind. The first half crown that he earned he brought with joy to his thrifty mother and threw it in her lap. She gave him enough to purchase a Latin Grammar. He studied it until he became proficient as a Latin student. He grew fond of books. His taste naturally turned toward works of adventure and those dealing with a description of the human body and how best to relieve the sufferings of mankind. He was passionately fond of the stories of the Bible. Two works of Dr. Dick, entitled The Philosophy of Religion and The Philosophy of a Future State, so fastened his attention that he made a definite decision to surrender his life to the service of Almighty God. With this decision the glow of Christianity inspired him to make a thorough preparation

in order to become a medical missionary. His industry in the search for knowledge prepared him to enter Glasgow University. He carefully learned, "If you devote your time to study you will avoid all the irksomeness of life; nor will you long for the approach of the night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society unsupportable to others."

It was a happy morn, the snowflakes were jubilant, as this father and son started from that humble fireside in Blantyre and walked the ten miles to Glasgow to find a cheap room so that David might be able to fit himself to heal the bodies and enlighten the souls of those in heathen darkness. Four years at the university completed his course. It is again November. The chill is in the air. The son returns to his father's house with his diploma, which gave him the authority to practice medicine, and also his parchments, which gave him the power to preach the gospel and administer the Holy Sacraments.

David Livingstone had intended to go to China, but on hearing Dr. Robert Moffat tell of the darkness of the African continent, with its thousands upon thousands who had never heard of the Christ, young Livingstone decided to make the Dark Continent the scene of his life's work. At five o'clock in the morning before he left for Africa his father handed him the old well-worn Bible and the son read,

> **I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.**

Then David prayed the prayer of one whose soul was serene; as if to him had been said, "The Lord, he it is that goeth before thee; he will be with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong, and of a good courage." In the darkness of a winter's morning the father walked again to Glasgow with his son to see him take boat for Liverpool, where he was to set sail for Africa. The parting was pathetic. The father gripped the son's hand, and the thrill of a soul went through David's soul as he looked for the last time into his father's face.

In the year 1841 David Livingstone reached South Africa, where he found the smoke of a thousand villages where the gospel

had never been preached. He was by no means a fluent speaker, but possessed the spirit expressed by Goldsmith:

> Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power
> By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
> Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
> More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

He was a medical missionary whose deeds lighted his way into darkest regions where the mission station had not been established. One year after he reached Africa he wrote thus to his father of the results: "The work of God goes on here, notwithstanding all our infirmities. Souls are gathered in continually, and sometimes from among those you would never have expected to see turning to the Lord. Twenty-four were added to the church last month, and there are several inquirers."

Livingstone went into the valley of Mabotsa, where he did a work of untold value. There was a noted chief in this village, by the name of Sechele, whose child was ill, and Livingstone's medical skill restored her to health. Sechele became a convert to Christianity and began to read the Bible with all his heart, soul, and strength. He really loved the Book of God. Livingstone speaks of often being "pressed to hear him read some chapters of the Bible. Isaiah was a great favorite with him, and he was wont to exclaim, 'He was a fine man, that Isaiah; he knew how to speak.'" Sechele became a missionary to his own people and a warm friend of missions. Robert Moffat, the missionary who turned young Livingstone's attention toward the Dark Continent, became his intimate friend. In his home at Kuruman was a daughter, Mary, whose life was wrapped up in her father's missionary labors. When this sturdy Scotchman David Livingstone entered the Moffat home, she was impressed with him as an unusual, unassuming, Christian medical missionary. Livingstone had partially made up his mind to remain single, but Mary Moffat impressed him as no other woman outside of his mother had done. He fixed upon a station in the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, then returned to Mary Moffat and opened his heart of love, and all was well. He wrote her this letter while he was preparing a home for her: "And now, my dearest, farewell. May God bless you!

Let your affection be toward him much more than toward me; and, kept by his mighty power and grace, I hope I shall never give you cause to regret that you have given me a part. Whatever friendship we feel toward each other, let us always look to Jesus as our common friend and guide, and may he shield you with his everlasting arms from every evil." With a company of his men, Livingstone built a home for his sweetheart, who was soon to be his bride. It was a difficult task, but love inspired his work. One day he wrote her: "It is pretty hard work, and almost enough to drive love out of my head, but it is not situated there; it is in my heart, and won't come out unless you behave so as to quench it."

The day dawned and Dr. Moffat united his eldest daughter to David Livingstone, who took her four hundred miles, to the Mabotsa Valley, where they both devoted themselves to improving the minds, homes, and hearts of the people. He enrolled two hundred women in an industrial school, where his wife taught dressmaking and housekeeping, while he taught the use of foods, the care of the eyes and ears, and the general health, with remedies for diseases of childhood. He filled a space in front of his home with flower-beds; soon all the tents were filled with brilliant blossoms. He assembled the children on Sunday morning for instruction. During the day he taught five hundred young men the message of Christ. His days were filled with husbandry, wagon-making, stock-raising, while his evenings were occupied with the instruction of twenty-five men whom he was training to carry on his work. Several years passed and three children were born to David and Mary. Desiring to go further into the Dark Continent with the light of Christ, he took his family to Cape Town, where they set sail for England, while he went two thousand miles farther into the heart of Africa. After fifteen years of untiring work Livingstone returned to the land of his birth and was honored as one of the world's most noted men. While he was homeward bound his father was taken sick, and just before he died his daughter asked him: "You wish so much to see David?" "Ay, very much, very much; but the will of the Lord be done." Then after a pause, "But I think I'll know whatever

is worth knowing about him. When you see him, tell him I think so." On reaching the home of his childhood the sight of his father's empty chair moved David to tears. At the family worship he said, with deep feeling, "We bless thee, O Lord, for our parents; we give thee thanks for the dead, who has died in the Lord."

When David Livingstone had reached the summit of greatness, and the world was showering honors at his feet, he caused these words to be placed upon the monument to his parents:

"To show the resting place of
NEIL LIVINGSTONE
and AGNES HUNTER, his wife,
and to express the thankfulness to God
of their children,
JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES, and AGNES,
for poor and pious parents."

After taking time to write his first book, which had an unusual sale, he returned with his wife to Africa, she remaining at a mission station while he went further west. On his return they expected to spend many happy years together, but in three months this missionary's brave wife was buried beneath a beautiful baobab tree at the Shupanga, on the Zambesi. He wrote: "I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more. . . . O, my Mary, my Mary! How have we longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng! Surely the removal by a kind Father means that he has rewarded you by taking you to the best home, the eternal one in the heavens." Under this deep sorrow he penned to his daughter, who was living in England, one of the tenderest epistles that a father heart could write. It is worthy of a place in the library of every teacher:

Dear Nannie, she often thought of you, and when once from the violence of the disease she was delirious, she called out, "See, Agnes is falling from a precipice." May our heavenly Saviour, who must be your father and guide, preserve you from falling into the gulf of sin over the precipice of temptation. . . . Dear Agnes, I feel alone in the world now, and what will the poor dear baby do without her mamma? She often spoke of her and sometimes burst into a flood of tears, just as I now do

in taking up and arranging the things left by my beloved partner of eighteen years. . . . I bow to the divine hand that chastens me. God grant that I may learn the lesson he means to teach. All she told you to do she now enforces, as if beckoning from heaven. Nannie, dear, meet her there. Don't lose the crown of joy she now wears, and the Lord be gracious to you in all things.

David Livingstone's work in Africa as the Morning Star of the Dark Continent is said to divide itself into four periods: his ordinary missionary work, in which he healed the sick, instructed the ignorant, and offered Christ as the light of the world to them; next, his first great journey under the London Missionary Society; then that of the exploration of the Zambesi, as the leader of the government expedition; and, finally, his last journey, under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society. He practically opened up this wonderland to civilization. His twenty-nine thousand miles of discovery and exploration added one million square miles to the known world. His studies of Africa's geology, botany, and zoölogy won for him the highest honors that scientific societies could bestow. He wrote a letter home to England, saying, "I will open a path through this continent or perish." He struck the keynote of his own and other heroic work when he said: "As far as I myself am concerned, the opening of the new central country is a matter for congratulation only in so far as it opens up a prospect for the elevation of the inhabitants. I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise." For over thirty years Livingstone's life was spent in untiring endeavor to place the Spirit of Christ in the native races, to explore the undiscovered regions, and finally to abolish that heart-rending slave trade of the Dark Continent. He continued this work until his own life's blood was well-nigh exhausted. It was in the year 1871, while finding himself without money, beads, calico, or goods to hire men for completing his work, that his faithful Susi came crying, "Master, a white man comes." A moment later Livingstone, leaning on his staff for very weakness, grasped the hand of Henry Morton Stanley, who had been sent by the New York Herald to find Livingstone, if living, and if dead to bring home his bones. Not a word had been heard from Livingstone for two years, and when Stanley found him the world

thrilled with the news. Stanley greeted him with the words, "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you." Livingstone replied: "I feel very thankful that I am here to welcome you. You are almost an angel from heaven to me; you have brought new life to me! You have brought new life to me!"

Stanley was the only white man that Livingstone had talked with in six years. He remained during the winter and earnestly urged the Doctor to return to England with him, but Livingstone was anxious to use the last days of his life in seeking to overthrow the African slave trade. Stanley says: "For four months and four days I lived with him in the same hut, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I went to Africa as prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with warm mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province. But there came to me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself, 'Why does he stop here? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out the words, 'Leave all and follow me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him."

Stanley returned to England, while Livingstone went about his work as the hero of the Dark Continent. In 1873, on the twenty-ninth of April, weary and worn with a long journey, he reached the village of Ilala, where he was laid on a rude bed in a hut for the night. He rested quietly the next day. About four o'clock in the morning on the first of May, Susi, his faithful servant, found Livingstone on his knees, as if in prayer, dead in the glow of the candle light.

They took out his loyal heart and buried it under a huge tree, on which they inscribed his name. His body they dried for fourteen days in the sun, keeping watch over it both night and day. Then they wrapped it in cloth, the legs being bent at the knees, and the whole inclosed in a large piece of bark, in the shape of a cylinder. Over this a piece of sail-cloth was sewed, and the

package was lashed to a pole, so as to be carried by two men. For nine months they continued their march, then placed their master's body on board of one of her Majesty's steamships, which reached England April 18, 1874, and his body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

Florence Nightingale said of him: "God has taken away the greatest man of this generation." Sir Bartle Frere, president of the Royal Geographical Society, wrote of Livingstone: "As a whole, the work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobleness of design and of unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution. . . . I never met a man who more nearly fulfilled my idea of a perfect Christian gentleman, actuated in what he thought and said and did by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modeled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar." Henry Drummond, after his travels through East Central Africa, testified: "Wherever David Livingstone's footsteps are crossed in Africa the fragrance of his memory seems to remain. . . . If some travelers have engraved their names on the rocks and tree trunks, he has engraved his in the very hearts of the heathen population of Central Africa. Wherever Livingstone has passed, the name of missionary is a passport and recommendation." Stanley said: "Not only did Livingstone weave by his journey the figure of his Redeemer's Cross on the map of Africa, but, scattering ever his Master's words, and patterning his life after the Master, stamped the story of the Cross on the hearts of every African tribe he visited."

S. Teresa Jackson

Art. IX.—JOHN WESLEY AND CHARTER HOUSE

The seventeenth of June, 1703, will always be recognized by the people called Methodists, because on that day the man, under God, the Founder of Methodism, was born. However far the different branches of that body may have separated, they are one in their recognition of the birth of John Wesley in the Epworth Rectory, more than two hundred years ago. Historians have traced with great care the successive periods in the wonderful life of our great founder: his well-nigh miraculous rescue from fire, when six years old; his careful training under the direction of his noble mother; his entrance and studies in Charter House School; his career in Oxford University as a student of Christ Church, and later as a Fellow of Lincoln College; his work as a curate to his father; his mission to Georgia; and his later activities. They have associated with his religious life his meetings with the young men of the Holy Club in Oxford, Charles Wesley, Morgan, and Kirkham, in an especial manner. Especially they have emphasized the meeting in Aldersgate Street, when his heart was strangely warmed and he received the assurance that he was a child of God. All these influences are necessary in order to account for his life. There is one part, however, of his history to which sufficient attention has not been given. We might almost call it a lost chapter, for we find only a slight reference to the part of his life which we are considering. We do not mean that Wesley's biographers have not mentioned or discussed Charter House, but that no special account has been taken of it as among the great formative forces of his character. Oxford University has been largely recognized as a most important factor in John Wesley's early training, and properly, but Charter House is scarcely recognized as having anything to do with inspiring his life. We may well call attention to this institution of learning, to which John Wesley, who had been nominated for the place by the Duke of Buckingham, was sent when he was eleven years old.

The name Charter House was so called because the Order

of Carthusian Monks occupied its original position. This order of monks was instituted at Chartreuse, and in time the word was corrupted to Charter House. After various vicissitudes it became the property of Thomas Sutton, Esq., and through him became the seat of the noble institution of which we are speaking. It became a place for the "sustentation and relief of the poor and aged, etc., and for the instruction, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children and scholars." It was at that time the "greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual." Fuller says of Mr. Sutton, the founder, that "he used often to repair to a private garden, where he poured forth his prayer to God and was frequently overheard to use this expression, 'Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use of it.'" There used to be an old Carthusian melody with the chorus,

> Then blessed be the memory of good old Thomas Sutton,
> Who gave us lodging, learning, and he gave us beef and mutton.

The governors of this foundation were sixteen in number. The king was at the head, with the archbishops of York and Canterbury and others of the nobility. Oliver Cromwell was elected governor in 1658, and was succeeded by his son Richard. Forty-two scholars were maintained as boarders, and also there were elections to exhibitions at the University of Oxford from eighty to a hundred pounds a year. The location was exceedingly healthful, and the grounds large enough to afford opportunity for abundant exercise. Bentley's Magazine says, "Charter House was no ordinary charitable foundation, but ranks justly with the other collegiate and public foundations of England." Upon the register of this school, we are told, have been the names of some of the most famous men of England. Among them I may note Isaac Barrow, the eminent divine and scholar; Sir William Blackstone, the author of the commentaries on law, whose works are still household words among lawyers; Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, Mr. Thackeray, great masters in literature; Bishop Thirwell and George Grote, historians of Greece. Among all the list of eminent men who have been students at Charter House it is

safe to say that none were greater than John Wesley, who spent six years there as a student at the most formative period of his life.

Charter House, though its location has been changed, still lives, however, and has a magnificent range of school buildings at Godalming in Surrey, on the breezy and picturesque hillside where students still go to pursue their studies in the same school to which John Wesley went almost two hundred years ago. We have written thus at length of Charter House because we do not think sufficient credit has been given to John Wesley's residence at Charter House School as a part of his training for his great career. As already said, the historians have for the most part passed over this period of Wesley's life as scarcely worthy of notice, and those who have noticed it have either spoken of it with disparagement, or, if not, have failed to recognize its importance. Tyerman, in his exhaustive history, says that young Wesley went to Charter House, after the instructions of his mother, a *saint*, and left it a *sinner*. On the other hand, Dr. Rigg, in his little book The Living Wesley, objects to this inference and thinks Charter House had no such unfavorable influence as Tyerman indicates. It may be presumption to suggest that neither of these great historians has given sufficient credit to Charter House for its influence on Mr. Wesley's life. That it had a favorable influence on his health he himself acknowledges. His father had strictly charged him that he should run around the Charter House playing green three times every morning. He further tells us that the elder scholars were exceedingly oppressive to the smaller boys and took from them the meat which had been given them, so that for three years his sustenance was chiefly dry bread. These were certainly hard lines for a boy at the age when his appetite is generally keen, and shows a rude state of society in which there could be a school where such things were tolerated; but we must remember that the general state of society at that time throughout England was exceedingly rude, in the high classes as well as the low, and that these conditions in the school were but the expressions of the age from which John Wesley was providentially raised up to deliver them. With that

philosophical insight which characterized him in later years, John Wesley attributed his running around Charter House green three times every morning and his dry bread as the foundation of his constant health and his long life. His own hard experience did not deter him from enforcing the most rigorous regulations in the school which he afterward founded at Kingston. We do not think at this time the most rigid disciplinarian would impose upon his students the hardships which John Wesley endured, and which by his own action afterward he seemingly approved. My contention is that John Wesley had his Charter House before he had his Oxford, and perhaps Charter House had more to do in molding his life than the historians have recognized.

What, then, did Charter House do for John Wesley? It took him at the most important period of his life. What a priceless period in human life is that from eleven to seventeen! Certainly there is no time afterward at which such profound impressions are made and such lasting influences wrought. The Charter House School gave him discipline, and, from the statement of the historians, it gave him introspection. Tyerman says that Wesley became at Charter House, according to his own statement, "more negligent than before even of outward duties and almost continually guilty of outward sins, which . . . I knew to be such, though they were not scandalous in the eyes of the world. However, I still read the Scriptures and said my prayers morning and evening. And what I now hoped to be saved by was, first, not being so bad as other people; second, having still a kindness for religion; and, third, reading the Bible, going to church, and saying my prayers." And then he adds a statement to which we have already referred: "John Wesley entered the Charter House a saint and left it a sinner." If we might be allowed to put an interpretation on the facts of John Wesley's early history, it would be this, he came to Charter House satisfied with himself: he left it dissatisfied with himself and feeling the need of a salvation to which he had not attained, and for which he was struggling. In other words, he was nearer a saint when he left Charter House than when he came. The internal struggles of his soul at Charter House were the prelude to the victorious experi-

ence at Aldersgate Street at the humble meeting at which the spiritual John Wesley was born. Further, Charter House supplied his scholastic preparation for Oxford and laid the foundation of that fine scholarship which the church everywhere recognizes. Wedgewood's Life of Wesley (page 27) says, "The Oxford of Wesley's day was not in high repute for scholarship." Wesley was proficient in the classics. The foundation of that scholarship must have been laid at Charter House.

The Charter House, London, of that day ranks with Rugby and Eton Colleges of England in our day. We know what Rugby and Eton mean to England. Many of the eminent men of England have had their training for the universities at these famous schools. No records of England's great men is complete without a description of this period in their history. In every life of Gladstone there is a vivid portraiture of his career at Eton College before he went to Oxford. Many of England's famous men have been the honored heads of these famous institutions. One of the great names in modern English history, to whom reference has duly been made, is the well-known Arnold of Rugby. His influence on the after life of the youth who studied at Rugby is one of the great traditions of English school life. Rugby and Arnold are associated in the minds of scholars for their great influence on the thought and life of England. Matthew Arnold, the modern literary critic, the apostle of "Sweetness and Light," and the great apostle of modern Hellenic culture, was the son of Arnold of Rugby. His is a great name in literature and justly honored for the wealth of his culture, but I predict that the influence of his father, Arnold of Rugby, will outlast the influence of "the apostle of Sweetness and Light."

Our academic institutions are our Methodist "Charter Houses," our "Rugbys," and our "Etons." Here are the beginnings of character formed. Here are the most potent influences that mold the after life. Here are the foundations of scholarship laid. Few men or women ever become scholars afterward who do not lay the foundations during this part of their scholastic life. A few years ago Dr. Lightfoot, the Lord Bishop of Durham, England, one of the foremost scholars of his age and one of the greatest

bishops, whose commentaries will instruct students in the Scriptures for generations, gave an account of the inspiration of his life. He did not assign his success to the Cambridge University in which he took such high rank, but to Dr. Prince Lee, the high master of Birmingham Grammar School and afterward Bishop of Manchester. In the height of his fame as a scholar and bishop, he said: "I have sometimes thought that if I were allowed to live one hour only of my past life over again, I would choose a Butler lesson under Lee. His rare eloquence was never more remarkable than during these lessons." The point that I am insisting on is the great duty of the hour to maintain at their full strength our Charter Houses, our Rugbys, our Etons. They are the places where character is formed. Character cannot be formed without discipline, and discipline must have its basis in law. The mother of John Wesley enforced discipline with her children, but it was the discipline of the mother and the discipline of the master. The discipline of a good institution of learning is a discipline of law controlled by love. President Hyde, in an address a few years ago to the graduating class of Phillips Exeter Academy, according to the newspaper report, likened a good academy to the Old Testament, which requires certain things to be done and permits no one to remain in the school or to graduate from it who has not done all these things. He said: "The Winchester School, the oldest public school in England, has for one of its mottoes 'Learn or Leave.' Perhaps you ask, then, What lack we yet? What is there in college which we have not gained in school? I answer, an entirely different attitude toward work and study. The good school must drive by more or less compulsion; the good college must draw by attraction. If you succeed in college or life, it will not be because you have mastered this or that subject, but because it has mastered you." It is through the discipline of prescribed regulations and strict devotion to duty accompanied by Christian love that those characters are to be formed which by God's constant grace will endure the strain of after life. We believe that in no part of educational life is this training given so fully as in our Charter Houses of to-day.

We have already intimated that one rarely becomes a scholar,

in its highest sense, unless he has the spirit and characteristics of scholarship before he enters on professional study. One can get information at any period of life, but scholarship, the delicate appreciation of the choicest things, must come by the slow process of constant drill such as is given in institutions of learning, of which we are now speaking. One of the most difficult things instructors have to do is to keep young students from making mistakes in this direction. They are in such a hurry; they do not understand that all solid foundations are laid by slow processes. They would reverse the order of nature and plant the branches of the tree instead of the roots. They would erect their building by constructing the roof before they lay the foundations. They desire to master the higher studies before they become familiar with the elementary ones. They insist on writing poetry before they have learned to spell accurately. Time is the element which these institutions demand—and *must demand* if they would do their highest work. It was a wise saying of Emerson that no one can learn that which he is not prepared to learn. Our academic institutions prepare the students for those higher studies and those practical branches which belong to a later period. Hence, if I could have my way I would lay emphasis on this point—that our Charter Houses and our Rugbys should see to it that in their professors' chairs shall be maintained the highest standard of scholarship. To this end I would plead for endowments for these institutions. We would provide scholarships which would afford encouragement to bright boys and girls from the homes of the poor. We would place these institutions on firm financial foundations and thus promote in the country that high scholarship which should be the characteristic of our age. We need our Charter Houses in order to promote the Christian life among the young men and women of our land. It is objected on the part of some that these institutions are unnecessary because of the many institutions of high character established by the State. Let us not for one moment be understood as undervaluing those noble institutions and the generosity of the State in regard to them, but in the nature of the case the positive elements of Christianity, the deeper things which separate it from the other religions of the

world, cannot be taught there. The Christianity taught in State institutions is in a measure colorless. The writer once visited such an institution and was informed by the principal that they would be glad to have him speak to the school on religion, but he must avoid anything that had a sectarian aspect. He did not mean by that we must avoid anything denominational, which certainly would have been improper, but to avoid those deeper things on which the world differs so clearly from the church. He would have me speak only those things in Christianity to which those of all creeds and no creed would assent. It was this very element of positive Christianity for the preaching of which John Wesley became an exile from the church of his fathers, and it is this element we believe must be maintained by our institutions of Christian learning. The church little knows how much it is indebted to such schools of learning for the Christian and intellectual inspiration which they have given to our noblest men and women.

Henry A. Butz

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

EDITORIAL NOTE

Dr. Crothers, in one of his essays, tells how one troublesome, though stimulating, hearer made life harder for one comfortable and easy-going preacher: "The other day a minister, a worthy man, took me into his confidence and told me his troubles. He had been gifted with a strong voice and a confident manner, and had acquired a reputation for fluency and eloquence. He had by constant practice overcome the timidity which comes to a public speaker when he stops to think whether what he is about to say is worth while. He did not need to stop to think—he was such an easy speaker. He never was at a loss for a word, and would use the word as a life-preserver as he struck out boldly for his next head. He knew that he would always be buoyed up in this way, so that the preparation of his sermons never interfered with his parish calls. One day, in the midst of a most eloquent passage, he observed a man in the back pew with a look of intellectual curiosity in his countenance. He was evidently impressed with the volume of sound, and was trying to find out what it was all about. The minister said that instantly the same thought came into his own mind, and for the life of him he could not tell what it was about. Unfortunately that man in the back seat became a regular attendant and always looked interested in a way somewhat disturbing. The minister said that one hearer who insists on thinking while he is in church has caused him more disquietude than all the others put together. Sometimes a fine illustration is spoiled by seeing the look of wondering inquiry as to what it illustrates. That man in the back pew has changed sermon-making from a luxurious and complacent pleasure into downright hard work. One such listener can make life harder for the man in the pulpit, but to the preacher's everlasting benefit, and also to his congregation's greatly increased profit. Raising the standard will ultimately raise the preacher's rank. Our best friends are those who exact of us our best and make us do it."

THE METHODIST REVIEW[1]

THE METHODIST REVIEW, now in its ninety-fifth year, holds on the tenor of its way, with clear convictions, well-defined ideals, and positive purposes, which it strives to realize and regrets not having accomplished more fully. What they are need not be stated in this report, since they are manifest to whoso cares to know them in the editorial utterances and management of the REVIEW. In a time of varying views and opposing opinions among men who are equals in earnestness and sincerity, a time of disagreement and dispute, the REVIEW endeavors to deserve a reputation for intelligence, open-mindedness, loyalty, consistency, and steadiness; seeing on the one side the necessity for that free spirit of investigation which all through the Christian ages has, for one example of its intelligent exercise, encouraged and profited by the labors of competent biblical scholars in successive and progressive renderings of the text of Holy Scripture from available manuscripts, at various periods from the Septuagint and Jerome's Vulgate in early centuries down to the American Revision in our own; and seeing on the other side the necessity of safeguarding all the treasures of our holy religion, so that nothing be lost, and so that the supernatural luster which is the hallowed glory of our Christian Faith be preserved undimmed in all our sanctuaries and in the souls of all our people.

The members of the Book Committee are such constant and critical readers of the REVIEW, so fully acquainted with its faults and with any excellences it may succeed in having, that any attempt to mislead them as to its real quality and deserts must be futile and fatuous. We may, however, say, without an appearance of effrontery, that, if testimonies as to the value of the REVIEW which are volunteered from outside and inside of Methodism are half justified, it deserves, and should not be content with less than, a circulation of Ten Thousand; toward which we are already so far on the way that it seems not impossible of realization in the near future.

From among the year's testimonies we submit the one which, all things considered, may rank as the best-informed, most capable, authoritative, and conclusive.

On March 13, last, Boston Methodists, with all Methodism in full sympathy, celebrated with great deference, admiration, and affection the eightieth birthday of Dr. William F. Warren, long President of

[1] Part of the Editor's report to the Book Committee, April 16, 1913.

Boston University, a teacher unsurpassed, probably the ripest, most extensively erudite, and most widely known scholar alive now in all Methodism; and as Bishop Fowler said, "a truly great character," as saintly as scholarly. Of him Zion's Herald recently said: "Among the great names that New England has given to the Church there is none that surpasses in work done and in brilliant achievements the record of William Fairfield Warren," a statement which Methodism at large will not dispute.

Through fifty years this eminent scholar has been a continuous and critical reader of the METHODIST REVIEW. His memory covers all its stages and phases in the past half-century. No more capable critic and no more competent judge can be found to pronounce on this particular case. His unsolicited and entirely spontaneous opinion of the REVIEW as it is in these years runs as follows: "I am often amazed at the immeasurable mass of information and the incalculable forces of inspiration which have proceeded from our REVIEW during the years of its most recent period. Yesterday came its current issue, another of the bimonthly feasts on which I have learned to count. . . . John McClintock and Daniel D. Whedon, if they were here, would be among the first to say that the successive issues sent out by the REVIEW in these years far surpass those of their day."

After reading the March-April, 1913, number, Dr. Warren writes, "I never weary of your fine issues."

If this be true, the reason of it is that the intellectual and scholarly resources of Methodism increase with every year; which promises well for the efficiency of the Methodism of to-morrow and for the growth of the REVIEW in time to come.

PRESIDENT WELCH ON THE CLINIC IN THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION[1]

IT was my fortune not long ago, while visiting a German city—none other than Berlin—to have opportunity of hearing in their own classrooms at the university several eminent scholars and teachers. One was a professor of internal medicine, another of surgery; they were holding clinics. With easy mastery of their subjects, they taught from the living object and called up students to have some slight part in question and in examination, and then to apply their knowledge at once to the solution of the problem in hand. Still another of these

[1] By President Herbert Welch, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

teachers was professor of the New Testament; he was discussing, with the aid of admirable pictures thrown upon a screen, the construction of the Jewish synagogues of Galilee. A fourth was a historian; he was giving his great course on the History of Dogma, and his special subject that day was the theological implication of certain pictures of the seventh and eighth centuries. Both the theological teachers were masters in their own realms, and both spoke with sincerity and earnestness. Their lectures were excellent examples of that comprehensiveness, that thoroughness, and that accuracy which have made German scholarship famous.

It goes without the saying that these were hardly typical instances. Medical education, of course, is not all clinical, and the ordinary theological training does not consist chiefly of dissertations on synagogues and ancient paintings. The incident is not cited to prove anything, but merely to suggest some things. It is, in a word, a point of departure—not even a text, but only (as Dr. Upham used to say) a pretext. Yet the contrast between the medical and the theological classrooms was wonderfully striking; and it inevitably started a train of thought as to the relative methods and merits of theological and medical education.

One could not but feel that the medical professor, in dealing with something concrete, individual, present—the immediate application of his science—had a marked advantage over the theological professor, concerned with something in the rather vague, at least not urgent, past—namely, the history and theory of a religion. And one began to ask himself if the method of medicine was one foreign to the nature of theology; or whether, on the other hand, the study of theology might not be vitalized by a use of the methods found helpful in other branches of learning, which indeed have revolutionized work in many of those departments. The biological and physical sciences begin at a very early stage work in the laboratory. Engineering, according to the latest advance, sends its students for half their time to labor in the shops—one week in the college, the next in the factory. Normal schools have their "observation" and "practice" periods side by side with their classes in the history and the philosophy of education. Law has generally taken up the "case" method. Medicine has not only the clinic, but even better, the bedside teaching which characterizes our best American medical colleges, and which caused one of the greatest German medical teachers (Müller, of Munich) on a recent visit to Johns Hopkins to declare that because of this direct and

repeated contact with the individual case, our students were better trained than the German.

Where is the counterpart in theology of this wide modern use of the clinical principle? There is a suspicion, indulged and not infrequently expressed, that theology has not kept pace with its sister sciences in its methods. All will admit that no perfection of method guarantees that each student shall become a great preacher or leader; not all students from the best medical or other technical schools reach eminence. But perfection of method, other things being equal, must make for efficiency in theological as in other professional schools. Is the comparison not perfectly legitimate? The object is in each case precisely the same: not to make scholars, in the narrow and technical sense, whether in law, medicine, education, or theology, but to make successful practitioners. Happy the school where the exceptional man who can become a scholar and enlarge the circle of human knowledge can also be provided for! But the aim must be consistently to make practitioners; *and the best practitioners cannot be trained by theoretical teaching alone.* The end is to be sought, in theology as in other departments, in three ways: by instruction in theory, by observation of experts at work, and by personal practice under competent supervision.

Now, the practitioner in theology—or, perhaps better, in religion—is first of all, in most cases, to be a preacher; and preaching is big business. Of course, it is never to be to the preacher an end in itself, but only a means, as a drug is to the physician or a lancet to the surgeon. It is an instrument and nothing more. Its excellence is invariably to be tested by what it can do, does do. Great preachers, like great surgeons, will always be rare, but there may be multitudes of successful preachers. The intellectual preparation for success should involve not only a study of the history and theory of homiletics, but in addition personal observation of preachers (good and bad, great and small) and free discussion of their faults and virtues as preachers; and also practice of preaching under the supervision and suggestion of experience and wisdom. One or two exhibition sermons in a theological school do not at all meet this need; that is not, cannot be, real preaching. Would that we could call back the days of the "senior" and "junior" preachers, or find some modern substitute for that excellent plan!

But the Christian minister is to be much more than a preacher. On the whole, there is too much sermonizing; too little searching and

serving. The pastor is leader of a church in the regeneration of the world, and in particular of his own community; and formal preaching is only one of the instruments by which this is to be accomplished. The proof question concerning a church is not that of its members, its collections, its good fellowship, its popularity; but this: what is the church actually doing to make Jesus Christ King of that community and of the wider world in all their activities? *How* to do it—that is what the minister supremely needs to know and to achieve. For the completest fitting he doubtless ought to be somewhat familiar with the history of religion in general and of Christianity in particular—in broad outlines. (These are all he will remember, at best.) But what would be thought of a student of medicine, law, education, one fifth of whose whole course was given to studying the history of his profession? History, language, biblical and systematic theology—certainly let the theological student have them all! But not to such an extent that he has scant time left to study men, and masters, and methods—not out of a textbook, but at first hand. Why should he not go to the spiritual hospitals as the medical student goes to the physical—persistently, intimately, practically? He is to be a guide of youth (and no higher function can be his), he is to practice "preventive religion" by instruction and warning and the stimulation of all lofty and holy passion; but he is also to deal extensively with pathological cases. Many varieties of sin and sorrow are to come to him for treatment. Is it anything short of cruelty to demand of a callow, inexperienced youth—no matter how sweet in spirit, how fine in scholarship—that he go unaccompanied to a community to deal with its highest and deepest and most delicate problems? The physician with nothing but a theoretical knowledge of diagnosis and therapeutics would be deemed wildly, if not guiltily presumptuous if he depended upon God by some merciful miracle to direct him to the recognition and proper treatment of his first patient's trouble. With present methods of theological training, it is small wonder that many ministers have no program—no definite and large vision of the thing they are set to do in their parishes—and fancy that when they have preached the regulation number of sermons, held the stated prayer and board and committee meetings, made the usual number of calls, increased the collections, and kept the church from a division, their work has been crowned with prosperity, and all is well!

I am not attacking theological schools; contrary to some very good authorities in our day (such as Canon Henson, if he is correctly

reported), I believe in them heartily—even more heartily in them as they may be than as they are. They ought to be, in brief, schools of actual observation and of actual practice to a far greater degree than up to this time they are. Not that they have wholly ignored this need. They send their students to preaching appointments; they encourage them to work in city missions, or to reside in social settlements, or to participate in reform activities; possibly some do much more. But are not such efforts at present sporadic, irregular, affecting only a fraction of the students? What I plead for is a recognized, organized, supervised, and continuous place in the regular curriculum itself for such observation and practice work. Why should not each student, for example, make a personal study of several churches in his region—large or little, rich or poor, more or less efficient; family, institutional, or mission; city, suburban, rural—study them in their composition, their organization, their leadership, their spirit, their methods, their fields, their failures, and their successes; and by such analysis discover in an impressive and lasting way how to do it and how not to do it? Why should not the places be visited and dwelt in where humanity crowds and welters in its miseries and its vices, and where good men, made wise by God and prayer and love and experience, deal with those who need them, though they may not want them? Why should these young ministers not be taught under watchful and skillful oversight how to avoid the blunders and how to gain the victories for the will of God in Christ Jesus?

Theory—let us have the best! Observation—let it be required, constant, thorough, tested, discussed! Practice—let it in some way be a part of the theological course, and always under the direction of those who themselves *can!* The physician of the soul must find his clinics, his hospitals, his bedside courses, his immediate application of the religion which he professes and studies, if he is to prove himself a workman needing not to be ashamed, one who in this new day can meet the expectation of Christ and of men.

DR. GEISSINGER ON CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER[1]

Paragraph 564 of the Book of Discipline says: "In the social crisis now confronting Christianity, the urgent need and duty of the church is to develop an evangelism which shall recognize the possi-

[1] By Dr. J. A. Geissinger, of Los Angeles, Cal.

bility and imperative necessity of accomplishing the regeneration of communities as well as of persons; whose goal shall be the perfection of both society and the individual." In this pronouncement the church is committed to the program of the *Christianization* of the world rather than to the mere *evangelization* of the world, which seems to be the sole objective of certain sections of the church. It is the former point of view which is set forth in Professor Walter Rauschenbusch's latest book, Christianizing the Social Order.

I need scarcely refer to his earlier book—Christianity and the Social Crisis—for it has become a classic, having been admitted to the course of study required of our traveling preachers. In that book, after a careful study of the teaching of the prophets and of Jesus, Professor Rauschenbusch concluded that the essential purpose of Christianity is to transform human society into the kingdom of God by regenerating and reconstituting all human relations, and that, while for various reasons organized Christianity has been delayed in carrying out this purpose, or has been deflected from it, this mighty social task confronts Christianity at present and, as never before, challenges it. The new volume seeks to analyze our present social and economic situation with more particularity, that the church may more clearly discern its duty and map out its program. The author says, "If a man reads the Bible and the Survey he ought to find salvation" (page 407). I am sure that if a man will, in addition to this, read Christianizing the Social Order, he will have a clearer conception of what God requires of him to-day and a deeper desire to be true to his larger light. For the book is more than a study of conditions. It is a silver trumpet sounding an advance to the hosts of Israel, saying with no uncertain sound, "Go forward."

It is not likely that all of us will agree with the author in all of his positions, for he treats of such live questions as socialism, trades-unionism, the single tax, conservation, and corporations (not to mention the dispensational interpretations of creation); but we shall all of us always be grateful to him for his snapshots of existing conditions, as he has, as he puts it, "scouted around our economic system, mined under it and aëroplaned over it." We shall also be glad, always, for his fine insights and for his robust appeals to the heroic in us. At the same time I believe we can generally agree with his fundamental position that "capitalism has generated a spirit of its own which is antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity; a spirit of hardness and cruelty that neutralizes the Christian spirit of love; a spirit that sets

material goods above spiritual possessions." By capitalism is meant "the present economic order, in which one set of men own the material factors of production, raw material, machinery, and factories" (page 180), while another set, the wage-workers, own their working ability, including skill or technical knowledge; a system in which men seek first not the kingdom of God, not righteousness, not fullness of opportunity for all, but profit. And the love of profit, if not the root of all evil, has at least created "a feverish heat of desire in which the higher qualities of life are melted and burned." Some one will at once seek to mitigate this statement by calling to mind the finer elements of our civilization. Rauschenbusch, of course, has not overlooked these, but his position is that our economic system is the one un-Christianized element in our total social life or civilization. Our civilization is neither Christian nor un-Christian, but semi-Christian. Its regeneration is in process. The hardest part of the process has been passed through. The institutions of the family, the church, the school, and the state have been brought into harmony with the ethical convictions which we identify with Christ. In the case of the family the despotism of the man has passed into approximate equality between husband and wife, the children have become free companions of the parents, and have passed under the law of unselfish service. "Based on equal rights, bound together by love and respect for individuality, governed under the law of mutual helpfulness, the family to-day furnishes the natural habitation for a Christian life and fellowship" (page 133). Various forces have brought about this result, but chief among them is Christianity.

Of the state he says: "In spite of all failures, we can assert that our political communities are constitutionally on a Christian footing. Instead of legalizing class inequality, they at least try to be an organized expression of the equal rights of all. Instead of being a firmly wrought system for holding down the weak and depriving them of the natural means of self-help, and even of a voice to utter their wrongs, our government tries to be a guarantee of freedom and a protection to the helpless. Instead of being constitutionally an organization of a clique for their private advantage, it is planned as an organization of all for the common good, and falls into the hands of marauding interests only through the ignorance and laziness of the citizens. Democracy is not equivalent to Christianity, but in politics democracy is the expression and method of the Christian spirit." Democracy has made its greatest achievements among the

Anglo-Saxons, but is the conquering tendency in political life the world over. And it registers the Christian sense of the worth of the person, the care for the weak, the passionate love for freedom, equality, and fraternity. All this is most hopeful, for it is the earnest that all other portions of our social life shall come, eventually, completely under the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.

As Rauschenbusch says, the next thing to be brought under the law of Christ is the economic order. In chapter after chapter dealing with the law of profit, the fierce competitions of our modern business world, the relation of master to man, of business to the public, of gain to life, of commerce to comeliness, to the home and the common good, the author fairly, but unmincingly and most brilliantly, points out the un-Christian features of our industrial life. He sees clearly that capitalism "is the most efficient system for the creation of material wealth which the world has ever seen." "It has put humanity under the law of work." It has furthered laws and habits of association on a large scale. It has made for leadership such as the captains and kings of history have had—"the rough directness of aim," "the imperious command of social forces by a single will," "the self-confidence and driving power of men who are accustomed to make decisions and to be obeyed." "It begets venturesomeness" and concentration of intellect and will, with a perpetual forward reaching of the mind. Chiefly it has developed the application of machine power to production and furthered the organization of associated groups of workers on a lare scale. On the other hand, it has banked on the honesty and trustworthiness created by forces outside itself; it has been restrained by the democratic power of the state again and again, and thus has been saved from collapse. Moreover, the vast increase in the moral and intellectual force of the American during the nineteenth century was largely due to the spread of democracy and education, and these led to the rise of science, which, in turn, has added amazingly to our material wealth.

In other words, capitalism has proved itself efficient in enforcing the law of work and in securing material profits; but it has not been sufficient to the needs of man's life in other particulars. It has been so indifferent to the human side of life, to the moral demands of life, as to be not only brutalizing, in the ordinary sense of that word, but also immoral, overriding every consideration save that of material gain. And, as has been said above, but for other forces operating in civilization it would have defeated its own hotly sought end. The

great problem before the Christian world to-day is to Christianize this industrial order, and to displace the prevailing economic spirit with the Spirit of Christ. This cannot be done in a day, but it *can* be done. And *this* Professor Rauschenbusch calls upon the church to do, indicating ways and means. In fact, he points out that such a movement is already under way, making for the democratizing of property and industry as the Renaissance made for the democratizing of education and the intellect, the Reformation for the democratizing of the church and the Revolution for the democratizing of the state.

The review I have given of the main constructive positions of the book has not permitted even an attempt to convey to the reader something of its fine literary style, dry humor, and genuine human quality. Nor has it enabled me to touch upon his story of the rise of social feeling within the church, a story in which he touches illuminatingly upon many current church movements, and in which he ascribes to Methodism a most honorable part in the Christian leadership of the nation. But the limits of space remind me that I must not indulge myself in this respect, however much I may long to do so.

No Christian business man can afford to pass up this book, and no preacher will think of doing anything of the kind. The author's fame is a guarantee against that.

THE ARENA

THE NEGRO AND THE INDIAN CHRISTIAN

One of the most welcome periodicals that come to my desk is the Methodist Review. In the number (September-October) before me is an article entitled "Fifty Years at School," a résumé of the intellectual progress of the American Negro during the past half century. So much of it is applicable to the Indian Christian that I desire to make these suggestions:

"In measuring the attainments and prospects of the Negro [and the Indian Christian] we must consider the depths from which he has come rather than the heights which he has reached." Exactly. If we think of and dwell on the great unattained even the optimist would lose heart, but when we look at the pit whence our brother was digged, and then look upon the solid Rock on which he stands, we thank God and take courage.

The Negro was regarded as "less than human. . . . He was, and should

aspire to be, nothing more than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Therefore all facilities for intellectual training were denied him. It was asserted that he could not learn. The South acted upon Carlyle's 'merciless proposition,' 'The Negro is useful to God's creation only as a servant.' However, as the United States Commissioner of Education says, 'This claim that the Negro could not learn seems to have been founded upon a desire rather than a belief; for in order to justify the assertion, laws were made forbidding the Negro to attempt to learn. It was a crime for the Negro to perform the impossible!'" The fact that Brahmans and other high-caste men regard our low-caste Christian in just this light accounts for their strenuous opposition and furious rage whenever we establish schools for the children of our converts. For any but the élite to learn to read is a crime. From the very fact that he sprang from the feet of Brahm, the low-caste man is condemned to a life-long servitude, and only as he remains bound with the chains of ignorance will the continuance of his serfdom be possible.

Again, "It is not claimed, nor should it be expected, that a race only fifty years from slavery should show an average of scholarship equal to that of a race which has enjoyed fifteen centuries of Christian civilization, with its opportunities for culture." Apropos of the above let me say that only this week an intelligent Englishman, speaking of the progress of the English and other Christian nations, condemned other races for their comparative lack of progress. Having this article in mind, I referred to the phenomenal advance of the American Negro. "O," he replied, "that's because the Negroes are living in a Christian country, surrounded by civilization, but look at the backwardness of Africa after all these centuries." He, like so many of my English acquaintances, forgets his English history and seemed rather surprised when I asked, "And what progress did your forefathers make before they came in contact with Christianity?" The scales fell from his eyes and he saw.

The Indian Christian is advancing in scholarship and spirituality, but let us be fair and not judge him by wrong standards nor demand too much from him. Remember that he has barely come out of the slavery of heathenism, ignorance, and superstition. "Fifty years ago an unappreciable number of Negroes had any learning whatsoever; to-day seventy per cent of the race have the rudiments of an education." This cannot be said of the Indian Christian, but year by year the percentage of the literate is growing, and the future is aglow with hope.

The closing word as applied to our Indian Christian community touches upon our greatest need and suggests a method which we are pursuing with ever-increasing success. I give it without further comment: "The Negro race needs leaders of its own blood, and these, in order that they may lead wisely, must be thoroughly trained. The true method of dealing with this people is to provide good elementary education with industrial features for the many; secondary education, especially good normal courses, for those who can go farther, and the higher education, as a possibility and incitement, for the few specially qualified for it."

Ballia, U. P., India. H. J. Schutz.

CONCERNING THE "TWO-MIND THEORY"

In the last November-December number of the Review there appeared an article on "The Two-Mind Theory," purporting to be a protest against certain psychological views now quite generally held. It seems to the present writer hardly fair to let the view represented in the article referred to stand as an unchallengd statement of what is actually held by psychologists to-day. In the first place, the investigation of this particular field of psychology is comparatively recent, while the conversation which furnished the basis of the article referred to occurred admittedly ten years ago, and at a time when views in this particular field could hardly have reached anything like a settled state. Furthermore, the particular devotee of subconsciousness whom he is quoting advocated such extravagant views of the subconscious as would be vouched for by no first-rate psychologist, views so wild as to lead one to question the mental stability of one who would hold them seriously.

The whole protest seems to be against the idea that man has two minds; and what this present comment would aim at is to point out that it is not at all the currently accepted view of psychology, as represented in its leading investigators, that man has a double mind. In proof of this contention, let me quote from Joseph Jastro, who has written a recent and one of the best presentations of the matter: "It is quite misleading to think of the subconscious as a veritable, independently organized 'psyche,' or as a subservient understudy, however apposite and wholly legitimate such comparisons may be as metaphorical aids. The subconscious (if we may clothe these aspects of our mental life in substantive form) are two souls with but a single thought, for the sufficient reason that they *are* but one soul; and the unity of their heart-beat is inherent in the organism that gives them life. It is because the silent partner of our mental administration is only the sole head thereof under another guise, in another mood, with other, possibly more playful, occupation, that his dominant habits, interests, endowments, and experiences pervade their common business" (page 138). In a similar connection Professor Coe says: "The best accredited view of the subconscious is that it consists of mental activities that occur in such a condition of inattention or dissociated attention as to prevent our consciously connecting them with the remainder of our vital life. *No known facts warrant the assertion that subconscious acts are performed by some other entity than by the ordinary every-day self, or that man has a dual mind.* . . . The conscious and subconscious are continuous with each other. Both are our own experience, our own act, and they run into each other or change places, so that the apparent gulf between them is simply a lack of synthetic attention with a consequent failure to remember." No more conspicuous testimony could be given, and it should be sufficient to show that it is not the view of psychology to-day that man has a dual mind.

If we wish to illustrate the relation of the subconscious to the conscious, we might do it by a diagram in which the central, concentrated attention may be indicated by a heavily marked dot, and the subconsciousness

by a penumbra shading from the dark center out to imperceptibility at the circumference. At the focus of atention, indicated by the black dot, is the direct field of active consciousness. Granting the field of survey be a landscape, the black dot or center of attention may be a house, and we may, at the same time, be dimly conscious of barns, fields, and groves lying near it. A moment later the center of attention may shift to the barn, and the house will fall into the penumbra of vision. Thus the center of the mind's attention will be given directly to only one thing at a time, but there will be about it a cluster of all sorts of ideas lying in the penumbra of consciousness, their proximity to the center of attention for the time being dependent upon their relatedness to the thing primarily under consideration. All the while scattering ideas in the penumbra of consciousness are becoming related to each other on the basis of affinity, and by and by, as the searchlight of attention shifts to another part of the field of consciousness, we are startled to discover ideas already made which we never dreamed of possessing. The important thing to notice and emphasize is that it is the same consciousness working both at the center of attention and in the penumbra, and according to the same general laws, but acting most intensely at the center, and less intensely from center to circumference.

As to the phenomena which the author of the previous article cites, those of hypnotism, auto-suggestion, and the influence of mind over physical states, these are too well known to be laughed out of court, while the phenomena of spiritism and telepathy are of such a character as to invite the serious consideration of the most serious minds. When men like Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and Sir Oliver Lodge are seriously investigating a subject, we do not feel like laughing at them until they have candidly acknowledged that they were chasing a chimera. We have to face the phenomena, and if we do not explain them in one way, we are under obligation to offer some better explanation, which the author under discussion has failed to do. The theory of the subconscious as more recently developed has harmonized the mental experiences of man as no other theory has done up to date, and until some better hypothesis is offered, we shall cling to that which has led us into our present measure of light. This is not to say that our knowledge is by any means full or complete, or that we are accepting present theory as final explanation, but it does mean to say that as a present working basis it is the only satisfactory view in sight, and that all the promises of future development are along this same line.

Plano, Ill. C. Lemont Hay.

PROFESSOR McGIFFERT THANKS PROFESSOR FAULKNER

My friend Professor John Alfred Faulkner, of Drew Theological Seminary, has called my attention to a note in the Methodist Review of November-December, 1912, pages 954ff., in which he criticizes, without naming

me, certain statements concerning Wesley in my little book on Protestant Thought before Kant, particularly the following sentence: "He [Wesley] refused to accept the Copernican astronomy on the ground that it contradicted Scripture." Professor Faulkner gives two quotations from Wesley's Compendium of Natural Philosophy which prove that he did not reject the Copernican astronomy, and thus shows my statement to have been erroneous and my words about his "recognition of an external authority to which all the conclusions about the physical universe should be made to conform" to have been exaggerated.

I am glad to be corrected in the matter and beg that this acknowledgment of my unintentional misrepresentation of the great English Evangelical may be published in the METHODIST REVIEW.

Union Theological Seminary, New York city. A. C. McGIFFERT.

"THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY"

THIS is the title of an ingenious article by Rev. W. N. Tobie, D.D., of Lincoln, Ill., published in the METHODIST REVIEW for March-April of the current year, in which, notwithstanding the title, the resurrection of the body is practically denied and there is substituted another body that the spirit is supposed to organize for itself in the future world and that will correspond somewhat to the physical, earthly body. The writer says:

"It is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the Spirit of the Living God, laying hold of the constitutional forces of our material organism, as he must, in order to dwell in us at all, quickens the deeper and invisible substance of our mortal bodies into immortality; and that in reality, the spiritual body is a part of the new creation which constitutes regeneration; for if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation. . . . In view of these speculations and these Scriptures, it becomes easy to believe that the spirit of man, quickened by the Spirit of God, never is completely unclothed, but that it carries through death at least the nucleus of immortal material embodiment; and that in the invisible world the regenerate human spirit has the power of reorganizing its habitation in eternal forms on the basis of a physical immortality begun in the earthly life."

If it be true that in regeneration the "Spirit of the Living God" lays hold of "our material organism" and "quickens the deeper invisible substance of our mortal bodies into immortality," and that "in reality the spiritual body is a part of the new creation which constitutes regeneration," it follows that that part of the body that has become immortal in regeneration *cannot die*. This does not seem to be in harmony with Paul's great argument in the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, in which the body, not a part of the body, is represented as dead. After having used the illustration of the seed which must "die" before it can be quickened into a new life, and which represents the dead—not partly dead—mortal

body, Paul says: "It is sown in corruption . . . dishonor . . . weakness"; "it is raised in incorruption . . . glory . . . power." In all this there is no hint that any part of the "natural body" escapes death or fails to share in the resurrection glory. What transformation will take place to adapt the natural body to the resurrection state is not set forth, but whatever the process, the whole body is to be adjusted to the immortal state. Furthermore, this transformation of the whole mortal body, fitting it for the immortal state, is fully affirmed in the resurrection of our Lord. Two things are unquestionably declared: (1) that Jesus died physically on the cross; and (2) that he arose again from the dead. There is no suggestion that any part of his natural body escaped death or that "the deeper and invisible substance" of his body had previous to death become immortal. Paul evidently believed and taught that death asserts its power over the whole body, and that the resurrection not only restores the whole body to life, but transforms and glorifies it, and so he wrote: "But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."

The author of the article under review appears to ascribe a possible miraculous power to the sanctified human soul, by raising the question, "What may be the power of the regenerate and sanctified human soul when liberated from the limitations of a mortal body, to reorganize its own fitting, celestial, and spiritual body?" Here it is suggested at least, if not affirmed, that the "sanctified human soul" will in the future world take to itself the power to "reorganize its own fitting celestial body." This suggested power of the "sanctified human soul" takes away from Christ his resurrection prerogative and passes it over to the human soul itself, which would eliminate Paul's triumphant conclusion of his great resurrection argument: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

If Dr. Tobie's theory is correct, the latter part of the above quotation should read: "But thanks be to God, which giveth the regenerated and sanctified human soul, when liberated from the limitations of a mortal body, to reorganize its own fitting celestial and spiritual body."

Moreover, this theory raises the question as to the future of those who die, not having been the subjects of regenerating grace, and consequently have not been quickened in "the deeper and invisible substance" of their "mortal bodies into immortality." Surely their spirits will not have the power of reorganizing their "habitation in eternal forms on the basis of a physical immortality begun in earthly life." For such there can be only annihilation. But Paul says "that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust."

A. B. Leonard.

New York city.

"THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY"

Dr. W. N. Tobie, in his very thoughtful article in the last Review on "The Resurrection of the Body," comes very near teaching the doctrine of Emanuel Swedenborg on the same subject. I was greatly interested and edified by the article noted, and felt anew a most earnest desire to be fully endowed by the all-pervading power of the Holy Spirit, not only for his influence on the human spirit and mind, but also the body. For if the Holy Spirit not only renews the mind and spirit, but also the body of all those who receive him, how wonderful and desirable is it that we receive such a recreating force into our natures, and set forth this idea as another great incentive to all men, that they should seek and find this spirit and body-renewing energy.

Some of the Scriptures quoted appear to substantiate this teaching. For example, one used by the writer: Rom. 8. 11, and 2 Cor. 5. 1-3. But does Paul by these Scriptures give up the idea of a *material* resurrection? or the resurrection of the physical body or a body identical with the physical body? and that at the end of the world "the judgment of the great day"? Paul in his great argument in the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians seems to set forth in great power the literal resurrection of the identical body, by using the resurrection of Christ as the hope and illustration of such a resurrection. Now does it not appear inconceivable that a spirit already invested with a spiritual and glorified body should return to the earth at the last day to be clothed with another similar body, and one that is in some mysterious way connected with the former earthly body? In the intermediate state there may be full enjoyment in the presence of our dear Lord, without the more wonderful glory that shall be ours after the resurrection of the dead. In our finite state we cannot think of a distinct personality without some idea of a tangible form, and we want to put something earthly into that subliminal state of existence, therefore the yearning for what Dr. D. D. Whedon calls the "overswathement of the soul," a kind of body. Saint John, in 1 John 3. 2, professes his ignorance in regard to the nature and conditions of the future state, saying, "It does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Our resurrection will be after the pattern of his, and our bodies spiritual and glorified bodies. The fact that his body had not met with decomposition, and ours will have passed into other conditions, is of no significance, as he is able to change "our vile bodies and fashion them like unto his own glorified body, according to that mighty power whereby he is *able* to subdue *all things* unto himself."

"The extenuation of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead into a natural or conferred immortality, or as the result of the subliminal influence of the Holy Spirit on our spirits, in order to avoid perplexities arising from the limitation of our knowledge, surrenders the force of Paul's teaching as to the sanctity of the human body." See 1 Cor. 6. 14. It also breaks up the Pauline idea of human individuality that the complete man is composed of body, mind, and spirit, all to be pre-

served blameless unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (1 Thess. 5. 23). The body as well as the soul has been redeemed by the great atonement through Christ Jesus. "The redemption of the body is the last stage in the great process of adoption by which we are made the sons of God" (Rom. 8. 23).

We cannot understand it, but our faith and hope rest upon the promise and provision of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Knightstown, Ind. RICHARD C. JONES.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE APOCRYPHA

THERE can be no doubt that the collection of Jewish books known as the Apocrypha has been too much neglected during the past fifty years, and nowhere more so than in the churches of the United States. This arises largely from the fact that these books have not been in circulation to any great extent since the middle of the nineteenth century.

The earliest versions of the English Bible, beginning with that of Coverdale, almost without exception, had the apocryphal books placed usually between the Old Testament and the New. This continued till the appearance of the Authorized Version, in 1611, but from 1629 editions of this version without the Apocrypha were frequently published. Many of the lessons read in the services of the Church of England are taken from the apocryphal books.

Little by little the collection became less and less favored, especially in the nonconformist churches of English-speaking countries, so that a copy of the Bible including the Apocrypha was a rarity. This accounts very largely for the dense ignorance of many Christians regarding these old Jewish writings.

It is a matter of interest to know that a society for the study of the Apocrypha has been organized recently in England. Being international in character, its membership is composed of very many distinguished biblical scholars in Europe and America. In the list of officers and council we find a long array of university professors and church dignitaries. Such a society cannot but give added zest to the study of this branch of Jewish literature, which forms, as it were, the connecting link between Judaism and Christianity. It would be too much to say that a symmetrical conception of Jewish faith in its relation to Christianity cannot be gained without some knowledge of the Apocrypha, but no one will deny the advantage which may be derived from the study of these uncanonical books.

The word Apocrypha is from the Greek word *ἀπόκρυφος*, hidden, or concealed. The exact reason for such a designation is not clear. It may be that the books were at one time literally hidden and kept concealed

from the people at large and open only to the select few. Such a proceeding was common to many religions. Indeed, we know from Josephus and Philo that the Essenes and the Therapeutæ and other Jewish sects had their hidden books containing esoteric doctrines known only to initiates. Judaism in the main was very free from occult priestly rites and doctrines; at the same time it did not fully "escape from the charm which mystery exerts over the human mind." This accounts for the large number of apocalyptic Hebrew writings. Whatever may have been the original signification of the term, it gradually acquired the meaning to many people of spurious, or forged; unfit for reading in the public congregation.

The collection, as we shall see farther on, is not exactly the same in the many versions, but the title is applied by Americans to the following uncanonical books. The list is that given in the Revised Version (1905):

1 Esdras, 2 Esdras, Tobit, Judith, The Rest of Esther, The Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, with the Epistle of Jeremiah, The Song of the Three Holy Children, The History of Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, The Prayer of Manasseh, 1 Maccabees, 2 Maccabees.

Several of the above were written in Hebrew, or rather Aramaic. This may be true of portions of Baruch, Judith, and 1 Maccabees. Quite a fragment of Ecclesiasticus in the original Aramaic has been lately found and published by Cowley and Neubauer. The larger portion, however, was in the Greek language, perhaps by the Hellenistic Jews of Alexandria. There are portions, like 2 Esdras, where no Greek original has been discovered.

The age of the Apocrypha is not easily settled. It will be safe to conclude that it was written between the time of Ezra and the beginning of our era, and yet there are passages in some of the books which could not have been written till after the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 72. These, however, may be simple interpolations. It is characteristic of these books that they are, with one or two exceptions, anonymous. This fact adds to the difficulty of the question of age.

The Apocryphal books differ greatly in style, content, and value. Some—like Tobit and Bel and the Dragon—are pure inventions, with little or no historical basis. The Son of Sirach wrote with keen intellectuality, representing not only the thought of his own time, but also of the past ages. This book, as well as Baruch, as Churton observes, "might have been produced in times of comparative peace and prosperity, before the faith of the nation was tried by the persecution of the heathen." Not so the first book of Maccabees and the Wisdom of Solomon; they display less rationalism and more dependence upon the power of Jehovah to save. While persecuted and dismayed, the eye of faith pierces the clouds and is made to catch a glimpse of immortality and the resurrection of the body. "The author of Wisdom describes the state of the soul after death in language derived from the Psalms and Isaiah, and his faith in the ressurrection may be inferred from his expression in chapter 16. 13, 14. . . . The doctrine of the prophet Daniel concerning the awakening of those who sleep in the dust is more clearly realized in the books of Maccabees, where the mother and her devoted sons are put to death with the con-

fession of the resurrection on their lips." Future rewards and punishments are clearly taught. So, too, the efficacy of prayer and masses for the dead.

None of these books ever appeared with the canonical books of the Hebrew Scriptures. There is, thus, no doubt that so far as the Jewish church was concerned, they were regarded as uninspired. Indeed, some of the books confess their inferiority and disclaim inspiration. (See 1 Macc. 4. 46. 2. Macc. 15. 38.) There can be no reasonable doubt that our Saviour was acquainted with these apocryphal books, but there is no evidence in the Gospels that he ever referred to them. The same is true of the apostles, notwithstanding the fact that they were acquainted with the Septuagint version, which included the apocryphal books. The fact that they were not cited by Christ and the apostles is no conclusive evidence against their canonicity, for the same argument would exclude Ecclesiastes, Ezra, Nehemiah, as well as Esther and the Song of Songs.

When, however, the Septuagint translation was given the world, these books, without note or comment, or without any apparent distinction as to their value, were interspersed among the canonical books of the Old Testament. Now, the Greek translation was made in Egypt and intended for the Jews scattered abroad. Very naturally, the Jews residing in foreign lands did not adhere so rigidly to the traditions of the fathers as did their brethren in Palestine. It has been suggested that there were two canons, one by the Jews of Palestine and another by the Jews of Alexandria. If that were true, the insertion of the Apocrypha in the Septuagint would not be hard to explain. But there is no proof of such a supposition. There is not a passage in the New Testament, in Josephus, Philo, or any other Jewish authority, which favors the canonicity or inspiration of any one of the apocryphal books. Nor is there any proof that the Jews in or outside of Palestine paid the same reverence to this collection as they did to the books of the Old Testament.

As already stated, the Apocrypha found their way into the Greek version of the Old Testament, and through the Greek into the Vulgate, and again through these two versions to the other versions of different countries.

Before proceeding farther it would be well to call attention to the lack of uniformity in the number and arrangement of the apocryphal books in the translations into different languages. The following from Churton will make this matter clear: "Of the more modern versions into the various European languages, the earlier ones are based upon the Vulgate; some of the later ones follow the Greek. Some include those books only which were authorized by the Council of Trent; others add the fourth book of Esdras and the Prayer of Manasseh from the old editions of the Vulgate; or the third book of Maccabees from the Septuagint. In some the books are separated from the canonical books; in others, they occupy their old position, as in the Douay Bible. The old edition of the Vulgate was the basis of the English versions of the Reformation period."

There was no unanimity in the early church as to the exact value and nature of the Apocrypha. The fact, however, that they were included

by the Septuagint and Vulgate among the canonical writings gave them a great prestige. Most of the Fathers held them in great estimation, and some went so far as to make them equal to the canonical books. The books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and Baruch were more frequently cited than even the books of the New Testament. The writings of Barnabas, Justin Martyn, Athenagoras, Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian, and others, show a high degree of respect for the Apocrypha. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the Fathers apparently made no distinction between them and the canonical writings, the earliest canons of Scriptures left us by the early church do not include them with the canonical Scriptures. This is true of the Canon of Melito of Sardis, and also of the list given by Eusebius. And yet some Fathers, like Origen, designate some apocryphal books as "Holy Word," as "inspired and authoritative Scriptures." While held in high esteem by the majority, they were, nevertheless, condemned by not a few as irreligious; while not read in all churches, like the canonical Scriptures, they were usually recommended for private study. Jerome, a long-time resident of the Holy Land and influenced by the study of the Scriptures in Hebrew, was on the whole unfavorable to the Apocrypha. He had no hesitation in placing them among the uncanonical.

And so down through the middle ages to the Council of Trent there was practically no unanimity concerning the value of the Apocrypha.

At the Council of Trent, in 1546, after a long discussion and no little opposition, the Apocrypha, excepting 1 and 2 Esdras and the Prayer of Manasseh, were pronounced canonical, and of equal value with the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments. The list as adopted by this council differed from both the Old Vulgate and the Septuagint; from the former by omitting the third and fourth books of Esdras and the Prayer of Manasseh, from the latter by the omission of 3 Esdras, Prayer of Manasseh, 3 and 4 Maccabees, as well as minor additions to Job and the Psalms. The arrangement was practically that of Jerome rather than the Septuagint. The Roman Catholic Church still adheres to the position taken by the Council of Trent.

The position of the Greek or Eastern Church is less clear, for it is an open question whether this church has ever taken a positive stand on the Apocrypha. Indeed, from the fourth century on many of the leading lights in the Eastern church have made a clear-cut distinction between the apocryphal and canonical books. Nevertheless, the Septuagint, and not the Hebrew original, is its recognized version. As the Septuagint contains the Apocrypha as apparently of the same value as the other books, it would seem natural that the former books should be regarded as inspired writings, and yet while the official Bible of the Greek Church contains some of the apocryphal books, the recognized catechism (from 1839 on), which has official sanction, gives to all books outside of the twenty-second (canonical Old Testament) a subordinate place.

The Protestant churches, though not uniform in their treatment of the Apocrypha, are practically united in placing a much lower value upon them than upon the canonical Scriptures.

Luther's position is not easily defined. To judge from his writings he changed his opinion more than once. Like Melanchthon and Erasmus, he placed, as was proper, much higher value upon some of the books than upon others. It is almost certain that he never regarded any of them as canonical, though he declared some of them more worthy of a place in the canon than the book of Esther. His first translation of the Bible (1534) contained the Apocrypha. The following explanatory note was inserted: "Apocrypha, that is, books which, although not estimated equal to the Holy Scriptures, are yet useful and good to read." In his arrangement and translation he was influenced more by the Vulgate than the Septuagint. It should be added that his criticisms of first and second Esdras are very unfriendly.

The other Reformed churches, as a rule, are less partial to the Apocrypha. This is especially true of all nonconformists in English-speaking lands. Though the Apocrypha used in former years to be printed either as an appendix at the close of the New Testament, or more usually between the Old Testament and the New, there was always some kind of explanation. For example, in the Zürich Bible (1529-1530) we read: "These are the books which by the ancients were not written or numbered among the biblical books, nor are they found among the Hebrew Scriptures." In the French Bible (1535) the following note, presumably from Calvin's pen, is appended: "The volume of the apocryphal books, contained in the Vulgate translation, which we have not found in Hebrew or Chaldee."

The Synod of Dort (1618-1619), having discussed the Apocrypha at some length, declared that they were human, uninspired books, in many places at variance with the canonical Scriptures. It was also decided that if the apocryphal books should be bound in one volume with the Old and the New Testaments they should be carefully distinguished, both as to type and style of page, and, farther, that they should be placed as a separate appendix at the close of the New Testament and not between the Old and the New, as in most versions.

Though the Church of England has at all times regarded the Apocrypha as worthy of study, and has appointed several portions of the books for lessons to be read in the public services, it defines its position regarding them by saying that they were used for "example of life and instruction of manners, but yet it doth not apply them to establish any doctrine." There were loud protests against reading the Apocrypha in the public congregation even as early as the days of Queen Elizabeth, and also against binding them in the same volume as the canonical books. This opposition grew in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the Puritans attacked the Apocrypha with increased vigor. It was, however, not until 1827 that the British and Foreign Bible Society was forced to leave out the Apocrypha from its editions of the Bible. From that time to the present copies of the Bible with the apocryphal books have become rarer and rarer. So that to-day the average Bible reader in nonepiscopal churches is in blissful ignorance of the Apocrypha.

Apart from the question of inspiration and canonicity, there can be

no doubt that the study of the Apocrypha offers material nowhere else found for an intelligent understanding of both the Old and New Testaments. These books stand in the gap between the old and the new dispensations and furnish us much information concerning the Hebrews during the most eventful period of their history.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE COMPLETION OF THE HAUCK ENCYCLOPEDIA

In the autumn of the year 1880, Professor Plitt, the successor of Herzog in the editorship of the great Realencyklopädie, as he lay on his sick-bed, asked and received of Albert Hauck the promise to take up the work that he must lay down. Accordingly, Hauck brought the second edition of that work to its close, and in 1896 began to issue the third edition. In 1909 the great undertaking seemed finished in twenty-two volumes, but now two supplementary volumes, issued simultaneously, really mark the conclusion. Albert Hauck, since 1889 professor of church history in Leipzig, by universal consent ranks as one of the most noteworthy church historians of his time. His editorship of the encyclopedia has cost him an enormous labor, but the result is worth it all. One may now express the hope that it may be granted him also to bring his great Church History of Germany, of which five volumes have already been issued, to the conclusion which the author has had in his eye—to the close of the Reformation. This history is incomparably the greatest work in its field.

These two supplementary volumes of the encyclopedia bring us a surprising variety of interesting matters. Besides the multitude of briefer notices giving the necessary additions and corrections to the articles in the previous volumes, we find many wholly new articles. Some of the most interesting of these are biographical sketches of theologians and churchmen who have died since the issuance of the corresponding volumes of the main work. From among these special mention may be made of those on Beyschlag, Bodelschwingh, Cremer, von der Goltz, Gottschick, Gunning, Haupt, Carl Hilty, Holtzmann, Kautzsch, Kirn, H. A. Köstlin, J. Köstlin, Luthardt, Pfleiderer, Reischle, Stade, Stöcker, Sverdrup (the Norwegian-American theologian), Tolstoi, and Warneck. These and similar articles have real importance, because they undertake to estimate the scientific and practical work of these notable leaders. But we would direct attention more particularly to a number of articles on important topics not included in the original scheme, and to others that bring new matter in such fullness and of such importance as to give them the dignity of main articles. To the latter class belong the extensive additions to the articles on the Apocrypha of

the Old and New Testaments, written respectively by G. Hölscher and H. Waitz, to supplement the articles by Schürer (deceased), and R. H. Hofmann (emeritus in Leipzig). So great has been the advancement of knowledge in this field since the publication of the first volume of the encyclopedia that Hölscher must devote twelve pages to supplemental matter, while Waitz gives twenty-four pages, as against only seventeen by Hofmann, thus producing an essentially independent article. As was to be expected, the article on Excavations and Explorations in Palestine and Egypt is rich in new matter. Kattenbusch adds fifteen pages to his excellent article (based on Schoell's article in the second edition) on the Anglican Church. Hans Windisch's excellent supplemental article on Jesus Christ deals with the researches and discussions since about 1900, especially with the Christ-myth theory. But these examples may suffice to give an idea of the character of the weightier supplemental articles. The greatest interest will be found in several articles on new topics. A. H. Newman has written a good article on English Theology in the Nineteenth Century. The new development in Germany of the sense of the significance of the organic life of the local congregation is well treated by Paul Grünberg in an article entitled, Gemeindearbeit und Gemeindeorganisation. H. Jarck gives in thirty-three pages a very thorough treatment of the Gemeinschaftsbewegung (Fellowship Movement). Professor Runze, of Berlin, writes on Monism in its latest phase. Titius, of Göttingen, brings a fine article of thirty-seven pages on Natural Science and Theology. An article of unusual weight is that of Tröltsch on the Nineteenth Century. It is not a sketch of the history of theology in that century, but an attempt to arrive at an understanding of the fundamental characteristics of the modern civilized world. Along with this timely discussion we may mention two others which are equally characteristic of present-day thinking: the one on History of Religion, by Lehmann, professor of that subject in the theological faculty in Berlin; and the other on the Psychology of Religion, by Wobbermin, of Breslau, who has taken a pronounced interest in the new movements in this field. The discussions of all these questions of the day are not only significant, but also interesting in a way that is very uncommon in a work of this sort.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE

On December 11, 1905, the famous law separating church and state in France was published. This affected not only the Catholic Church, but also the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, for these also were maintained as institutions of the state. The effect of this great change upon Protestantism as well as upon Catholicism is a matter of no little interest to an observer of the religious life of our day. As our readers well know, the movement of years looking toward the separation of church and state had its occasion in the relations of Roman Catholicism. A general distrust of the policy of the Catholic Church in relation to

public affairs shaped a law of separation that gave to that and all the churches independence, but not a large freedom. Indeed, some of its provicions have seemed to the Catholic hierarchy intolerable. For in guaranteeing "liberty of conscience" and (except for a few specific restrictions in the interest of public order) "the free exercise of worship," the state does not provide for the continuance of the old constitution of the Catholic Church as an institution controlled by the hierarchy. To that church the most intolerable regulation of all in the new law is one providing that church buildings should henceforth stand under the legal control of lay "associations for the exercise of worship." That the hierarchy would not submit to this unheard of introduction of a lay element into the church's organization should have been foreseen. The Pope and the Catholic clergy of France have hitherto successfully resisted this feature of the law. For Catholics in France there is to-day no public canon law.

Now the new law has an important bearing also upon the Protestants. No occasion, of course, was found by Protestants, whether of the established or of the free churches, of resisting the law; yet to learn all the lessons of church government in their new situation was not easy. The local "associations for worship" must be formed, and these must learn by practice how to perform their functions; the several congregations must be united to one another in a way not known before, thus giving to consistories and synods a new significance; and the new law presented to the churches new financial problems. Another problem was the relation between conservatives and liberals. Before the separation of church and state there was no occasion for a positive separation of the parties. They had, indeed, already somewhat loosely separated themselves into voluntary groups, holding their voluntary pastoral conferences, synods, or assemblies. For a long time there were two synods or assemblies of the Reformed Church. Then a central party was formed, which strove at a reconciliation. Sabatier's influence was powerfully conciliatory, but it was not sufficient. In 1905 an earnest effort was made to unite the parties in one national synod. By a small majority this failed. Before the close of the year the law of separation of church and state severed the bond that had hitherto held these parties together in a sort of union. Now the question arose, Shall there be a perpetuation of former divisions, or shall there be a union of parties? The liberals took the first step toward union. The conservatives rejected their overtures. In 1906 the middle party made an earnest effort toward unity, but without success.

In 1900 the Protestants of France of the Reformed and Lutheran confessions numbered about seven hundred thousand. The effect of the separation has meant a material diminution of their number. Indifference, an antipathy to making a personal declaration of allegiance to an ecclesiastical society, a shrinking from the demands of self-sacrifice that must now be made—these, and perhaps other causes, have tended to diminish the numerical showing of Protestantism. This result was clearly foreseen. The optimistic hope, however, that when they had become independent of the state, a new zeal would so fire the churches that the

losses would soon be made good, has not yet been realized. On the whole it must be acknowledged that French Protestantism is neither very aggressive nor very hopeful. Hitherto it seemed to be thought rather bad form to carry on an evangelical propaganda among Catholics. Since both branches of Christianity rested on a like legal establishment, the Protestants naturally felt that they were bound to refrain from all aggression. Time must show—so far as such matters may be shown to human eyes—whether French Protestantism has enough vitality to make really distinct progress. Concerning the present situation as compared with the old, some Protestant leaders are optimistic; others are quite the contrary. We may hope that a better day is dawning for evangelical Christianity in France.

Besides the established Protestant churches there has been in France since 1849 also a Union of Protestant Free Churches (Reformed). In addition to these, there are and have been other Protestant denominations, especially Methodists and Baptists, who a few years ago had twenty-five and twenty-nine congregations respectively. The Union of Free Churches enjoyed in the first twenty-five years of its existence marked prosperity. Among its leaders it numbered some very able men, such as Frédéric Monod (its founder), V. de Pressensé (father), E. de Pressensé (son), Hollard, and Bersier. Some of these men later returned to the national church; their defection was a severe blow to the free church movement. On the whole, the leaders of the free churches exerted a very considerable influence tending toward the separation of church and state. Such separation the free churches made one of their declared principles. When finally this result was reached, they had almost nothing to do in order to conform to the requirements of the law. The change, however, removed the chief barrier to a reunion with the now disestablished Reformed Church. Although as yet no marked movement toward reunion has taken place, such a result seems the natural thing to expect.

French Protestantism maintains two theological faculties: the one at Montauban, the other at Paris. The former is of the Reformed confession and is in general conservative; the latter is half Reformed, half Lutheran, and is "modern," if not liberal. A few years ago—especially in the years immediately following the separation of church and state—the number of students of theology sank alarmingly, but since 1909 there has been a very encouraging increase.

If one considers the small number of Protestants in France, it is remarkable how many noteworthy theologians and preachers they have produced in the past half-century. Men like Vincent, Schérer, Colani, Albert Réville, the elder and the younger Coquerel, the elder and the younger Pressensé, Adolphe and Frédéric Monod, A. Sabatier, Ménégoz, Stapfer, Bersier, Bois, Bonet-Maury, Paul Sabatier, Charles Wagner, show that there is unusual intellectual life among French Protestants and a good degree of religious depth. Yet for some reason the Protestant cause has not greatly flourished.

The earlier orthodoxy of Montauban was of the type of the religious awakening of the middle of the nineteenth century. But the religious

fervor of preachers like Malan and Adolphe Monod was not the controlling factor of the Montauban theology. For a considerable time this theology continued essentially reactionary. It emphasized the primacy of pure doctrine. Sound doctrine, it was declared, produces life. The truth of the doctrine is guaranteed by the plenary inspiration of the Bible. So it remained with Montauban for a generation or more. Even now, though considerably modernized, this faculty is essentially conservative. The Paris faculty is not "liberal" in the French sense of the word, nor can it be called conservative. Sabatier was the chief potency in the Paris faculty and founded what is known as the Paris school. His colleague, Ménégoz, whose thinking essentially coincides in its main features with that of Sabatier, has given expression to the main principle of the school under the name "fideism," or "symbolofideism." As against the liberals, Ménégoz declares: faith is necessary; love to God and man is not enough. As against orthodoxy, he declares: faith is not a matter of sound doctrine, but a personal trust in God. His motto is: Salvation by faith independently of beliefs.

Against Sabatier and Ménégoz several leaders of the right wing declared that this interpretation of *sola fide* is one-sided and must run into harmful subjectivism. A leader of the right wing was Bonifas. He frankly admitted that an intellectualistic orthodoxy cannot produce life. Instead of mere doctrine, it is the "great Christian facts," which, once recognized, must inevitably express themselves in life. Herein he doubtless points out the weakness of fideism; its almost unrestrained subjectivism. But he himself swings too far in the other direction. Mere facts, apart from the Spirit, can have—as also Sabatier has maintained—no religious authority or power. In his reaction against the subjectivism of the Paris school he has shown a wholesome tendency. Yet he has not wholly overcome the intellectualism of the older orthodoxy.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Pilot Flame. By Kelley Jenness. Crown 8vo, pp. 268. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The author describes himself as "a practicing pastor engaged in lighting pilot flames." The last General Conference called for new books on pastoral evangelism and an expert examination of the religious experience. This book is a glowing response to that call. Not for many a day have we read a book more quiveringly alive with thought and feeling than this one: a magnetic and contagious book which one finds hard to lay down until he finishes. It comes hot out of the heart and experience of a busy minister in the sixth year of his pastorate over a university church of twelve hundred members. Two universities had a hand in the making of this man, and he has ministered to two. You can

get some impression of the author from hearing him give credit to his wife for the making of this book. Listen to his Foreword: "The ladies of the community decreed a baby show to provide the funds for a children's playground. Where a beautiful child is esteemed a more desirable possession than an automobile, such an effort meets with success. The parsonage had an exhibit for this show, our dolly girl, Virginia, life's most entrancing plaything. Her mother would have liked to display her exhibit, but it happened on that day that 'Mrs. Rumsey Jenness' must take a train to keep the date of a temperance lecture. The mother arrayed her dolly with tender glee, and then, with last regretful looks, the temperance lecturer departed to meet the stern obligations of the public life. It fell to my lot to hold the exhibit, number eighty-seven, in the Two-Year-Olds. More delightful than a blossom fête were the flower beds of babies, filling large schoolrooms. The crowd flowed by, making comments, which I enjoyed, because eighty-seven was a good exhibit. The impartial judges brought from distant cities passed unknown in the procession. When the crowd became so dense that I was afraid the heat might wilt my exhibit, I retired with her to the cool fringe of folks on the lawn. In placid satisfaction I was chatting with friends about the accomplishment of the playground funds. From the steps, far down in front, a voice called, 'Where is eighty-seven? Who was eighty-seven? Eighty-seven is awarded first prize in the Two-Year-Old Section.' As I went through the crowd carrying my exhibit to receive the prize, I felt that it was wrong that 'Rumsey Jenness' was not there too, for the exhibit was certainly more her achievement than mine. I am now called upon to hold another exhibit which is our joint achievement, our book, The Pilot Flame. It has come out of our yokefellow life; we have clothed it with our toil; we have sat up with it nights; and we have enjoyed it when it was good. I wonder, is The Pilot Flame as good an exhibit as Virginia? Shall I enjoy holding it so much as I did eighty-seven?" The book is a matter-of-fact study of actual spiritual experience. It might be called "spiritual clinics." It begins with religion in children, in the "child who conforms" and the "child who varies." Following chapters treat of "Illumination," "The Perception of the Presence of God," "The Lettered And the Learned," "The Turbulent Bar," "Dark Till Jesus Comes," and "Made-over Garments." What sort of a minister the author is may be partly judged from his own statement: "The work of preparing this book has been carried on upon a desk that has so many pigeon holes containing the papers referring to the different interests of the local church that reference clippings get lost in the maze. The desk is flanked by two constantly ringing telephones, so that each paragraph of the book represents an interruption. A recent census returned three thousand three hundred people who look to this church for all of religion they have in their lives, and who call upon its minister for funerals, weddings, and all of moral help that they use. The minister's study door stands open to them all; he keeps business hours, and carries forward as large a volume of practice as a doctor in lighting pilot flames, in applying prayer to sickness and sympathy to sorrow. If the

book has suffered, the people have not." Read his book and then say whether you think it has suffered from his constant contact with, his intense interest in, and his intimate knowledge of his people. Not every man can work amid so many interruptions, but no pastor can keep his people *interested in his preaching* unless he makes them feel that he is *interested in them.* No man can know how to preach to his people unless he *knows them,* and the only way he can know them is through personal friendship and much intercourse with them. Without this he will be at best but a dilettant preacher. Without this, says Bishop Luther B. Wilson (who grew up in a doctor's office and had a medical education), the preacher is like a physician prescribing for patients whom he does not know and has not seen. Of Morgantown and its region this pastor-author, speaking of child-religion, says: "In West Virginia, Methodism is now an honorable inheritance, sometimes amounting to a family pride. The growing child finds this attitude in the family consciousness, and so early ratifies it with his approval that the later crisal experience frequently becomes impossible for him." In many such cases, he says, the Christian consciousness goes back into such early associations that the time of its beginning cannot be remembered. This was the case with our good Bishop Wiley, who said, "I cannot remember a time when I did not love God and his people." Illustrating the accuracy with which a very little child can enter into the Christian perception, Dr. Jenness gives us this: "The little son of the parsonage went to Sunday school for the first time when he was three years old. He returned with a picture of the Good Shepherd carrying the lamb in his boson. Anxious to know how much such a little child might truly apprehend, I took him on my lap and asked him to tell what the picture was about. Without prompting or suggestion, he told the following story about the picture: 'Little baa sheep get lost. Little baa sheep all the same me. Little baa sheep, he cry, hard, 'cause he get lost. Jesus man come along and find him, and take him up in his arms and carry him home to his mamma.' Was not the whole plan of salvation correctly apprehended? The sensation of being lost and its woe; the work of the Jesus man who comes and finds, the joy of being found, of being carried and kept, and finally of being delivered safe in the place of abiding affection, does the oldest and wisest any more correctly apprehend the gospel of salvation? The babies who are put down with tender nurture into the bath of the Christian consciousness will say, 'I cannot remember the time when it was not understood by me.'" Remarking that personal relationship with God is capable of being recognized and realized in different ways, our preacher says: "If a number of men should be asked when they have the most real sense of possession in their wife and family, one would say: 'When we are gathered around a cozy little dinner, all well and happy together'; another: 'When my business is difficult and I must strain every nerve to succeed, the spur is the sense of doing it for my family'; another: 'When I make some personal sacrifice that my wife and children may be benefited'; and another: 'When I saw my child

die, then I realized my possession and my loss.' There would be found a number who would say, 'I carry about with me always the sense of my wife and family; they are the background of my thought all the time, on my mind and heart, so that one time is not very different from another.' According to our temperament, or maybe more accurately according to the accidents of our experience, we realize our affection in our family; after the same fashion we have possession in our God." It is hard to decide what not to quote. Suppose we let this minister tell something about college professors he has known. Here follows without quotation marks part of his story: During twelve years of the pastoral care of two large churches whose affiliations are with two State universities, my own faith has gotten its sap from the men on the faculties who have been members and sympathetic workers in my churches. At least one from every department of study and investigation, I have known intimately; they have been the friends who sit down by my fireside and eat my apples. All restraints of publicity being removed, I have inquired of them confidentially if they had any perceptions of themselves as hypocrites. There was the Man in Zoology, he who had skill in getting little echinoid hearts hung on glass hooks, and in keeping them beating in a chemical solution. He handled with his hands the word of knowledge in the origins of life. Yet at the church door he was a hearty gladhander, and he enjoyed singing in the chorus when there were special meetings. One evening he rang my study bell in the midst of a storm. He thought he would catch me in, and we would have a good talk. When, welded by the storm without and the privacy within, we had come to good confidence, I said, "Tell me, you Man in Zoölogy, how do you get along with this matter of your religion? You seem to be thoroughly enjoying religion, and thoroughly working at science, and I can't detect any conflict going on in your interior." The Man in Zoölogy stretched himself comfortably before the fire, with the peace of an onlooker upon a conflict, and said, "It is the fellows higher up in the theoretic departments who create that conflict. We men in Zoölogy who are working on the foundations know how uncertain they are, and so we don't build any tall towers upon them for ourselves. Just to-day my chief came out of his private laboratory and told us that he had concluded that after ten years of work he was on the wrong scent for the fact in the origin of life he was tracking. We admired him for his courage when he managed to smile and to tell us that we would clear out all the apparatus of the experiments and begin over again. I don't see any necessity of attempting to live in an unfinished house. I passed one next door to you here, that was as far as the rafters, and the rain was beating in and the wind whistling through. That is science. Religion is a much-lived-in old house, and it is home to me. My father was a preacher, the hearty kind that had revivals. I was converted at one of his meetings, and it was a genuine and good experience. Nothing I have ever known has felt so good as the rejoicing around me that night. The care with which father got me ready to join the church made a true transition from childhood into

life. Church folks are my folks, and I like them. I like going to church on Sunday mornings, as I do the Sunday dinners my mother used to bring out of the oven. Fifteen years I have been living in boarding houses, and have been receiving my lukewarm portion of course dinners. Now, I will tell you what I came down for this evening. I am going to have for my very own, for ever and ever, the nicest girl in your congregation. I am hoping she will have whole chickens and big dishes of mashed potatoes for Sunday dinners; I have had course dinners enough. The church, the girl, and the Sunday dinners create in me that warm glow of happiness which means home. I never get such feelings out of the finest laboratories in the world with the sea water running through them. Yes, my dear pastor, I will have another apple. I like eating apples by your study fire, and having some one to talk to who understands about my girl. When I have obtained the girl and the study fire, in memory of you, I will support an apple box of my own. When I find fellows bilious with doubt, I will bring them in and feed them apples." My Man of Zoölogy peeled a long circling peeling with the deft precision of his dissecting hands, and we agreed that it should go on the coals, because we liked the fragrance of a sizzling peeling. As he munched he continued: "You remember Longfellow's Excelsior boy, who carried the banner with a strange device through snow and ice? He scorned the valleys where the hearth fires glowed, and where the evening lamps of home were lighted. And finally he perished in the night and the cold, out there alone by himself. A big dog had to go out and bring in the body. My respect goes to the big dog and not to the fool boy. If you are going to make any useful Excelsior excursions amid the snow and ice of the mountaintops of unascertained knowledge, you must have a home base in the valley. The old romantic scheme of discovering the north pole was after the pattern of the Excelsior boy. The Excelsior boys all perished in the snow, while the conquest of the pole is obtained by the faithful building of snow houses to sleep in, having the grub on hand, and the back track kept open. We who are pursuing the north poles of knowledge, have no need of making ourselves lonely; the best preparation for a dash amid snow and ice is to get full of warmth and cheer by the fires of home." After some months my Man in Zoölogy received his promotion to another great University; there was a homelike wedding, with a whole chicken dinner, and he departed with the nicest girl in the congregation. The other day we received the "stork" card, and my mind went back to the rainy night by my study fire. Friends of passage tell me that he has "folks" in the great church that stands by the university, and "folks" among the students. From the stream that flows out of his interior life "folks" feel the hearth fires of home and the evening lamp, and the sustaining strength of that old house of living that is builded on a sure foundation; they are not frosted with Excelsior snow and ice, nor forced out into those desolate wastes that are not yet made ready for "folks" to dwell in. That hearty father who believed in revivals, who saw his boy converted at his own altar, who carefully prepared him

to join the church, and that wholesome mother who followed the church service with a good dinner, succeeded in lighting in their boy's soul the pilot flame of faith and hope, all bound about with the associations of affection. He is set now in the midst of forming life; from his interior life and conviction flow streams of living influence. Because the pilot flame is lighted, the streams of influence flow out warm. Affectionate association is able to keep the pilot flame burning, and to heat up even the cold water of Zoölogy. My Man in Physics was one of those on whom the lot fell to do the sustaining drudgery of the university. He put the freshman class through the laboratory courses. He did the kneading for the great batches of bread-baking. Solid and accurate, he was, able to explain to the uttermost, able to show the point in Physics where ascertained knowledge ends and guessing and imagination begins. In the Sunday school he taught a Bible class, and he always stayed for the morning service. When the sermon would be going at a good gait, and the time had come when I needed some sustaining warmth for a lift, I would look to the light on his strong face. His expression was that "yea, yea" of sympathetic appreciation which a speaker craves for the dispatching energy to lift a crowd of people. He had an invalid wife and a garden, and to both he gave that rich devotion which is expressed in minute care and the high joy of giving. When classes were out, I liked lingering in his laboratory and getting all the wealth of his force of instruction concentrated on me. He would show me the choice apparatus, and tell me what it demonstrated. With the words of accuracy upon the crossing places of the application, he showed me how the conclusion, which is called the law of the conservation of energy, is the one basis of the whole modern attitude which looks upon the universe as an interplay of natural forces. Somewhat troubled, he told me that the men in Physics rather shuddered at being made to shoulder the whole responsibility of applying this law to history and to sociology, for, he said, we are not sure that the conclusion covers the universe. I put to him the question I wanted answered by the man who knew. "Does your most accurate knowledge of electricity make it a concept like our concept of spirit, or more like our concept of matter?" And he replied: "Electricity gets less like matter the more we know of it. It transcends the earlier conceptions of force and easily leads your mind off into vast regions where time and distance and the stepping stones of matter are eliminated. It is undoubtedly the modern analogy by which we can understand spirit." My Man in Physics lent me the books on electricity that a layman could read and understand. With his careful accuracy he showed me the analogy; he showed me how to make the connections, so that now I can light my churches with the inspiration of this conception. He showed me how readily the age of electricity might be the forerunner of the age of the spirit. He set me the task of studying the Spirit as he studies electricity. He said it was more important to know it in appliance than in absolute essence. The Spirit bloweth where it listeth; you do not need to discuss whence it comes or whither it goes, but you need to erect stations where it can

strike. Wherever it strikes, you can study it, and you can learn to apply it as the great illuminating force in the lives of the people. "With the same tolerance," he said, "with which I ride on street cars and punch a button when I enter my room, regardless of my inability to explain the ultimate nature of electricity, I avail myself of any impressions of illumination of the Spirit which can reach me. I know you are longing to turn on the Spirit with as much accuracy as you do the electric light in your church. I sympathetically recognize your difficulties in dealing with the souls of men. Not only does the connection have to be established in each case, but the receiving stations are generally kept closed by the will." It was my Man in Physics who made me see that the point upon which I should focus accurate study was the place where the Spirit strikes. It was this purpose that set me to collecting the religious experiences of my people, to arranging them into types, so that it might be possible to see what was the normal type and what were the variations to be allowed for in the individual. It was my Man in Physics who made me see that the age of electricity means an age of convenient appliances that make manifest a power which already exists. He it was that set me a-toiling for the age of spirituality, which shall mean all the souls of men normally open for the Spirit to strike upon and a ready connecting up of the Spirit with the activities which are the arc light on a slum corner. A number of sermons came out of the fellowship of the Man in Physics, and the sermons are like this: Every time there surges up into your consciousness an impulse to lift on another's burden and carry it on your own back; every time there surges up the warm memory of a good father or a good mother, which holds you back from vice or meanness; every time you feel yourself energized by a great and beneficent purpose; then know that it is the voice of God, calling your station. Arise! Receive the message! So far the author about his Professor of Zoölogy and his Professor of Physics. Farther on he tells of his Professor of Engineering. This is what he says: "The Dean of the Wheels of the Whirling Age, Dean of the Engineering College, he is called in the university catalogue, has his office off the entrance hall of the great building full of strong wheels and fine wheels and flying bands, all vibrant with applications of power. The Master of Wheels is still a youngerly man, with the firm investigating ways of a man who tests things; he sets his jaws like the wheels that have cogs, and when his eyes fall on you, you perceive an application of power. His students respect the vast resources of his ability. One evening, when the students and instructors had gone and the power was humming low, he pushed back on his desk those schedules that have to do with cement and steel, with strengths and resistances, and wrote out for his pastor the following memories of childhood and of God." No, we will not give you the testimony of the Master Engineer. Get the book and read it for yourself. If you can read the eight or ten pages which the Dean wrote without heart-throbs, or moistened eyes, or thrills, or all of these together, you are of different stuff from us. Dr. Jenness rode on a train across Arizona in blazing, roasting heat, with Bishop Newman, listened for hours to his wonderful stories. This was

one: "Of all the marvelous conversions I have witnessed, the most child-like and the most Christlike was that of Chief Justice Chase, who joined my Metropolitan Church in Washington. We had together many talks; he sharpened my understanding of materialism and taught me evolution. I kept showing him Christ. That was all I could do. At last he was overcome by the beauty of love and the authority of Jesus. One Sunday morning, after the communion was finished, I asked if there was no one else to come that morning to the Lord's table. Chief Justice Chase arose and walked down the aisle. It was a stately and impressive coming, as if he carried in his hand the glowing crown of a trained and masterly intellect to lay at Jesus's feet. He bowed himself in the utmost humility, with splendid submission, hiding his face on the altar rail." The young man who rode with Bishop Newman that day thinks him the richest personality American Methodism has produced. What do you say to that?

The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ. By H. R. Mackintosh, D.Phil., D.D., Professor of Theology, New College, Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. xiv + 540. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

The faith of the church during all the centuries has given Jesus Christ the place of central and supreme importance. There have been differences in methods of work, in creedal accents, in ecclesiastical propaganda, but there has been impressive unanimity in regarding him as the sole and supreme object of faith. "Christ is more precious to us," says Forsyth, "by what distinguishes him from us than by what identifies him with us." He is the creator of faith and not its pattern. His authority is supreme because Christian men have had the certainty that in him they were face to face with God. Even the heresies that disturbed the church were attempts to construct adequate conceptions of the person of Christ, and in meeting them the church was compelled to establish its faith on reasoned convictions. But it is the standing task of the church to interpret Christ afresh to every age, and in these days of chaotic thinking nothing is more needed than the clear and courageous preaching of Christ in the fullness and sufficiency of his divine imperial claims. Three important books have appeared in recent years which chronologically and logically present impressive argument concerning Christ. Jesus and the Gospel, by Dr. James Denney, is marked by close reasoning, keen criticism, and spiritual fervor. It is an attempt to show that the Christianity of the New Testament is the life of faith in Jesus Christ, and that this attitude is fully justified by an appeal to Jesus himself. The section of the book dealing with the self-consciousness of Jesus (pages 143-328) is one of the finest specimens of text criticism and exegesis and will well repay careful study. A worthy sequel to this book is The Person and Place of Jesus Christ, by Dr. P. T. Forsyth. The moral note, the experimental strain, the vigorous thinking, and the mystic tone combine to make it a most searching utterance. In his lecture on the "Self-fulfillment of Christ" there is a sentence that expresses the gist of his thought: "The soul's Redeemer was the soul's Creator, divested of everything but the holy love in which he created, and raised by the deep and long renunciation to a power in which

lies the salvation for ever and ever of the whole created race and world." And now we have this thorough treatment of the whole subject by Dr. Mackintosh. One is impressed by the rich note of experience that recurs again and again throughout this invaluable treatise. "Only those who owe him salvation can realize his higher nature, and it is moral regeneration which gives the vision of his glory." The fact of Christ's deity is testified by the fact of redeemed souls. But the tendency toward spiritual individualism is guarded by a recognition of the consentient experience of the Christian community. The ethical note is no less carefully conserved by this writer. Christ is the maker of a new conscience, and wherever his authority is accepted he reigns supreme in this realm, imparting indescribable benefits to those who offer him submission and obedience. Another important consideration is expressed in the sentence: "There will always be metaphysic in Christology, but it ought to be a metaphysic of the conscience, in which not substance, but holy love is supreme." In this connection we recall Eucken's approval of Hegel's saying that a civilized nation which has no metaphysics is like a temple decked out with every kind of ornament, but possessing no holy of holies. But the metaphysical is the ethical, and *vice versa*. If this fact is remembered, we shall be delivered from rhetorical pyrotechnics. Dr. Mackintosh states that "it does not seem possible to hold or vindicate the absoluteness of Christ as an intelligent conviction except by passing definitely into the domain of reasoned theory." He needs no apology for his own constructive contribution in the third and largest part of his volume. The first section of his work deals with the Christology of the New Testament, and he expounds the six types of apostolic testimony with lucid insight and a full knowledge of the relevant literature. The profound impression made by Jesus on the apostles resulted in the King displacing the Kingdom as the subject of their preaching. For the same reason they realized that he could be explained only in terms of the fullness of the Godhead. The second part deals with the history of Christological doctrine from the subapostolic age to the nineteenth century. His characterization of Athanasius is worthy of the man who rescued Christianity from the quicksands: "Statesman, saint, thinker, he gave his life as a long sacrifice for truth, with hardly one lapse from consistent greatness." The discriminating treatment of the several writers makes this section of the book a helpful guide to Christological thought, and it will be consulted as a reference work for many years. The modern radical school is severely scored for ignoring history and relying on its own presuppositions. The testimony of all the centuries unites in declaring that Christ is not one of a class, or even first among his compeers, but in a solitary and unshared sense the Lord and Redeemer of the world. The author's powers are seen at their best in the third part of the book. The prime equipment of an investigator in this central region of Christianity is a decided experience of Christ as Redeemer. Christology has always been controlled and inspired exclusively by a soteriological interest, so that here, more than anywhere else, the heart makes the theologian. For instance, we accept the preexistence of the Son, not on metaphysical or psychological grounds, but

in virtue of what we already know of him as sole Mediator and our indwelling life. His work as Reconciler and our experience of vital union with him lead us far more impressively than theories to conclude that he is a Saviour at once divine and human. His holiness is the greatest moral miracle of the ages; and yet it was not automatic, but was won anew by self-committal to the Father from whom he had an uninterrupted derivation of life. If we begin to believe like him we will inevitably come to believe in him. "Faith in Christ will always constrain thoughtful men to construe in reason his ultimate relation to God and man, so far as this is possible; and the limits of possibility can be ascertained in no other way than by actual experiment." Dr. Mackintosh is not lost in subtle dialectics because he always stays by history and life. He is not afraid to acknowledge the limitations of the intellect in comprehending the mysteries of the Godhead, but he immediately points out that the student of Christology has the mystery of grace. So, while he concedes, he finally concludes in indorsing the unanimous confession of the church concerning the eternal God our Saviour. This is a rare volume and goes to the depths. It will feed the mind and soul of any preacher who gives time and thought to it, and the result will be seen in an enhanced ministry.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Lyric Year: By One Hundred Poets. 12mo, pp. 313. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Price, cloth, $2, net.

Suppose all the song birds should stop singing, and all flowers cease blooming, and trees quit blossoming, would this be a less desirable world to live in? Would mankind be any worse off? Bird-songs and flowers are not *necessities* in the usual meaning of that word. And if we had to make a choice between the skylark and the hen, we, being in bondage to physical needs, would be compelled to choose the homely domestic fowl spite of her unmelodious cackle, because of her output of eggs, which in America in any year exceeds in money value the product of all the gold mines of the land. We have heard a dairy farm called "a Wisconsin gold mine"; but what is a dairy farm compared to a chicken farm where some eggs sell as high as five dollars a piece and some hens as high as one hundred and fifty dollars a piece? But, thank heaven, we are not limited to hens. By sheer lavishness of the Divine Beneficence, we are permitted also to have song-sparrows, orioles, meadow larks, nightingales, canaries, mocking birds, robins, songsters innumerable, so that the summer world not only produces crops, but is all awarble with winged ecstasies, to the delight of all who have ears for concord of sweet sounds. Poetry is not a bread-and-butter *necessity*, but it is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone." Man is a spirit, and seeketh such to nourish him as nourish him with spirit and with truth, as the true poets do. Does America care for poetry? Professor T. R. Lounsbury says: "Were I asked what books I would choose, supposing I were to be cast away on a desert island and could have only a few

volumes, I should choose poetry mainly, for the reason that poetry is the highest kind of literature. Were I limited to five English books I should choose the Bible, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson. I would like to add Wordsworth, Byron, and Browning. All these I would choose, not that I would not long for others, but because with me they would have more staying power. I should always find something new in them, no matter how often I read and reread them. Of other authors, some of whom I admire deeply, I might get tired in time; but of these never, though I should doubtless often find myself desiring variation from this sort of intellectual diet." That is one man's answer. But he is in the class with James Russell Lowell, who, when he was appointed Ambassador to England, was described contemptuously by a practical statesman as "a . . . literary feller." Does America care for poetry? Does the average American care for literature at all? It has been alleged that the only book the typical American cares for is a Bank Book. When Renè Bazin, a Breton author, and a member of the French Academy, visited our country as a member of the Champlain Memorial Committee, a formal dinner was tendered to the French delegation. At the table, M. Bazin put the following questions to the Americans seated near him: "Is it not your opinion that the United States, after an auspicious beginning in the persons of such men as Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne, will one day have its own golden age of great literature?" A prominent citizen replied decisively, "No." "Why not?" "Because we are making no effort in that direction, and we have no wish to." "Are you ready to admit that your country will always be lacking the creative genius which produces literature and art? Are you content with a second-rate civilization, an exclusively material civilization?" asked the wondering Frenchman. "Quite so," said the prominent citizen, "and the more material, the better. With the money we shall make we will buy from you the products of your geniuses, just as we buy your champagne. I am entirely reconciled to think of America as tributary to other countries in matters of the spirit." The Frenchman went home and published the sordid reply of that man, to whom Emerson would say, "When you make such an answer, then dies the man in you. You are not a man, but only a cash register." The book before us, entitled The Lyric Year, is, in its measure, a refutation of the charge that America cares nothing for poetry and has no poets. The origin and contents of the volume are peculiar. It is the result of a prize contest. Mr. Ferdinand Earle offered three prizes, one of $500 and two of $250 each, for the best poems that might be offered in competition. Nearly two thousand writers offered ten thousand poems. All these were examined personally by Mr. Earle, who selected from the enormous mass one hundred poems, each by a different author. The three judges to award the prizes among the one hundred writers were W. S. Braithwaite, E. J. Wheeler, and Ferdinand Earle. The prizes were given in order to Orrick Johns for his poem "Second Avenue," to Thomas Augustine Daly for his verses "To a Thrush," and to George Sterling for "An Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning." The two poems judged to rank next to these were "Renascence," by Edna St. Vincent

Millay, and "A Ritual for a Funeral," by Ridgely Torrence. Orrick Johns, first-prize taker, is a Missourian, twenty-six years old, dramatic critic and book reviewer for the Saint Louis Mirror. His five-hundred-dollar-prize poem is criticized by the New York Sun for the following mixed figure of speech, "These are not gained by any toil of groping hands that plead and plod"; on which the Sun, with gay irony, comments thus: "One of the charms of the contemporary muse is her versatility. In the olden days, when she had any plodding to do, she had to plod on her feet. Now, it appears, if her feet get tired, she can wave them restfully and gaily in the air and plod forward on her hands." We notice also that Max J. Herzberg, in his verses on "The Midnight Ferry," sees "the ships plod hither and thither" across New York harbor, while "the pale stars swoon" at the spectacle as a maiden faints at sight of blood. Also, on page 121, Mr. Herzberg "gropes into a stumbling mouth"; while on page 158 Agnes Lee tells Browning that his "feet forged a future." It is easy to pick petty flaws, and be sarcastic over them, but sterling merit is not disproved by trifles. What are the themes with which three poets take prizes in The Lyric Year? In "Second Avenue," Orrick Johns contemplates the motley multitude of polyglot foreigners thronging the sidewalks and gutters of the lower New York East Side, "flung over seas from continental hells, in alien disarry." Then he meditates how cruelly the heartless greed of gold preys on this immigrant multitude. He pictures "the Gentile fiercer than the Jew" as holding them in filthy tenements "like men immured in living graves," and giving the maiden to the brute, helpless innocence victim to flaming lust. In this Mr. Johns is wrong, for those who know Second Avenue say it is the Jew, and not the Gentile, who commercializes vice, trafficking in human souls and bodies as unhesitatingly as in old clothes. He laments that the greed of gold makes men indifferent to "the gorgeous canvas of the morn, the sprinkled gayety of grass, the sunlight dripping from the corn, the stars that hold high-vestured mass, the shattered grandeur of the hills, the little leaping lovely ways of children, and what beauty spills in summer greens and autumn browns and winter grays." Viewing the city's sky-line jagged with innumerable sky-scrapers, he complains that the vaulty walls of all this mighty masonry make men dull and blind, and mar the ritual of the sun and the dramas of the dawn and the streaming tapestries of the dusk; says that these lofty and majestic piles are reared as temples and shrines for gods of iron and brass and gold. He remembers that these huge buildings were reared by foreign labor, rose to the kettle-drum music of its rattling hammers, by the lift of its straining muscles; and believes that the hands which piled and riveted these miracles of steel and stone shall some day mold some finer plaything. He thinks the motley crowd that swarms along Second Avenue may yet breed poets and leaders of men, and says, "It may be now there passes here in reverential dream a boy whose voice shall rise another year and rouse the sleeping lords of joy." He thinks that on some far-off day a thinker may arrive who will answer the call of higher human needs, restore the reign of the Muses, and plant temples in the market places. This first-prize poem does not grip nor penetrate us.

We could not award it a prize. More truly a poet, we think, is the Philadelphian, Thomas Augustine Daly, aged forty-two, manager of the Catholic Standard and Times, author of three volumes of verse mostly dialect, whose verses "To a Thrush" in The Lyric Year are awarded second prize. The gist of his poem is that in an upper chamber a husband and wife, looking on their new-born babe, have their joy saddened at seeing that its tiny limbs are deformed; so that this darling of their hope, this nursling of their nest, is as a little crumpled leaf, and their child must creep through life on maimed limbs. While thus they gazed upon their offspring, dumb with disappointment and pity, silent because neither knew what to say to the other, a thrush, hid in his green tabernacle in the maple tree just outside the window of that sacred chamber, struck up a song so sweet, so pure, so joyous, that it seemed to those listening parents like a strain of music sent from heaven to cheer them, a chant of peace causing them to think of God's benignance brooding over all. And they were cheered, although they scarce knew why. That was when May was merging into June. When five Mays have sped above that crippled baby's sunny head, that thrush's happy song seems to abide in her, so blithe and happy and sweet-natured is she, and those parents experience a chastened joy because that maimed body seems to house a spirit "whose pinions stir familiarly the far cerulean steeps where God his mansion keeps." And our dear poet, Daly, blesses that throstle and makes us bless that golden-tongued apostle who sang comfort clear and cheery from his maple bough outside the window, sang courage to the mother, sang strength into the man; and the sweetness of whose song was a presage of the preternatural sweetness of that little girl, so that the warbling thrush was both prophet and paraclete to two lovers in one human home. That baby's growing life through after years was like a thrush's song, albeit a thrush with a broken wing. That thrush was God's own bird; that baby was God's own child; and this is not the first time the pathos of Daly's poetry has touched us. There is no fustian of grandiloquence in Daly. In The Lyric Year George Sterling, born on Long Island, pupil of Father Tabb, aged forty-four, author of three volumes of verse, takes third prize with his "Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning." Time was, he says, when Browning repelled him. He preferred easier and lighter poets. From the great poet's trumpets calling to the soul, Sterling turned away "as a boy might turn, from where great altars burn and music's grave archangels tread the night, to lighter strains." He would not hear with Browning "the indomitable laughter of the race" sounding superb and clear, nor watch, with Browning, "the light of heaven cast on common things." But that immature time of boyish aversion or indifference is past, and now Browning seems to him like a great sentry standing armed with a spear to drive back the dragons and demons of man's ancient fears that crawl up from secret gulfs; or like the captain of a choral band of those who, "undismayed by rain of ruined worlds athwart the night, harken evermore to God's own music and are stayed by something other than the reason's light." To him now Browning is like "an eagle, strong to pass where tempest-shapen

clouds go to and fro and winds and noons have birth"; or like a voyager of seas within the cosmic solitude. Reading Browning, he hears "the solemn music of waves of thought which, breaking, shake the strand till men far inland hear a mighty call from where young mornings vault the world's blue wall." He knows that Browning is at home "in that dim house which is the human heart" and sees the gain in loss, the triumph in the tear; that Browning understands "what plan drew as a bubble from old infamies and fen-pools of the past the shy and many-colored soul of man; that Browning sees the man-child at his disastrous play loosing shafts without a mark, his fountains flowing downward to the dark, and yet sees man's vatic shadow cast athwart the stars and hears man's strange challenge to infinity. Wherefore, in a bewildered and timorous and trembling time, when the hearts of some are failing them for fear; when some think they see the lofty human scheme toppling and fading like a sunset stormed by wind and evening, with the stars in doubt; when some cry "On to Brotherhood" (without divine Fatherhood to give it reason, sanction, and authority); when some turn to the Epicurean's refuge, crying "Nay! let us hide in roses all our thorns, though all the lamps go out!"—in such a time this poet cries to Browning, "Wherefore be thou near us in our hour of choice, lest Hell's red choirs triumph and rejoice over us!" Of Browning's helpful strength and power we "rest most certain when formless shadows close upon the sun." Now that his body rests in Westminster's hallowed fane among the mighty dead, there sounds above his head the music of the ceaseless trumpets of the war for Good; and men of after years will see his name held like a flower by Honor to her breast. So thinks George Sterling, and there's nothing wrong about it; but as a piece of writing is not the "Ode" somewhat overstrained and unconvincing? From this it is a relief to turn to the direct and off-hand naturalness of Witter Bynner's tribute which praises two things in Browning, his chaste and mighty *mastery of love* and his magnificent and incurable *confidence in man;* though he marvels at other wonders also. Hear him. Thus he begins:

> To tell the truth about you, Robert Browning,
> I bring no wreath of laurel to your crowning
> Save this: that *no one who has loved—can doubt you,*
> Robert Browning.

And he ends thus:

> —Who would, has heard me rank you, Robert Browning . . .
> I bring no wreath of laurel to your crowning
> Save this: that *for your confidence—I thank you,*
> Robert Browning.

When London Punch happed upon this it indulged in the following cheap, unfair, and tricky bit of smartness: "In the Lyric Year: a Great Symposium of Modern American Verse, a minstrel of the day proclaims the right of independent judgment in the following fearless lines:

> To tell the truth about you, Robert Browning,
> I bring no wreath of laurels for your crowning.

In humble imitation of this isolated effort we venture to submit a few further specimens of much-needed protest against the tyranny of Old-World conventions. The following quatrain, inspired by a perusal of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's illuminating pamphlet, may assist Bacon's greatest and most persistent champion in his holy task of dethroning the Stratford impostor:

I pay no homage to the Swan of Avon,
A bird as fabulous as Athen's owl;
I put my money on Poe's peerless Raven,
A far superior fowl.

The popular adulation of the late Laureate, again, finds a salutary corrective in the following couplet:

Mark well my words, I cannot give my benison
To any of the works of Alfred Tennyson.

Comparisons are to be deprecated as a rule, but they are occasionally forced on us by a regard for the truth. The claims of America's greatest poet can be treated in no other way:

As the petulant crowing of shrill cocks
Compares with the lilt of the thrush,
So, matched with the magic of Wilcox,
Old Sappho is shown to be slush."

On the whole, if we had to give up all but one of the hundred poets of this Lyric Year, we would keep Bliss Carman; and we like his thirty-six-verse The Mysteriarchs as well as any. In them there is nothing wild or phrenetic, and they carry us convincingly as they go in calm, strong, noble procession. The Mysteriarchs are the Mothers who made us, gave us the gift of life, bore us in patience and pride, and ruled us with sorceries of love, sorceries subtler than music, gentle as wind in the wheatfield, strong as the tide on the beach. They schooled us to service and honor, made us modest and clean and fair, taught us the code of right living, taught with the sanction of prayer. They lighted the lamp of high manhood in the heart of the lonely boy, strengthened our souls with courage and sent us forth to achieve. Little they reckoned privation, hunger, or hardship, or cold, if only our life might prosper and our joy grow not old. Haloed with love and wonder, in shaded ways they trod, keeping faith with God, willing his bidding to follow, having his business to do.

Mothers, unmilitant, lovely, molding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of men.

They called us from youth and dreaming, and set ambition alight,
And made us fit for the contest—made us men, by their tender rite.

They are the guardians of being, spirited, sentient, and strong, and the rulers of kingdoms beyond the domains of state. Them we will love and honor, them we will serve and defend.

The lure of their laughter shall lead us, the lilt of their words shall sway;
Though life and death should defeat us, their solace shall be our stay.

Veiled in mysterious beauty, vested in magical grace,
They have walked with angels at twilight and looked upon glory's face.

Life we will give for their safety, care for their fruitful ease,
Though we break at the toiling benches or go down in the smoky seas.

Kipling would like Bliss Carman's poem. Much in The Lyric Year he could not abide.

An Outline of the History of Christian Thought Since Kant. By Edward Caldwell Moore, Parkman Professor of Theology in Harvard University. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

In a brief prefatory note Professor Moore indicates that the present series of studies is to be considered as prolegomena to a work to follow which will cover more in detail the men and systems here treated, especially the Modernist movement and the social question. And he also proposes to go beyond the present program and give full place to the modern philosophies and histories of religion and to "that estimate of the essence of Christianity which is suggested by the contact of Christianity with the living religions of the Orient." This is certainly an attractive program and is truly indicative of the author's broad and sympathetic insight into the modern problems of religious development. Does anyone know of such a comprehensive treatment of the modern development and meaning of religion? But the present volume is far more than an appetite-whetter for good things to come. We have here a series of valuable summaries. Within the two hundred and forty-one pages forty-one systems and distinct philosophico-theological movements are delineated, stretching from Kant to William James. So well are these summaries severally made that the volume serves a useful purpose for ready reference. But summarizing is not the end of this book. It is a masterly survey of the most interesting hundred years of Christian thought and development since the great period of the Hellenizing church fathers. Just for instance, the whole of the critical work on the biblical texts falls well within our period, as do the rise of the Philosophy of Religion, the Science of Religion, the Psychology of Religion, and the reaction resulting from Christianity's face-to-face meeting with "the live Oriental religions." My! these are stirring times in the religious thought world. And it is a great experience just to have the services of a competent guide through this period. But we have just now got to the real contribution which Christian Thought Since Kant has to offer, namely, a certain interpretative, imaginative, and sympathetic insight which is the author's own. Here is what we mean, seen in what is said of Strauss's life of Jesus: "If Strauss, after the disintegration in criticism of certain elements in the biography of Jesus, had given us a positive picture of Jesus as the ideal religious character and ethical force, his work would indeed have been attacked. But it would have outlived the attack and conferred a very great benefit. It conferred a great benefit as it was, although not the benefit which Strauss supposed. The benefit which it really conferred was in its critical method, and not at all in its results."

There is sense and illumination in such a discriminating attitude as this, while there is only smoke and folly in the common extremes of angry repudiation and uncritical acceptance. A deeply religious spirit is here seeking to distinguish the essential from the accidental in the messages of the great scholars and thinkers of the past full century. Professor Moore is too much in earnest to pretend to find in these systems what is not in them, and he is likewise too honest to fail to make the most of such spiritual gleanings as he does find—even if this latter does not appear so clever and "strictly scientific." But after all, why shouldn't it show a man scientific to be anxious to know the truth about religion? Professor Moore has an extraordinary capacity for high admiration combined at the same time with a certain persistent refusal to overlook lapses and contradictions in a system, or better in a MAN'S thought, for he writes best about men. All this is well illustrated in something he says about Ritschl, of whom he has a very high opinion and to whom he confesses much obligation. Ritschl asserts that the nature of our sources is such that a biography of Jesus is an impossibility. Professor Moore cannot assent to this paucity of our knowledge of the personality of Jesus. "Qualities in the personality of Jesus obviously worked in transcendent measure to call out devotion. No understanding of history is adequate which has no place for the unfathomed in personality. Exactly because we ourselves share this devotion, we could earnestly wish that the situation as to the biography of Jesus were other than it is." It would be difficult to read this little book without a big difference in one's grasp of the significance of the modern religious thought world, so vast, so varied, and so alive. We are made to see how almost every one of the philosophers, the poets, and the literary men in general, the most part of the scientists, as well as the theologians, strike clearest warmest interest when occupied just with religion. It is a strange misconception to think of the nineteenth century as irreligious or little interested in theology. Certainly the twentieth century opens with no slackening of this interest. Three fifths of the pages of this book are given to the German theological movements, and enlightened Anglo-Saxon pride will not allow us to question the justice of this division. In the English two fifths America has five names—Channing, Bushnell, Phillips Brooks, Emerson, and William James. One is at a loss to know why Jonathan Edwards, the first and greatest of American theologico-metaphysical thinkers, was not found standing room with the worthy. If five was the greatest possible American number, then as much as our heart would disincline us to it we should be compelled to reject the good Bishop Brooks in favor of the thorny, but powerfully original, puritanical Edwards. Then, too, in the German theological development how can we overlook the impassioned, world-engulfing pessimism of Schopenhauer and Eduard von Hartmann? And we have heard nothing of Friedrich Nietzsche. But the pages were few and the thinkers are many. Yes, the great minds who have struggled with these ultimate problems of human interests are very many more than it has ever entered into the hearts of the little studious to conceive. A wide interest and a large sale may be predicted of this helpful guide to theological orientation in its broadest sense. It deserves all this.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Irish Recollections. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. 8vo, pp. 279. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, with portraits, $3.

WE agree with the reviewer who says that the late Justin McCarthy was of an open and sincere nature, well equipped by nature and training for the part he played in life and in letters. For one who had seen so much of the world, he retained to a surprising degree a simple-hearted innocence of mind, if such a phrase is allowable. We suspect that this sincerity of nature may have been a family trait, having noticed it in Justin McCarthy's brother, whose last illness we tried to comfort and whose funeral we conducted, when stationed at Saint James's Church, New Brunswick, N. J., in the early seventies. Like G. W. Smalley, whose Anglo-American Memories we noticed recently, Justin McCarthy was a ready and copious writer, had much experience of English politics, and was at home in the world of journalism. Of these two chroniclers of their times, McCarthy was the gentler, simpler, and more modest. There is no unfairness in the following genial and smiling characterization of Smalley's peculiarities: Smalley began life obscurely, but with a profound sense of his own value and a certain ambition which, without being satisfied, has been immensely gratified from time to time. A long life and not a few mortifications have given him an experience which his training in law, literature, and journalism has enabled him to put into forceful English, with rather too ostentatious a garnish of colloquial French. He does not suffer from the defect of the Western schoolmaster, who, when asked, "What is the capital of Massachusetts?" replied, "Gentlemen, I know the answer to that as well as you do, but I haven't the flow of language to express it." Smalley has flow of language enough to express anything within his sphere; but he has a partiality for what he means to see and express. There is a Smalley mold into which his bullets and small shot are run; they take that form because they are to be used as ammunition; and he is almost always taking sides in any battle he sees going on. Bigness counts with him; in the celebrated duel of Goliath with David he would have been on the giant's side. Sir Toby Matthew, that Tory son of an English archbishop, in his exquisite character of Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, said: "Her nature values fortunate persons as virtuous." Smalley has the same standard; they whom he is pleased to choose for friends are such as are of the most eminent condition both for power and employment. Once on a time, when invited to dine with an American friend in London by a worthy host, the friend came, but not the journalist. "I hoped to meet my classmate here," said the American. "He was invited, and accepted," was the answer. "You have heard of a 'small and early party,' I suppose? Well, he has gone to-night to an Earl and Smalley party." This propensity must be borne in mind in reading his characters. There are thirty-two of them, at least, besides one hundred more incidentally mentioned; and among the thirty-two are Chamberlain, Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, the late Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Wolseley, Earl Spencer, Tom Reed, Whitelaw Reid,

Pierpont Morgan, Carnegie, Roosevelt, and Count Witte. With these he thought himself intimate, and his conversations with them do not leave him in the background by any means. If there are any private conversations we are justified in publishing, it must be our own; upon this point Mr. Smalley has few scruples. His reports are usually entertaining, and he has not the foible of our congressman, Alley, who frequently fabled the distinguished men as asking his advice and following it. "I said to Mr. Lincoln, when he wished to know what ought to be done, so and so." This caused Senator Evarts to say to him, as they were once together on an excursion to Mount Vernon, "Mr. Alley, that explains a tradition I have heard, but never understood: As Columbus was watching the island emerge from the mists of morning, and San Salvador rose to near view, he turned to an aged man beside him on the deck, and said, 'Alley, shall we land?'" McCarthy's volume of Irish Recollections "deals almost wholly with southern Ireland and the region of Cork, where

> The bells of Shandon
> Do sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

So Father Prout said, and he is here mentioned, but more is said of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, who checked a little the flow of usquebaugh in his native island. Everything Irish has an attraction—for Irishmen, and for many more; and slight things new and old are here pleasantly told, but without much point or raciness. Miss Edgeworth, Lover, Thackeray, and Lady Gregory or Mrs. S. C. Hall go over like ground with a surer foot and a livelier air." The simplicity of McCarthy's recollection is fairly sampled in the following account of the sort of humor indulged in by the young folks of his neighborhood in his youth. "One popular amusement was the ridiculing of the love affairs of others. Some sportive friends were always putting into public or private circulation facetious rhymes concerning this or that conceited young man who was supposed to have made himself ridiculous by falling in love with a woman much too good for him, or of some spoiled young woman who believed herself much too beautiful and too gifted to accept the addresses of any young man to be found in the whole circle of her acquaintance. The satire was no doubt very often entirely misapplied, but I suppose there never was a time when the satirical archer always sent his shafts the right way. I may bring in here some account of an amusing, but rather malicious little prank which was played off on me by some of my young companions. A family well known to our set in the city had a pretty daughter—this family, I should say, bore the not very harmonious or poetic name of Flannigan, not even commended or uplifted by the preliminary 'O,' which would have given a certain tribal dignity to the name. Eva Flannigan was, as I have said, a decidedly pretty girl, and had many admirers. I did not, however, at any time proclaim myself to be one of these, and I am afraid that I even indulged myself sometimes in malign suggestions that it would be difficult for a youth who had any poetic or musical turn to sing the praises of a maiden bearing

the family name of Flannigan. Anyhow, it became suddenly known among our set that the girl had found a well-to-do admirer who was not so easily disconcerted, and who had fallen in love with her, had offered his hand and heart, and had become engaged to her with the full parental approval. Soon after this announcement there appeared in a minor journal of the city which, somewhat like the Freeholder, gave itself up much to gossip and drolleries, a ballad professing to express the grief of one among Eva Flannigan's now disappointed admirers. I quote here from memory some of its verses:

Ah! woe is me—I'll never be
The same light-hearted man again.
My heart is broke, and all for thee,
Adorable Miss Flannigan!

O! if I wore a warrior's mail,
I'd seek the battle's van again!
But if with hope's light bridge I fail,
Despair's abyss to span again.

In wine I oft drowned grief before,
And now I'll try that plan again,
And strive to think that, as of yore,
Life's river smoothly ran again!

Now the point of the joke, so far as I was concerned, consisted in the fact that it was signed by the initials 'J. McC.'; and I think a deliberate touch of added humor was found in the fact that I had long been a devoted member of Father Mathew's Temperance organization, and was thus made to proclaim myself as habitually false to Father Mathew's great doctrine. There was nothing to be done on my part. I should only have made myself more ridiculous by writing to disclaim the authorship of the verses; I should have been asked by the editor of the publication, 'Who said you were the author of the poem? Do you really suppose that you are the one only person in this large city to whom the initials "J. McC." could possibly apply?' So my friends and all thought I had much better make no move whatever to show that I felt any concern in the whole affair, and I abstained from provoking further ridicule by offering to the verses the importance of a personal disclaimer." Here is another sample: "I was wandering, one fine evening of early summer, in the neighborhood of what was then called the Cove of Cork, and which has since become Queenstown. I was smoking a cigar, and much enjoying the sea view. Presently a sailor, who appeared by his 'rig' to have come from one of the war vessels in the harbor, approached me and asked me if I would oblige him with a light for his pipe. I have to mention here that even in those early days I was very short-sighted, and had been accustomed to use an eyeglass, which I held always fixed by muscular attachment in one eye. Of course, I readily produced my matchbox and complied with his reasonable request. The sailor thanked me cordially, and then added: 'Do you know, sir, I was afraid at first, when I noticed your eyeglass, that you might be a self-conceited young puppy who would

look down upon a poor sailor, but now I know that I was mistaken, and I think a young gentleman like you, sir, must be fond of poetry, and would be pleased to know that long ago I got a light for this very pipe from Lord Byron, near Athens. I asked him just as I asked you, and he did me the favor just as you did.' I was gratified to hear that any manner of resemblance could be traced between Lord Byron and me, and in any case was delighted to be brought into conversation with one who had spoken to Lord Byron, and spoken to him near Athens." Analyzing the Irish mind and heart, McCarthy refers to the intense belief in the continual presence of the supernatural, even among the most material and realistic incidents of existence. He says: "The Irish peasant was as firmly convinced of the daily and nightly presence of fairies and witches, goblins and specters, 'headless horses galloping at night,' magic wells and caverns, and phantom-haunted lakes, as he was of the presence of the living men and women, horses and cows, and the mountains and rivers which he saw in his everyday pursuits. One could not travel anywhere in Ireland during my early days without finding the evidence of this widely spread, and, indeed, it might be called universal, belief among the peasantry, and even among many classes more under the influence of modern education. Everywhere one went in those days he was sure to have his attention invited to some well popularly believed to be endowed with a marvelous power, perhaps for the relief of physical malady or for conferring some other blessing on the coming lives of those who believed in the magic of the spell-working water. Here one was shown the ruins of a castle which was believed to be under a curse, and from which its dwellers had at last been driven because of its ever-proved fatality. There he was shown a humble cabin which had been preserved from infectious disease by the blessing of some long-departed martyr, who had for a time found safe shelter within its walls. We all know that superstitions of the same kind were prevalent in Scotland and Wales, in parts of England, and in various foreign regions, but I am inclined to believe that nowhere throughout what may be called civilized regions were such superstitions so common and of such recent existence as throughout the Irish counties during that yet not distant time. The Irish peasant always seems to have had a strong suffusion of the imaginative in his nature, and thus was all unconsciously assisted or compelled to people the world around him with figures conjured up from the kingdom of the ghosts. It may be remembered that at a much more recent period there broke out in England, and not by any means among the humbler classes, that extraordinary superstition which believed that the realms of the supernatural could most readily be invaded by the magic of table-turning. It is true that table-turning and spirit-rapping both came into England from the United States, but the imported mania spread widely, even among some of the educated classes here, and led to long and bewildering controversies, in the course of which several of our ablest scientific men did their best, but for the time in vain, to expose the absurdity of the movement. An Irish writer, living in England, published a set of verses on the subject, in which he threw ridicule on this new

development of superstition among those who ought to have known better. The closing verse runs thus:

O! ye ghosts, if any one still lingers
In our dull and working world to-day,
If ye can but speak with feet and fingers,
Hold your tongues and toes for ever, pray!

If the medium's knock alone enables
Ye among the quick to keep your post,
Goblins living in the legs of tables,
Do for decency give up the ghost.

The Irish peasant had no need of any medium, whether medium or table-turner, to conjure up for him the unreal forms that made their way among the recognized realities of life. The Banshee wailed over the dead; her lament was familiar to the ears of everyone who had lost a loved and loving relative. The fairies were denizens of the woods and the river banks just as were the deer and the birds. Even among the educated classes there was much less of that materialistic resolve to admit into the world we see no visitants from the world unseen than there is among these same classes at the present day." The reader can hardly help being amused by this Irishman's naïve acknowledgment of the Irish love of a fight. He says that his countrymen in the south of Ireland did not approve of pugilistic combats for money. Prize fights were regarded as a sordid exhibition, a sort of degradation of a sacred rite. To fight for a cause or a principle, or a conviction or one's religion, or even for a prejudice, was respectable and justifiable. And in some hour of surplus energy and exultant animal spirits, or exhilaration from *spirits* of another sort, to fight for sheer *gaudium certaminis* was natural and permissible. There was no disgrace in that. Hear this genial and genuine Irishman: "The men of our neighborhood, old and young, well understood the fascinations of a free fight as a means of settling a local or personal quarrel, or as a means of testing rival strength and skill." Shortly after the publication of McCarthy's description of his neighbors in the south of Ireland, the newspapers gave us the following account of a lively shindy which enlivened and embellished a Belfast football game: "Belfast, Ireland, September 14.—Sixty-three men are in hospitals, twelve of them seriously hurt, including five suffering from bullet wounds, following a fight to-day between Protestants and Catholics at the Celtic Park football grounds. The game was scheduled between the Linfield Club, a Protestant organization, and the Celtic Club eleven, made up of Catholics. The sixty thousand spectators were about equally divided between the two religions. As the players appeared on the field the Celtic Club supporters unfurled a green flag. The Linfield rooters responded by hoisting a Union Jack. Instantly pandemonium broke out. Blows were exchanged, stones and brickbats hurled, clubs used, and shots fired. The ten policemen on the ground were knocked down. When reinforcements arrived they had a half-hour's fight to restore order. The entire field was strewn with victims of the riot. Besides those sent to the hospitals,

many are being treated in their own homes. The officials called off the game." Mr. McCarthy gives the impression that in the Emerald Isle this sort of thing would be put under the head of popular amusements. Our author affirms a high degree and general prevalence of virtue among his people, praising the modesty of Irish maids and the decency of Irish men. He says that even the jocularity of after-dinner stories, when the wine was in the head and the ladies and the clergy had left, seldom tolerated indecency. Even of the desperately poor McCarthy writes: "The cabins of the peasant occupiers in most of these districts illustrated a condition not merely of poverty, but of squalor and utter wretchedness, the like of which could hardly have been seen in any country supposed to be governed by civilized laws and according to Christian principles. The family living in a cabin often had no beds to sleep in, and sometimes had no actual division of compartments in which different members of the family might lie down upon beds of straw. They often had no secure protection against rain and storm and snow, and in these miserable tenements each family might consider itself somewhat fortunate if it could procure potatoes enough to secure its members against actual starvation. I have often wondered how under such conditions the mere elementary principles of decency could have been maintained in peasant families thus huddled together, but I certainly never heard any serious doubt raised as to the moral tone which maintained itself everywhere in Ireland's agricultural districts. The priesthood of Ireland was unceasing in its care of the peasant class, ever regarding them and treating them as brothers and sisters, and not as mere serfs or social outcasts." The author also claims the instinct of physical cleanliness for his people. He says: "I used to hear it said that the poorer classes all over Ireland, whether in cities and towns or in country villages, were singularly indifferent to any cleansing processes, and hardly ever thought of using a basinful of water for face or hands, not to say anything of arms and legs and body. Now, of course, it is certain and unavoidable that the poorest classes everywhere should be unable to provide themselves with baths in their cottages and garrets, or even with any lavish use of soap and towels. But I have always felt well convinced that the Irish poor make better efforts at the maintenance of personal cleanliness than do the poor of most other countries. I do not believe, for example, that the very poor in the slums of great English cities ever attempt or greatly desire any more liberal process of washing than is afforded once or twice a day by a small basin of cold water and a scrap of soap, and that even these luxuries are not always of regular use in all the garrets of the poor. An illustration of the inclination among the Irish poor for the use of the bath is brought to my mind by the recollection of an incident in my very early days. My mother took an active interest in the condition of her poorest neighbors in and around Cork City. I accompanied her often in her visits of this kind. I must have then, if I remember rightly, attained to nearly the mature age of eight years. One morning she took me to the house of a poor woman who lived in a garret near us. When we had mounted the stairs and reached the door of the humble bedroom,

my mother knocked and a woman's voice invited her to 'come in.' So my mother opened the door and entered. In the garret was a woman standing upright in a large tub of water and engaged in splashing herself all over. When we had got into the street again, my mother told me that this poor woman, who had been keeping herself alive by sheer hard work, was much devoted to habits of cleanliness, and that she never failed to use her tub of cold water every day for the purpose of having a thorough wash, and my mother also told me that she knew many other women of the poverty-stricken class who kept up the same wholesome practice, and who often lent their tubs to impoverished friends, in order that these, too, might be able to keep themselves in cleanly condition." Our extracts from these Irish Recollections close with this: "Cork was visited at one time by a number of Catholic priests from the United States, and the Irish priests of Cork were much surprised to find that their American visitors all smoked, while the American priests were equally surprised to find that their Irish brethren in religion permitted themselves to drink wine at a festive gathering. The American priests were all strict teetotalers, while their Irish brethren allowed themselves a moderate use of port or claret or champagne."